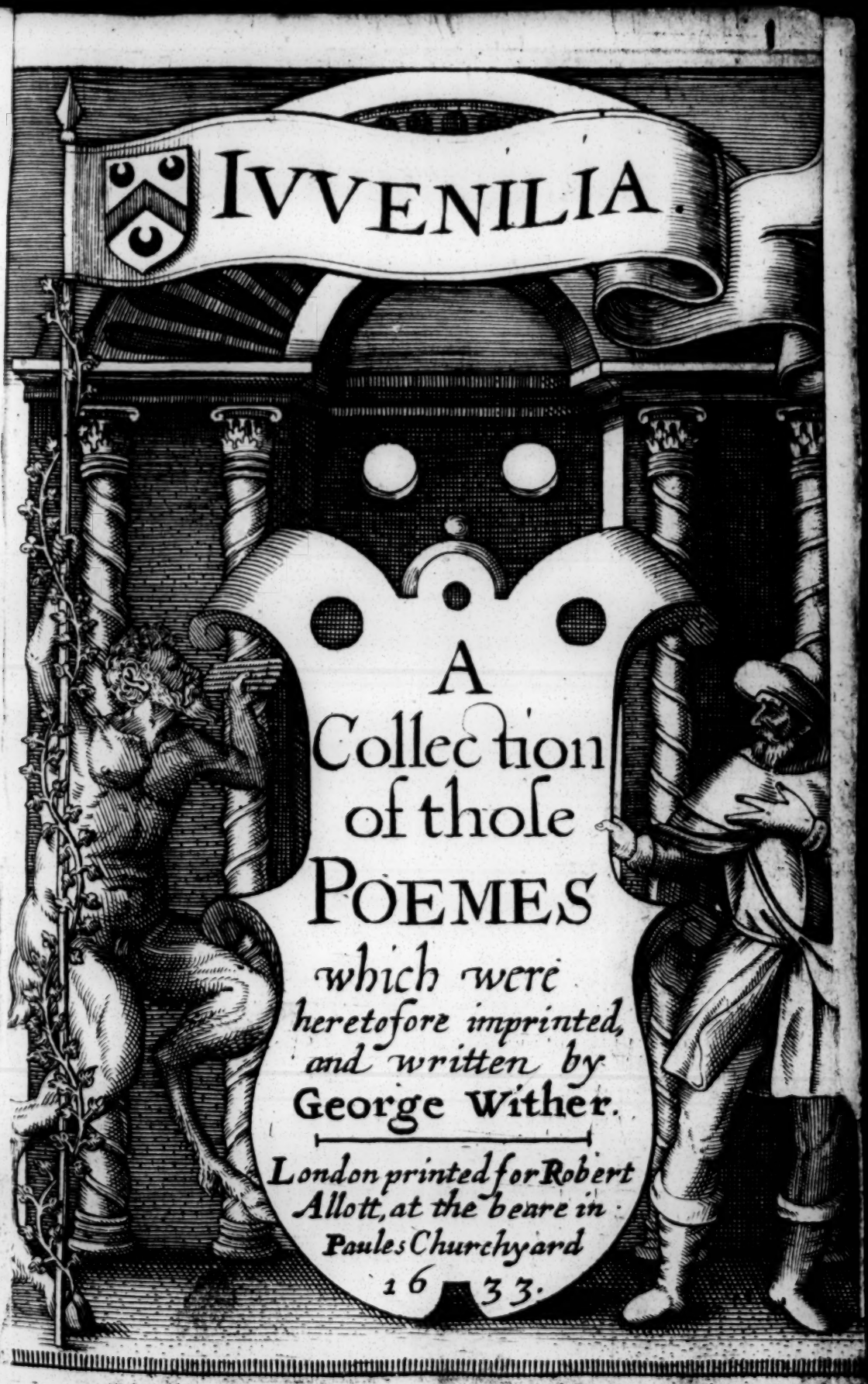
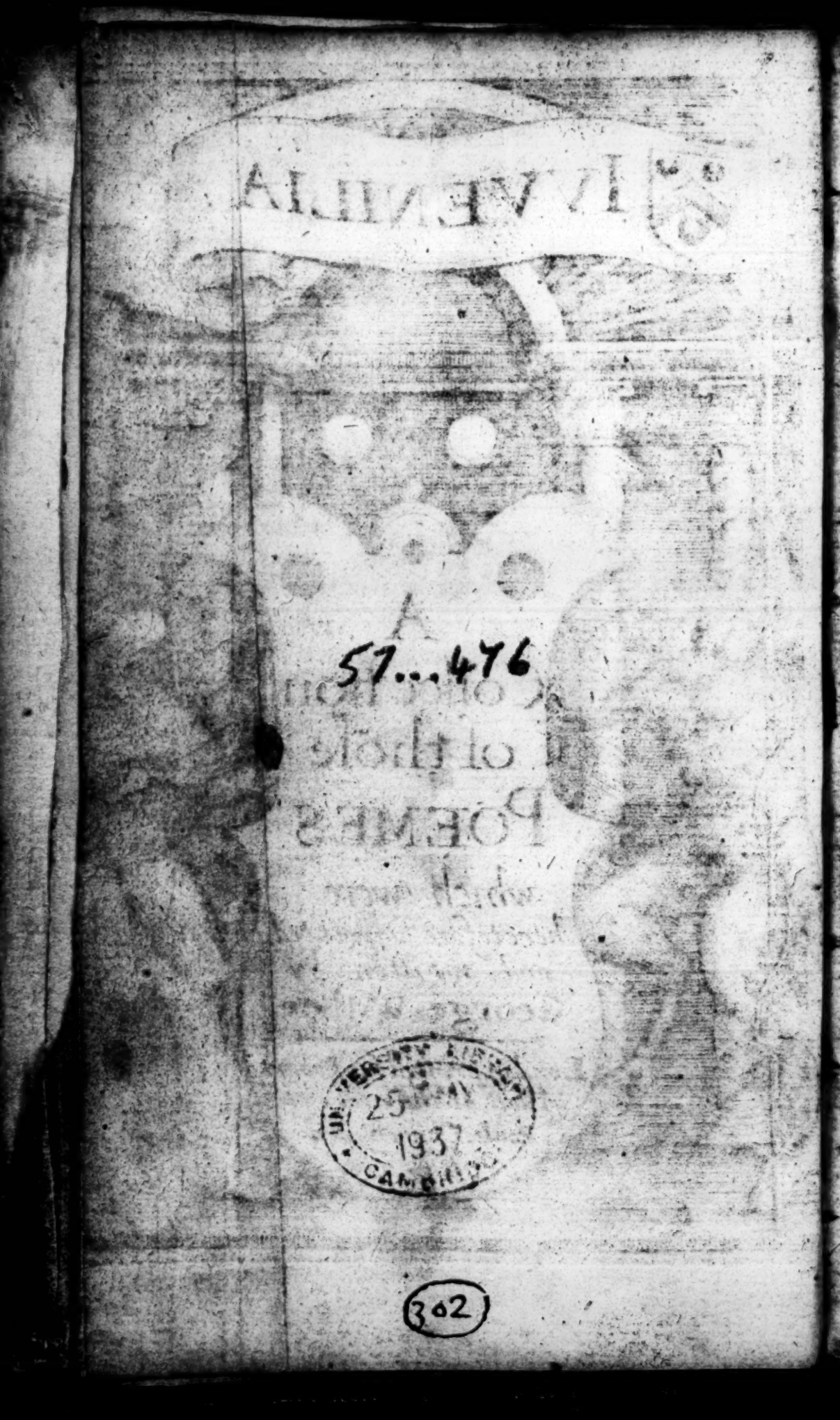

IVVENILIA.
A
Collection
of those
POEMES
which were
heretofore imprinted,
and written by
George Wither.
London printed for Robert
Allott, at the beare in
Paules Churchyard
16 33.


57...476
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
25 JAN 1937
CAMBRIDGE
302

TO The READER upon these *POEMES.*

THese IUVENILIA (or these *youth-pastimes*)
Set forth in homely and unpolish't *Rhimes*,
Let none despise: for whatsoere they seeme
They have their *fate*, their *use*, and their *esteeme*.
And will be read; when those more seeming wise,
Have farre lesse use and shorter Destinies.
Nor read you them, with that Censorious eye,
As if you look't for curious't *Poesy*.
If that be sought for others can afford
Large *volumes*, and with Art far better stor'd,
And this our *Author* answers our desire,
If for his riper labours you enquire.
Here you shall see what *Nature* could impart,
E'er he had Time or Meanes, to compasse *Art*;
What *straines* a native honesty could reach;
What knowledge and what boldnesse it can teach;
And, that in TRUTH, a Majestie there is,
Though masked in despised simplenesse.
Among the *Learn'd*, this *Author* hath no name,
Nor did he this way thinke to purchase Fame;
For when he this composed it was more,
Then he had read in twice twelve Moneths before.
And by his latter Studies, some discerne,
That first he writ and then began to learne.
Be't what it will; tis that he meanes shall passe,
To shew how foolish, and how wise he was.
No *Critiske* now, doth in these *Poems* see,
A blemish or a scape more soone than he.

He knowes as well as they, what seemes amisse
In these inventions, and what childish is.
He knowes how farre they differ from those *Layes*,
By which the learned POET hunts for praise:
And wherein those absurdities doe lie,
Which to their thinking marre his *Poesie*.
And yet he will not mend them: For his *name*
I loved more and higher flies his Fame,
By these despised *Numbers* than their *pride*
Can raise them yet, who did his lines deride.
And that his *Matter* will be priz'd he knowes;
When their fil'd language out of fashion growes.
Thus therefore uncorrected and unrim'd,
You have these *Poemes*, as they first were limb'd:
Which (though some may dislike) some wil approve.
For many men will leave a pruned Grove,
And curious Garden-Allies, to goe see,
What pleasures in untilled Mountaines be:
And much delights in Woods to take the shade,
Of artlesse Arbors, by rude Nature made.
Beside; as there be many men who long
To see of what complexion, being young
Their bodies were; and to that purpose save,
Vnalter'd those their Pictures which they have.
So, he thus having drawne (as here you find)
In childish yeeres the picture of his *Minde*,
Vnalter'd leaves it that in time to come
It may appeare how much he changeth from
The same he was: And that beseene it may,
How he *amends*, *growes worse*, or *keepes a stay*.
Then whether he could better this or no,
His purpose is some other way to show.

ABVSES

ABUSES STRIPT and VVHIPT:

OR,

SATYRICALL ESSAYES.

By GEORGE WITHER.

Divided into two BOOKES
Reviewed and enlarged.

Πολλαχὶ τοί κὶ μωρὸς ανὴρ κατακαίριον εἶπε.

Deſpiſe not this, what ere I ſeeme in ſhow:
A ſoole to purpoſe ſpeakes ſometime you know.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger*, for *Robert Allot*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Sign of the black *Beare* in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1633.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
25 MY
1937
CAMBRIDGE

To himſelfe, *G. W.* wiſh-
eth all Happineſſe.

THOV (*even my ſelfe*) whom next GOD my Prince and Countrey, I am moſt engaged unto; it is not unlikely but ſome will wonder, why, contrary to the worlds cuſtome, I have made choice of thy Patronage for this Booke, rather than the protection of ſuch whoſe Mightineſſe might ſeeme better able to defend it; eſpecially conſidering ſuch a *Gigantick* troupe of Adverſaries have banded themſelves againſt

Vertue, that one of them *Goliah*-like, dares raile upon a whole hoaſt of *Iſrael*. It may be (I ſay) ſome will wonder, and ſome ſcoffe at mee for it; for which cauſe (though to anſwer them with *Sic volo* had been ſufficient: yet to ſhew I will not, like our *Great-ones*, ſtand ſo much upon my authority as to make my *Will* my *Reaſon*) I here let you know why, and for what cauſes I have done it. The firſt is this: I could not amongſt all men, finde any man in my opinion, ſo fitting for this purpoſe, but either my work was unworthy, or too worthy his Patronage. Secondly, it is ſaid; *Obſequium amicos, veritas odium parit*:

parit : and I doubting my free ſpeech would hardly make a *Diapaſon*, pleaſing to the eare of a common *Mecænas*, thought it beſt to hold my tongue, or ſpeake to my ſelfe, whoſe diſpoſition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, ſeeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather endure the *Kites* tyranny, than with *Æſops* Doves make the Sparrow-hawke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I have ſpoken *Truth*, it is able to defend it ſelfe; if not, who-ere be my Patron, it is I muſt anſwer for it. Fiftly, for aſmuch as I know mine owne minde beſt, I purpoſe, if need be, to become mine owne *Advocate*.

Sixthly, for my owne ſake I firſt made it, and therefore certaine I am I my ſelfe have moſt right unto it. But ſeventhly, and laſtly (which is indeed the principall *Reaſon*) I have made this *Dedication* to my owne *Selfe*; even to put thee in minde, ſeeing thou haſt here boldly begun to bid defiance to the *Fleſh*, and upon juſt cauſes quarrelled with the *World*) that thou take heed to thine own words, and not through baſeneſſe of minde or untowardneſſe of *Fortune* to thy everlaſting diſgrace faintly give over ſo noble a *Combat*. If ever adverſity (as 'tis like enough) oppreſſe thee, yet remember thy owne ſayings; and in deſpight

ſpight of outward *Deſtinies*, have a care to keep an undejected heart ſtil free for *Vertue*. Or on the contrary, if ever (as 'tis unlikely) unexpected proſperity be caſt upon thee; then looke to thy ſelfe, take to thee this poore Booke of thine; wherein thou ſhalt ſee the danger of it; and be, perhaps therby ſtayed from many a perillous enterprize, which that eſtate might elſe drive thee into. Read it, weekely, daily, yea, and hourely too. What though it bee thine owne? thou knoweſt mans nature to bee ſo uncertain and prone to forgetfulneſſe, even in the beſt things, that thou canſt not have too many *Memorandums*. The wiſeſt fall, and

therefore

therfore every day was *Philip* deſirous to bee remembred that hee was a *Man*. Thou thinkeſt, I know ſtill to remaine what thou art; I deſire in ſome things thou maiſt: but unleſſe thou labour it with diligent watchfulneſſe thy *affection*, it is at leaſt much to be doubted, if not altogether to be deſpaired of. For thou haſt ſeene many, by an alteration in their eſtate beene ſo *Metamorphoſed*, as if they were neither the ſame men, nor of that Nation.

Nay, (remember it) thou thy ſelfe, and that but upon a bare hope, or imagination of ſome preferment, haſt beene puffed up and exalted above meaſure: conſider

now

now then, how much more thou hadſt bin ſo, and what had become of thee, if God had not by daſhing thoſe hopes, called thee to thy ſelfe againe? Alas, if he had anſwered thy *ambitious* expectations to thy deſire, thou hadſt been by this time paſt recovery; and not thought of this, but delighted in *villany*, beene ouer-maſtred by *paſsion*, ruſht into all *vanitie* and *preſumption*; yet never felt any danger, till it were too late to prevent it. Thou haſt oft wiſht thou hadſt bin borne to the like means that others are: which, might it have beene ſo, now thou ſeeſt thou ſhouldſt hardly or never have come to the knowledge of thoſe things

things, that are now ſhown thee: Tis true, thou haſt lamented to be croſt in thy preferments; but thou ſeeſt ſince, that it might have been thy undoing if it had not been ſo; and maiſt perſwade thy ſelf, whether it be now or never, it will be to thy good. For tell me haſt thou not often felt, even when thou wert buſieſt to prevent them; *Fond-love*, *Ambition*, *Revenge*, *Covetouſneſſe*, and ſuch like *Paſſions*, then to invade thee? I ſee thou haſt perceived it? How much more then would they have been ready to aſſaile thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadſt wholly addicted thy ſelfe to the things of this *world*? Let me adviſe thee

(my

(my *deare ſelfe*) then, to make uſe of this thine owne Worke; it will be better to thee than al the *World*: for this good it may doe thee, and to this end, I made both it and the *Dedication* thereof to thee, that if ever hereafter the temptations of the *world*, the *fleſh*, and the *devill*, or any occaſion ſhould make thee to forget this minde which thou art now in: or ſo blinde thy *underſtanding*, thou ſhouldeſt not perceive thy own and the worlds follies as thou doeſt; That if thou ſhouldſt be in that miſerable ſtate (as many are) to have no feeling of thy dãger: that if thou ſhouldſt be wofully flattered, and have no friend that dares, or loves thee ſo

well

well, to put thee in minde of thy tranſgreſsions.

That, Then this may ſhew thee what once thou wert; touch thee againe, with the feeling of thy miſeries; and bee unto thee that true friend, which, free from all faining ſhall plainely tell thee, what perhaps ſhould elſe have never bin brought againe to thy remembrance. Look then that for thy owne ſake thou reſpect this, how ever to others it may ſeeme a trifle. Be carefull of thy actions; for ſeeing thou knoweſt the dangerous paſsions whereunto Man is ſubject, haſt ſhowne his *Vanities*, laid open his *Weakeneſſe*, and ſharply taxed his preſumption: If

now

now thou wouldeſt wilfully run thy ſelfe into the ſame evils, the *World* would upbraid thee, this Booke, yea thy Conſcience accuſe thee, God and good men hate thee thy fault be more odious and inexcuſable; thy *Iudgement* more ſevere, and (which is worſt) thy *Puniſhment* moſt intollerable. I ſay, ſeek therefore (if for no other cauſe) ſo to carrie thy ſelfe, that at leaſt thou maiſt have a good conſcience before God; for, *Si deus tecum, quis contra te?* But if now having made the *World* thine enemie, expoſed thy ſelfe to the malice thereof, and having ſo manie Legions of foes without thee, thou ſhouldeſt alſo, by thy negligence,

genc, ſuffer the invincible fortreſſe of a ſound Conſcience to be crazed within thee; the devill that is alwaies watching ſuch advantages, would quickly poſſeſſe it with ſo unmercifull a troope of Horrors, Feares and deſperations, that without *Gods* miraculous aſſiſtance, thou wouldſt grow wholly paſt either comfort or recovery.

For all the *World* cannot defend thee againſt thy Conſcience: but *that* being with thee, thou maiſt prevaile againſt al the *World*. Beware then, doe not like the *Zebithum*, yeeld a perfume to ſweeten others, and be thy ſelfe a ſtinking vermine: but, let this thy owne Worke bee confirmed by thine owne

owne life and converſation; yea, let it be a *preſident* to thy ſelfe: for *Tanti erit alijs quanti tibi fuerit*: but if not, I ſay, if the *World* miſeſteem either it or thee, yet doe not thou therefore eſteem the leſſe either of thy Book, or of thy ſelfe; but rather let them know.

That thou haſt learned, ſtill thy care ſhall be,
A ruſh for him, that cares a ſtraw for thee.

But now, though for theſe and diverſe other *Reaſons*, I have to thee my *Owne-ſelfe* committed the *Protection*, and made the *Dedication* of this Book; yet my meaning is not that thou ſhouldſt keepe it wholly to thine own uſe; But rather, ſeeing it is honorable to give I have beſtowed this on thee, that

if

if thou canſt in this corrupted Age find any, whom deſert and thy love may make ſo deare to thee; or whom thou art perſwaded will gratifie, (or but think well of thy honeſt endeavours) thou maiſt be liberall to them, both of theſe thy labours and expences.

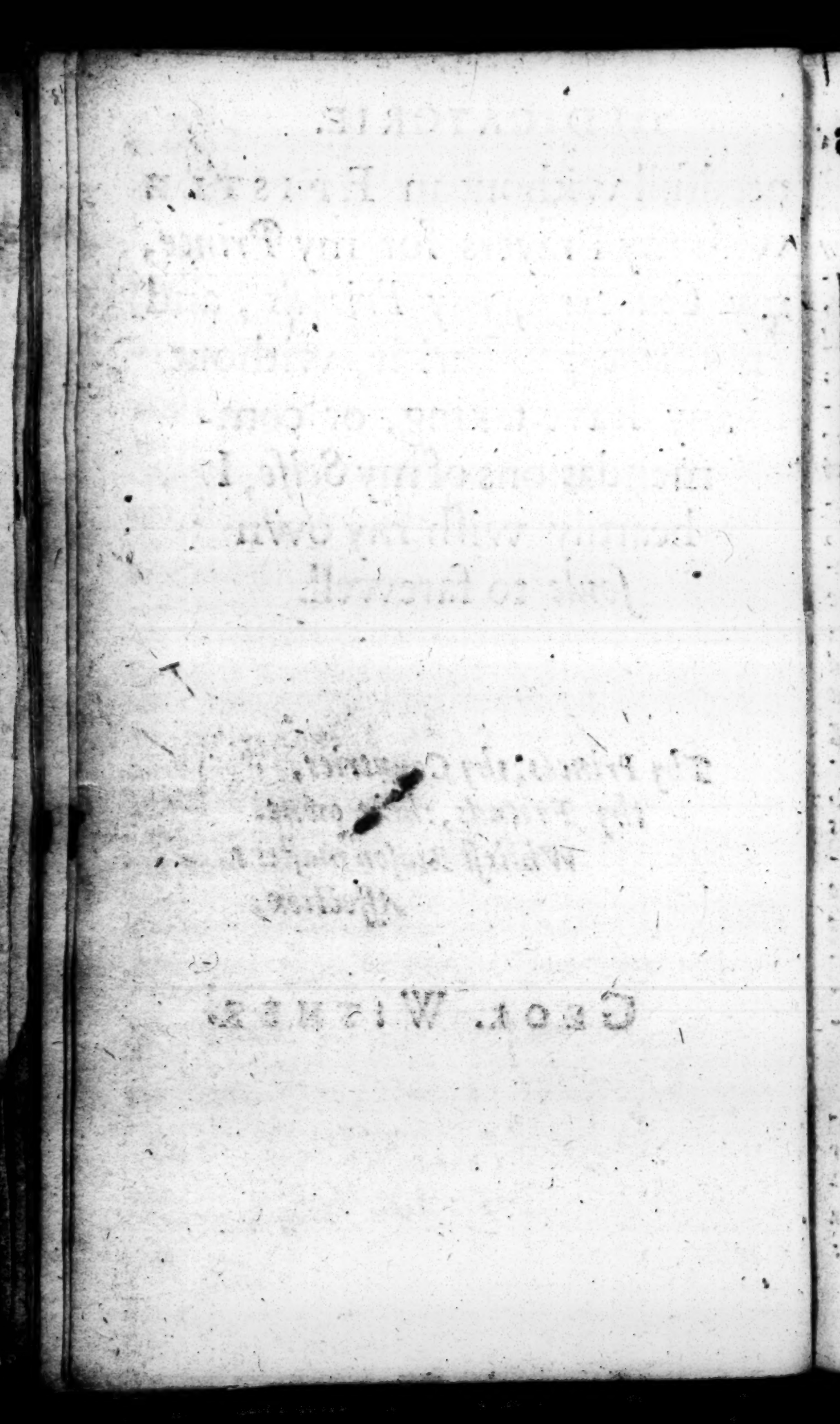
But this I conjure thee, be they never ſo Great, yet flatter not: or if hee bee a man whom thou knoweſt the *World* ſpeakes any way juſtlie ill of; either tell him his fault, or leave him whollie out of thy *Catalogue*. But becauſe I beginne to grow tedious to my *Owne-ſelfe*, ſince therefore, I ſhall have *Opportunity* enough to conſider with thee what is further

with

needfull without an EPISTLE with my Prayers for my *Prince*, my *Countrey*, my *Friends*, and my *owne* prosperitie, without any leave-taking, or commendations of my *Selfe*, I heartily wish my own *Soule* to farewell.

Thy Princes, thy Countries,
thy Friends, thine owne,
Whilest Reason masters
Affection,

GEOR. WITHER.



To the READER.



Eaders; *I speake to you that have understanding; when these first fruites of my infant* Muses *shall come to your judicious censures; doe not looke for* Spencers *or* Daniels *well-composed numbers; or the deepe conceits of now flourishing* Iohnson. *Say, 'Tis honest plaine matter, and there's as much as I expect. If I have seem'd to erre in any thing, suppose me not so obstinate, or well conceited of my owne opinion, but that I may be perswaded by any that shall produce stronger reasons to the contrary. If any thing may seeme to have a doubtfull interpretation, assure your selves, the honestest meaning in it is mine; and although some may thinke I have not so well joined things together as I might have done, I know when you have considered the nature of the* Subject *and the diversity of things therein handled, you will accept my good will, and let my yeeres bee an excuse for that and all other ignorant over-sights whatsoever. Some no doubt will mistake my plainnesse in that I have so bluntly spoken what I have observed, without any* Poeticall *additions or fained* Allegories: *I am sorry I have not pleased them therein, but should have beene more sorry if I had displeased my selfe in doing otherwise; for I know if I had wrapt up my meaning in darke riddles, I should have beene more applauded, and lesse understood, which I nothing desire.*

I neither feare nor shame to speake the Truth; *and therefore have nakedly thrust it forth without a cove-*

rin

ring. For to what end were it, if (I as ſome doe) had appareld my minde in the darke Parables, that few or none might have underſtood me? I ſhould doe better to be ſilent; but if that writing be more in requeſt, I may hereafter be obſcure enough: yet in this tis not my meaning; for indeed, if I knew how, my deſire is to bee ſo plaine, that the bluntest Iobernole might underſtand me. Our Grand-villaines care not for a ſecret jerke; and well we may ſhew an honeſt wit in covertly nipping them; but either it is in vaine, cauſe they perceive it not, or elſe ridiculous, ſeeing they onely underſtand it, who will but either malice or flout us for our labours. Many may diſlike the barſhneſſe of the Verſe, but you know although it bee not ſtately, yet it well enough befits the matter. And whereas I may ſeeme blame-worthy in mixing Divinity with Humanity; yet when you have found my generall ayme, conſidered with what reverent reſpect I have done it, and what commendable authorities I may have for it, I nothing miſdoubt your approbation. Thoſe things which concerne my ſelfe, may ſeeme childiſh and nothing pleaſing, but you muſt conſider I had a care to pleaſe my ſelfe as well as others. And if the World blame me as too ſaucy with her, it is for want of manners; but her owne fault that would allow me no better education. To be briefe, if I have any way offended, I am ſo well perſwaded you will mildly conſter my errors and infirmities, that I reſt wholly, and only on your ſound and incorrupted Iudgements.

* But *

Readers, I meane you that are no more but Readers; I make no queſtion if this Booke come to your ſpelling, it will have many halting verſes, and diſjoynted ſentences: for I have had experience of your

inſufficiency:

insufficiency: yet have I strived to be, for your sakes I tell you (because I would if it were possible, be understood) as plaine (as they say) as a pack-saddle; and now the doubt is some fooles will ride me. If they doe, certainely I shall bee rough and uneasie for their tendernesse.

Though you understand them not, yet because you see this wants some fine Phrases, and such florishes, as you finde other mens writings stuft withall; perhaps you will judge me unlearned. Well, and right enough. Yet you will be counted but saucy Cobblers *to goe beyond your* Lasts. *And if that be a fault (did not the subject and your ignorances, require me to bee in that sort faulty) I could with ease have amended it, for it cost me (I protest) more labour to observe this plainnesse, than if I had more Poetically trim'd it. But for feare if I speak much, I confound your memories, I will say no more but this,* Read and welcome, *but* Censure not: *for your judgement is weake, and I utterly renounce it.*

Valete.

GEOR. WITHER.

To Time.

Epigr. 1.

NOw ſwift devouring, bald, and ill-fac't *Time*.
Doſt not thou bluſh to ſee thy ſelfe uncloak't ?
Oh that I knevv but hovv to laugh in Rime !
Faith I would doe it, though thou wiſh't me choakt.
Didſt thou but ſee hovv thy faire *antique* ſhape,
Is novv transformed to a *ſhapeleſſe hevv* :
Hovv like thou look'ſt to ſome *Barbarian Ape*,
And could'ſt thine ovvne deformities ore-vievv,
Thou would'ſt be *Metamorphoſed* anevv,
Run quite avvay, and either all amend ;
Or wiſh thy ſelfe, and all things at an end.

And yet deſpaire not *Time*, though thou art ill ;
(The worſt that e'er (I thinke) was knovvne to be,)
Thou ſhalt not thus deform'd, continue ſtill,
For I much better dayes, yet hope to ſee.
When Vice, and Wrong, and Malice, acted have,
Their furious parts upon confuſions ſtage ;
Faire Vertue ſhall be raiſed from her grave,
And bring along with her a golden age,
Then we will laugh to ſcorne the vvorlds vaine rage.
And ſit and tell with joy, what ſtormes are paſt,
And what faire daies we hoped for at laſt.

Epigram. 2.

I Heare that ſome aske hovv I dare ſo plaine,
I Taxe the *Abuſes* that I novv ſee raigne ;
I muſe as much they dare ſay ill unto it,
Or dare to aske me hovv I dare to doe it.

3. *To the Stranger.*

THou that wert ſo unhappy firſt to breath
Without the compaſſe of *great Britaines* power
And bleſt againe that Fate did thee bequeath,
The knowledge of ſo rich a tongue as our;
If (underſtanding) thou doſt hap to read
This Booke, wherein thou ſeeſt my Nations ſhame,
Yet doe not thou againſt my Countrey plead;
For thine (thou know'ſt) doth merit greater blame:
Our faults are many, this indeed is true;
But were they moe; we are no worſe than you.

4. *To the Satyro-maſtix.*

OH Lord Sir, y'are deceiv'd; I'm none of thoſe
That write in Anger or malicious ſpleene;
I have not taken Pepper in the Noſe,
Nor baſe inventer of falſe libels beene.
Such ones there be indeed ſuch I have ſeene;

I envy no man for his greatneſſe; I,
Nor ſeeke I any honeſt mans diſgrace:
I joy in every ones proſperity;
I'l not the credit of a dogge deface,
My adverſary ſhall not prove the caſe.

Then ſtand back (ſirrah Whip-jack) with your ſcourge
Doe not incenſe my Satyr for thy life:
Hee's patient enough unleſſe thou urge,
Contentions now a daies are growne too rife,
And *He*, is very backward unto ſtrife.

If you eſteeme your peace provoke not me.
For whilſt I finde good cauſe and reaſon why,

In ſpight of all that foes to Satyrs be;
He ſhall (if I liſt) taxe iniquity,
And tis a matter of neceſſity.

What? you would faine have all the *Great ones* freed:
They muſt not for their vices be controld.
Beware; that were a ſaucineſſe indeed:
But i the *Great ones* to offend be bold,
I ſee no reaſon but they ſhould be told.

Yea and they ſhall; their faults moſt hurtfull be,
And (though I will not put them to that ſhame)
No great injuſtice in it I did ſee,
If they were taxed by their proper name.
For no ſin can on earth have her full blame.
Then *Scourge* of *Satyrs* hold thy whip from mine
Or I will make my rod, laſh thee and thine.

To the gald *Reader.*

SIr, he that's night-gald, or hath cornes on's toes;
May blame the Shoomaker and curſe his ſhooes,
But thoſe that are acquainted with the fault,
Can tell the reaſon wherefore he doth halt:
So thou maiſt think (perpaps) theſe *Satyrs* ſting thee,
Where only thine own guiltineſſe doth wring thee.
For if thou wert from theſe diſeaſes free,
Thou would'ſt be quiet as ſome others be.
But 'tis well knowne *a tickliſh beaſt hath ticks:*
And the old Proverbe ſaith *A gald Iade kicks.*
But I'l adviſe thee; if thou feele it ſmart,
Be rul'd by mee and play not the fooles part;
Keep't to thy ſelfe, and there are few ſhall know
If thou art touched in this Booke or no.
Thou ſeeſt thou neither art mark't out nor nam'd;
And therefore onely to thy ſelfe art ſham'd:

Now

Now if thou ſtirre, at beſt thou ſhalt but make
The Countrey of thy faults more knowledge take:
And (as indeed it juſtly may) divine,
The worſt faults that I write againſt are thine.
Then ſith to be reproved ſeemes a curſe,
And to be moved makes the matter worſe,
Either to amend thy wicked life have care,
Or like a pack-horſe and an Aſſe ſtill beare.

To the impartiall *Author.*

George, I did ever thinke thy faithfull breaſt
Contain'd a minde beyond the common ſort;
Thy very looke and honeſt heart expreſt,
And ſeem'd an awfull mildneſſe to import.
Poets may vaunt of ſmooth and lofty ſtraines;
Thine with thy ſubject fitly doe agree.
But then thy *Muſe* a better praiſe obtaines,
For whilſt the greateſt but *Time-pleaſers* be,
Thou unappald and freely ſpeak'ſt the truth;
Not any one for feare or lucre ſparing:
A vertue rare in age more rare in youth;
Another *Cato* but I thinke more daring.
Well maiſt thou ſpeed in theſe tempeſtuous times;
Thou ſoone beginſt to make the world thy foe,
Yet I ſo well doe like thine honeſt Rimes,
That I could wiſh all Poets would write ſo:
For thou the way of truth ſo rightly tend'ſt,
I hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'ſt.

Thy deare friend,
Th. C.

The Contents of the first Booke.

THE Occasion.
The Introduction.
Of Man.
Of fond Love. Satyr, 1
Of Lust. 2
Of Hate. 3
Of Envy. 4
Of Revenge. 5
Of Choler. 6
Of Iealousie. 7
Of Covetousnesse. 8
Of Ambition. 9
Of Feare. 10
Of Despaire. 11
Of Hope. 12
Of Compassion. 13
Of Cruelty. 14
Of Ioy. 15
Of Sorrow. 16
The Conclusion of the first Booke.

The

The ſecond Booke.

Of Vanity. Satyr, 1
Of Inconſtancie. 2
Of Weakeneſſe. 3
Of Preſumption. 4

The Scourge.

Epigrams to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Perſonages and Friends, to whom the Author gave any of his Bookes.

THE OCCASION *of this* WORKE.

WHen nimble time that all things over-runs
Made me forsake my tops and eldren guns,
Reaching thõse yeeres in wch the schoole-boyes brag,
In leaving off the bottle and the bag:
The very Spring before I grew so old,
That I had almost thrice five Winters told;
Noting my other fellow-pupils hast,
That to our *English Athens* flockt so fast:
Lest others for a Truant should suspect me,
That had the selfesame *Tutor* to direct me,
And in a manner counting it a shame
To under-goe so long a Schoole-boyes name,
Thither went I. For though I'l not compare
With many of them that my fellowes were;
Yet to my Teachers praise (I speake it now)
I all the formes in schoole had quite run through,
And was no whit, for Grammer Rules to seeke,
In *Lillies* Latine, nor in *Camdens* Greeke;

But ſo well grounded, that another day,
I could not with our idle Students ſay
For my excuſe, *I was not enter'd* well,
For that I was ſo, can my fellowes tell.
And therefore ſince I came no wiſer thence;
I muſt confeſſe it was my negligence:
Yet daily longing to behold and ſee
The places where the ſacred *Sisters* be;
I was ſo happy, to that *Foard* I came
Which of the laboring Oxe doth beare the name.
It is a ſpring of knowledge that imparts
A thouſand ſeverall Sciences and Arts,
A pure cleare Fount, whoſe water is by ods
Farre ſweeter than the *Nectar* of the *Gods*;
Or rather (truly to entitle it)
It is the wholeſome nurcery of Wit.
There once arriv'd, in yeeres and knowledge raw,
I fell to wondring at each thing I ſaw.
And for my learning made a month's Vacation,
In noting of the places ſituation,
The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
Vnto the wiſe *Minervaes* hallowed crew,
Their *Cloyſters*, *Walks*, & *Groves*; all which ſurvei'd,
And in my new admittance well apaid;
I did (as other id'le *Freſhmen* doe)
Long to goe ſee the Bell of *Oſney* too:
And yet for certainty I cannot tell
That e'er I dranke at *Ariſtotles* Well.
And that perhaps may be the reaſon why
I know ſo little in Philoſophy.
Yet old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whoſe wondrous ſhot
The *Forreſt* by (Believe it they that will)
Was nam'd *Shot-over*, as we call it ſtill.

But

But having this experience, and withall,
Atchiev'd ſome cunning at the Tennis-ball;
My *Tutor* (telling me I was not ſent
To have my time, there vaine and idly ſpent)
From childiſh humours gently cal'd me in,
And with his brave inſtructions did begin
To teach, and by his good perſwaſion ſought
To bring me to a love of what he taught.
Then after that he labour'd to impart,
The hidden ſecrets of the *Logicke* Art;
In ſtead of Grammar rules he read me then,
Old *Scotus*, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
He ſhew'd me which the *prædicables* be,
As *Genus*, *Species*, and the other three:
So having ſaid enough of their contents;
Handles in order th'ten *Prædicaments*;
Next *poſt-prædicamenta* with *priorum*,
Perhermenias and *poſteriorum*.
He with the *Topickes* opens; and deſcries
Elenchi, full of ſubtile fallacies:
Theſe to unfold (indeed) he tooke much paine,
But to my dull capacity in vaine:
For all he ſpake was to as little paſſe,
As in old time unto the vulgar was
The Latine *Maſſe*, which (whether bad or good)
The poore unlearned never underſtood;
But of the meaning were as farre to ſeeke,
As *Coriats* horſe was of his maſters Greeke,
When in that tongue he made a Speech unto him;
That he the greatnes of his ſtrength might ſhew him.
For I his meaning did no more conjecture,
Than if he had beene reading *Hebrew Lecture*.
His *Infinites*, *Individuities*,
Contraries, and *Subcontrarieties*,

Diviſions, Subdiviſions, and a crew
Of tearmes and words, ſuch as I never knew,
My ſhallow underſtanding ſo confounded,
That I was gravell'd, like a ſhip that's grounded;
And in deſpaire the Myſtery to gaine,
Neglecting all tooke neither heed nor paine.
Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
Till *Cynthia* ſix times loſt her borrowed light:
But then aſham'd to finde my ſelfe ſtill mute,
And other little dantiprats diſpute,
That could diſtinguiſh upon *Rationale*;
Yet ſcarcely heard of *Verbum Perſonale*;
Or could by heart (like Parrots) in the Schooles,
Stand prating, thoſe (me thought) were pretty fooles.
And therefore in ſome hope to profit ſo,
That I like them (at leaſt) might make a ſhow;
I reacht my Bookes that I had caſt about,
To ſee if I could picke his meaning out:
And prying on them with ſome diligence,
At length I felt my dull intelligence
Begin to open; and perceived more
In halfe an houre, than halfe a yeere before.
And (which is ſtrange) the things I had forgot,
And till that very day remembred not,
Since firſt my *Tutor* read them; thoſe did then
Returne into my memory agen:
So, that with which I had ſo much to doe,
A weeke made eaſie, yea, and pleaſing too.
And then not therewith thorowly content,
I practic'd to maintaine an argument:
And having waded thorow Sophiſtrie,
A little lookt into Philoſophie,
And thinking there the Ethicks not enough,
I had a further longing yet to know.

Theſe with a thouſand other creatures more,
Such as I never ſaw the like before,
In ſtranger ſhaps, and more deform'd and vile;
Than ever yet appear'd to *Mandivile*,
Flockt there; that I almoſt to doubt began,
How I might paſſe the ſtraights of *Magalan*,
Or gotten on the ſudden (with ſuch eaſe)
To ſee the wonders at th' *Antipodes*.
O Lord thought I, what doe I meane to runne,
Out of Gods bleſſing thus into the Sunne!
What comfort or what goodneſſe here can I
Expect, among theſe *Anthropophagi*,
Where like the droves of *Neptune* in the water,
The leſſe are made a prey to feed the greater!
Certaine it is I never ſhall be able,
To make my humour ſuit to pleaſe this rabble;
Better it were I liv'd at home with wants,
Than here with all theſe ſtrange inhabitants,
Whoſe natures doe with me ſo diſagree,
I ſhall ſcoffe at them though they ruine me:
Yet being loth to turne till I had try'd,
What fate my new adventure would betide,
I ſtaid for my experience and withall
Flattered my ſelfe, with hope there would befall,
Something unto my ſhare well worth my ſute,
Which honeſty might ſerve to execute,
Without reſpecting how to pleaſe the rude,
And Apiſh humours of this multitude.
But all in vaine I that preferment ſought,
Ill fortune ſtill my hopes confuſion wrought.
Which though for ominous ſome underſtood,
Yet I preſum'd upon ſome future good;
And (though I ſcarce am wiſh't ſo well of ſome)
Beleeve there is a happy time to come:

Which when I have moſt need of comfort, ſhall
Send me true *Ioy* to make amends for all.
But ſay it be not whilſt I draw this aire,
I have a heart (I hope) ſhall ne'er deſpaire;
Becauſe there is a God, with whom I truſt,
My ſoule ſhall triumph when my bodie's duſt.
Yet when I found that my endeavours ſtill
Fell out as they would have't that wiſht me ill;
And when I ſaw the world was growne ſo coy,
To curbe me as too *young* then to imploy:
And that her *greatneſſe* though ſhe did not want me,
Or found no calling bad enough to grant me:
(And having ſcap't ſome envies which to touch,
Vnto this purpoſe appertaines not much)
Weighing both that and therewith alſo this;
How great a ſhame and what reproach it is
To be ſtill idle; and becauſe I ſpy'd
How glad they would be that my ſtate envi'd,
To finde me ſo although the world doth ſcorne
T'allow me action, as if I were borne
Before my time; yet e'en to let her ſee,
In ſpight of Fortune I'd employed be;
Caſting preferments too much care aſide,
And leaving that to God that can provide;
The actions of the preſent time I ey'd,
And all her ſecret villanies deſcry'd:
I ſtript Abuſe from all her colours quite,
And laid her ugly face to open ſight.
I labour'd to obſerve her waies, and then
In generall the ſtate and tricks of men.
Wherein although my labour were not ſeene,
Yet (truſt me) the diſcovery hath beene
My great content: and I haue for my paine,
Although no outward yet an inward gaine.

In

In which becauſe I can with all my heart,
Allovv my Countrey-men to ſhare my part,
And cauſe I thinke it may doe ſome a pleaſure,
One opportunity Ile novv take leaſure.
And ſummon up my *Muſe* to make relation;
I may b'imployd ere long, novv's my *Vacation.*

An Introduction.

COme then *Invention*, and call *Iudgement* in,
Knowledge and *Reaſon* fie where have you bin?
Goe whiſtle of my *Muſe* that wanton,
With *Epigrams*, *Love-Sonnets*, *Roundelayes*,
And ſuch like trifling gaine: bid her come on,
I have found braver prey to ſeize upon.
Some new inſpired power warmes my heart,
And addes freſh courage unto every part:
New bloud hath fild up all my *Love-dride veines*,
A ſacred *Fury* hath poſſeſt my braines:
Something there is ſwels in my troubled breſt,
Till it be utter'd I expect no reſt;
For full with matter like a *Sibyl Nun*,
I ſhall grow furious if't be long undone.
Then rouſe thee *Muſe*, each little *Hobby* plies,
At *Scarabes*, and painted *Butterflies*:
Leave thou ſuch traſh, it is not now for us
To flie for pleaſure; wee'l in earneſt truſſe
Leave baſe attempts to buzzards or the kite,
And checke the braveſt in their proudeſt flight.
But thou me thinks ſeem'ſt ſickly feathered,
As if thy ſprightly heart extinguiſhed,
Had left thee nothing of the ſame thou wert,
Dejection hath poſſeſſed every part,

And

And thou look'ſt dull unfit for lofty things,
As if thy wanton flight had tir'd thy wings.
Leſt therefore thou ſhould'ſt faint, forſake the firſt,
And turne thy ſelfe into a *Satyriſt*;
Not of the roughеſt, nor the mildeſt ſort:
Be moſt in earneſt, but ſometimes in ſport.
What e'er thou finde to ſpeake be not affraid,
But for aſſiſtance crave th'Almighties aide:
And to that grace and power which he ſhall daigne,
Adde all thy beſt endeavours to attaine.
So thriving an event, that men may ſee,
Heauen had decreed to helpe and favour thee.
Looke to thy taske for know thou muſt unfold
The ſtrangeſt nature that was ever told:
Lanch that foule deepe impoſtumated ſore:
Which ſhameleſſe time hath ſo well skinned ore.
As ripping up thereof ſome ſmart will be:
Yet ſtrike it home, and none ſhall hinder thee;
Search if thou canſt, till thou the bottome ſound,
Set not too farre leſt thou thy ſelfe confound,
And (by too neere inquirie) ſmothered lye,
In the unfathom'd depths of villany;
For (doe not miſ-conceive what I intend)
No meſſage to th'*Antipodes* I ſend:
Nor have I any meaning thou ſhould'ſt goe
To ſearch th'Earths center, what lies hid below,
Or undermine it for rich Minerals:
Thou ſhalt not have to doe with Vegetals.
Strange natures have both *ſtones, trees, herbs & plants*
Which let them ſeeke for that imployment wants.
There is a Herbe ſome ſay whoſe vertue's ſuch,
It in the paſture onely with a touch
Vnſhooes the new-ſhod Steed. Within the North
The Scottiſh Iles cal'd Orcades bring forth

Trees

Trees, (or elſe Writers faine it) from whoſe ſeeds,
A certaine kinde of water-foule proceeds.
The Loadſtone alſo drawes the ſteele unto it,
Yet hath no ginne nor inſtrument to doe it:
Rare powers in Nature; and yet none of theſe,
Nor what lies hidden in the vaſt wilde Seas,
Meane I to ſpeake of: I no knowledge have,
What monſters play with *Neptunes* boyſtrous waves;
Nor quality of birds, or beaſts I ſound,
For ſoone their open natures may be found:
Mans wiſdome may, with little inquiſition
Finde out the brutiſh creatures true condition.
For by experience we for certaine know
The Elephant much love to man will ſhow.
The Tygers, Wolves, and Lions, we doe finde,
Are ravenous, fierce, and cruell even by kinde.
We know at carryon we ſhall finde the Crowes,
And that the Cock the time of midnight knowes:
By a few daies experience we may ſee,
Whether the Maſtife curſt or gentle be.
And many other natures we finde out,
Of which we have no cauſe at all to doubt:
But there's another Creature called *Man*,
Note him who will, and tell me if he can,
What his condition is; obſerve his deeds,
His ſpeech his raiment, yea, and how he feeds,
Try him a yeere, a month, an age, and when
You have ſo try'd him; ſay, what is he then?
Retaines he either unto *Præſter Iohn*,
Or elſe unto the whore of Babylon?
If that you know not which of them to grant,
Is he a *Browniſt*, or a *Proteſtant*?
If in an age you cannot finde out whether,
Are you ſo much as ſure that he is either?

Is his heart proud or humble? know you where
Or when he hates, or loves, or ſtands in feare?
Or who can ſay (in Conſcience I thinke none)
That this mans words and deeds, & thoughts are one
Where ſhall you him ſo well reſolved finde,
That wants a wandring and a wavering?
Nay he of whom you have moſt triall, when
You ſee him dying will you truſt him then?
Perhaps you may yet queſtionleſſe he leaves you
A minde miſdoubting ſtill that he deceives you.
And no great wonder, for he's ſuch an elfe,
That ever is uncertaine of himſelfe,
He is not *ſemper idem* in his will,
Nor ſtands on this or that *opinion* ſtill,
But varies; he both will and will not too,
Yea even the thing he thinkes and ſweares to doe
He many times omits and not alone
Hath from anothers expectation gone,
But leaſt to any one he ſhould prove juſt,
Himſelfe he guiles if in himſelfe he truſt.
But this ſame *diverſe* and *inconſtant creature*,
That is ſo contrary in his owne nature,
'Tis he that now my *Muſe* muſt here deviſe,
Whilſt he is living to *Anatomize*;
'Tis his *Abuſive* and ill-taught condition
(Although it be beyond all definition)
She muſt diſcover with the boundleſſe rage,
Of the unbridled humours of this age.
Yet 'tis a mighty taske, whoſe undertaking,
Would make all *Argus* eyes, forget their waking:
And I doe feare I may attempt as well,
To dragge againe to light the dogge of hell.
For all *Alcides* toiles had not beene more,
Though his *twice-ſixe* had beene *twice-ſixty-ſcore*.

So

So infinite is this I muſt unfold;
That I might write and ſpeake till I were old,
I know that I ſhould leave unſpoken then,
Moſt of thoſe humours I ave ſeene in *Man*;
And ſtill confeſſe in him that hidden be
Thouſands of humors more than I can ſee,
Somewhat he hath to doe would trace him out
In every action that he goes about:
Or but looke after him and ſee the path,
He trtades, what contraries it hath.
To finde him by his words were to aſſay,
To ſeeke a fiſh out by his watry way;
Or chaſe the Swallow to her home at night,
Through all the pathleſſe windings in her flight,
But to obſerve him in his thoughts were more
Than all the labours mentioned before.
The never ending, winding, turning way
That the unbounded minde of man doth ſtray,
So full of wonder is that admiration
Hath nigh confounded my imagination
With too much muſing thereupon: but yet
Sith either want of yeeres or want of wit,
Or lacke of worke, or lacke of all, hath brought me
To be more needfull than a number thought me;
Sith it ſome time and ſtudy too hath coſt me,
And many an *humour* of mine owne hath loſt me;
Sith it hurts none and ſith perhaps ſome may
Be benefited by't another day:
Though as I ſaid, the taske be not alone,
Too huge to be perform'd by any one,
But more than all the world can well diſpatch;
Looke what I could by obſervation catch,
And my weake memory well bare away,
I regiſtred againſt another day;

Nor

Nor will I ought that I remember ſpare,
Save things unfit and ſuch as needleſſe are;
Here I will teach my rough Satyricke Rimes
To be as madde and idle as the times
Freely I will diſcover what I ſpy,
And in deſpight of curioſity,
Maske in a homely phraſe as ſimply plaine,
As other men are myſtically vaine;
I'l breake the cloſet of mans private ſin,
Search out the villanies conceal'd therein;
And if their ſight may not infectious be,
Draw them to view in ſpight of ſecrecie;
Greatneſſe and Cuſtome ſhall not have their will
Without controule ſo to Authorize ſtill,
That though much be amiſſe, yet no man dare
Seeme to take notice that offences are.
Weele brand them, and ſo brand them all ſhall ſee,
We durſt not onely ſay ſuch faults there be;
But ſtartle thoſe who had ſecurely long
Slept ſenſeleſſe of all ſhame and others wrong.
None will I ſpare for favour or degree;
My verſe like death ſhall ſo impartiall be,
If that my father or my brother halt,
Though I ſpare them, I will not ſpare their fault:
No, mine owne follies that are moſt belov'd,
Shall not eſcape their cenſures unreprov'd,
Now ſome will ſay, fit 'twere I held my tongue,
For ſuch a taske as this I am too young:
I ne'er had dealings in the world with men,
How can I ſpeake of their conditions then?
I cannot, they conclude: ſtrong reaſon, why,
Know none how market goes but ſuch as buy?
We finde that it is oft and daily ſeene
When a deceitfull ſhifting knave hath beene

Playing

Playing at Cards with ſome unskilfull gull,
Whoſe purſe is lin'd with crownes and penny-full,
He by ſome nimble paſſage may deceive,
Which though the ſimple Gameſter nere perceive
Another may the Cheaters craft eſpie
That is no Player, but a ſtander by.
So I aloofe may view without ſuſpition,
Mens idle humors and their weake condition,
Plainer perhaps than many that have ſeene
More daies and on Earth ſtage have actors beene.
And tis no marvell: for imployments takes them
Quite from themſelves, & ſo dim-ſighted make them
They cannot ſee the fooleries they doe,
Nor what ill *paſſions* they are ſubject to:
Then who e'er carpe, the courſe I have begun,
If God aſſiſt me, ſpight of them I'l runne:
And leſt the *Exordium* hath too tedious bin,
What I intended loe I now begin.

OF

Of MAN.

MOunted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,
And noting with my ſelfe the ſtate of things,
I plainly did perceive as on a Stage,
The confus'd actions of this preſent age;
I view'd the *World*, and viewing ſaw my fill,
Becauſe that all I ſaw therein was ill.
I weigh'd it well, and found it was the *Scene*
Of *Villanie*, of *Luſt*, and all uncleane
And loath'd Corruption. Seeing which, my minde,
(That by ſome *inſpiration* gan to finde
The place was not in fault for this) ſearch't on
To finde the cauſe of this Confuſion.
And noting every creature there, I found
That onely man was the chiefe *ſpring* and *ground*
Of all this *uprore*: Yea, I ſoone did ſee,
Hee there was *all* in *all*, and none but *Hee*.
Then having alſo a deſire to know
Mans true condition; I began to grow
Yet more inquiſitive. An old *Record*
At laſt I hapt upon, which did afford
Much ſacred light. It ſhew'd, *He was a Creature,*
Firſt made by God, juſt and upright by nature.
That in his likeneſſe fram'd he was compounded
Of Soule and Body: That, this laſt was founded

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CAMBRIDGE

Of earth: The first, infus'd by inspiration.
And that, the finall cause of his creation
Was to set forth the glory of his Maker;
And with him to be made a joynt-partaker
Of endlesse happinesse. Growne much amaz'd
To read this of him, for a time I paus'd.
And finding now in *Man* no mark or signe
That ere he was a Creature so divine;
I knew not what to thinke unlesse the same
Should meane some other creature of that name:
But prying further on, I there found out
The resolution of my present doubt:
I saw the cause of's fall; How with *Free-will*,
He fell from his *first goodnesse* unto *ill*:
I saw how he from happinesse did slide,
Through disobedience and unthankfull pride:
Yea, and I found, how by that curs'd Fall
He was bereaved and quite stript of all
That so adorn'd him. His *first holinesse*
Was chang'd to a *corrupted filthinesse*;
Then he began to draw a *painfull breath*,
And was a *slave*, made *captive* unto *Death*:
His body was expos'd to labour, sweat,
And much disquieting. He got his meat
With sorrow, care, and many perturbations,
And then his soule grew subject unto *Passions*
And strange distempratures. Moreover, he
So perfect miserable grew to be,
That if he had not a *Re-generation*,
Nothing was left him but meere *desperation*.
This, having seen, I made no question than,
But it was spoken of that *Creature* MAN,
Which I sought after. Searching further yet,
On some *Apocryphall* Records I hit.

The works of wiſe Philoſophers; from whence
I yet received more intelligence
Concerning him: for there they do unfold
Each part about his body, and have told
Secrets of nature very rare to finde.
They have conſidered alſo of the *Mind*
The *Vnderſtanding part*: and do relate
The nature of his *Soule*, and her eſtate.
Deep Myſteries they be: but ſeeing, I
Have never ſearched that Philoſophie,
So far as thoſe: And ſith, I ſhall but tell
Such things, as no man can explain ſo well
As they themſelves: I leave you to their books:
In which, who ere with good adviſement looks,
Shall finde it largely handled. As for me,
I mean to ſpeak but what I know, and ſee
By tri'd experience; which perhaps may give
(Although I have but now begun to live)
Some profitable notes. Firſt, I avow
What-ever *Man* hath been; that, he is now
A reaſonable living Creature; who
Conſiſteth of a Soul and Body too.
His Body fleſh and bloud, to ſinne ſubjected,
And from his very birth therewith infected,
Grows riper in uncleanneſſe. Then his Soule,
A pure and laſting ſubſtance, is made foule
Through th'others filthineſſe, and much ſuppreſt
By divers hurtfull paſſions, which moleſt
And hinder her proceedings: yea, hee's this,
A Creature that exceeding wretched is:
And that he may be ſure no fault to want,
Vain, Fickle, Weak, and wondrous Arrogant.
And though his nature heretofore were pure,
Now nothing is more fading or unſure.

But Ile omit at this time to relate
The courſes I've obſerv'd in's outward ſtate;
For though the Body that before the Fall
Suſtain'd no ſorrow, were it ne're ſo ſmall,
Doth now feel hunger, with heat, thirſt, and cold,
A feeble birth, defects in being old,
With thouſands more; & though each gaſp of breath
In miſery he draw untill his death:
Yet all this outward change which I do finde,
Is nothing when I do behold the minde.
For, there inordinate and brutiſh *paſſion*
Keeps umpire; and hath got *predomination*.
Full many a penſive thought doth now moleſt
His troubled minde, whoſe conſcience ſlept in reſt.
His beſt contents but diſcontentments are:
His chiefe of pleaſures are ſo mixt with care,
And with ſo little comfort he obtains them;
Or with ſuch ſmart, and danger, he retains them;
Or with ſuch feare of loſing them, enjoyes them;
That thoſe diſtaſtings, in the taſte, deſtroyes them
Amongſt his own deſires do hourely riſe
So many wondrous Contrarieties,
And vain repentings of what's done before;
As all his good, makes but his ill the more.
This day hee's cheerefull, and to morrow ſad,
E'ne from the ſame occaſion made him glad.
The Minde, which ſometime harbor'd ſo much *good*,
That *evill* but in name, was underſtood;
Knows *ill* ſo well, as of that *good* bereft,
The name of *goodneſſe* now is ſcarcely left.
And unto me a wonder 'tis become
To ſee, what glories man is fallen from.
The beſt are bad, yet I obſerved ſtill,
There are degrees amongſt men in their ill.

The

The baſeſt creatures that here breathe on earth,
(Inheriting corruption by their birth,)
In the condition of their life, are farre
Leſſe different from what the worſt men are,
Than they are from the beſt. Perhaps the ſhapes
(Vnleſſe it be ſome ſtrange diſguiſed Apes)
Remain alike: but their poore ſoules are quite
Exchang'd to that which we call Appetite.
For, who can name of *reaſonable* give,
To what is made but meerely ſenſitive?
It was a throne where Vertue ruling ſate,
Ioyntly with Reaſon, her beloved mate:
And they two under ſweet obedience, then,
Kept that fair place, th'unblemiſh't *Ile of Man*:
But ſith with *Good* we learn'd to know the *Ill*,
In ſtead of *Reaſon*, wee have ſet up *Will*.
The minde is nothing but a mint of jarres,
Or Little-world of mad domeſtique warres:
Vertue's depos'd thence, and *Vice* rule obtaines;
Yea *Vice* from *Vice* there by ſucceſſion reignes:
Expelling thoſe whom *Vertues* preſence graceth,
And in their ſteads theſe hurtfull Monſters placeth;
Fond *Love*, and *Luſt*, *Ambition*, *Enmitie*,
Fooliſh *Compaſſion*, *Ioy* and *Iealouſie*,
Feare, *Hope*, *Deſpaire* and *Sadneſſe*, with the Vice
Call'd *Hate*; *Revenge*, and greedy *Avarice*,
Choler and *Cruelty*: which I perceiv'd
To be the onely cauſes Man's bereav'd
Of quietneſſe and reſt. Yea, theſe I found
To be the principall and onely ground
Of all pernicious miſchiefs that now rage,
Or have diſturbed him in any age.
Theſe loſing *Reaſon*, their true Prince, began
To breed diſturbance in the heart of Man.

Each laid a ſeverall claim (forſooth) and hee
Would be the Monarch in this Emperie.
Ruine had got the upper hand, and they
Would be Commanders, that were made t'obey.
Love, (whē as *Reaſon* rul'd) you would have thought
Would never have been forc't or drawn to naught.
When God, the *Chaos* did divide; then he
Set it to look things ſhould not diſagree;
And taught it ſweetly how to move the minde,
Both for increaſing and preſerving kinde.
But now, the bound it had, contenteth not;
A vein of domineering it hath got.
And the whole Man is held in ſlavery,
Within the compaſſe of that Tyranny.
Such apiſhneſſe it now hath entertain'd,
That all the credit which it had is ſtain'd.
Yea, 'tis as far from what it was, as we
From our more honour'd ancient Engliſh be,
And ſo unlike unto it ſelfe doth prove,
We ſcarce dare give it now the name of *Love*.
Ambition, that erſt gently mov'd *Deſire*
To nought elſe but to good things to aſpire;
Now muſt be Lord of Miſ-rule, and will force
The Minde beyond her bound, from bad to worſe.
Revenge doth claim a *Princedome*, and will be
The ſole Commander in this *Seignorie*.
That cruell Ruffian, that in vain doth ſtrive,
His Of-ſpring from true *Valour* to derive.
Deſpaire and *Feare* (two Rake-hels more) that Man
Had never knowledge of, till Sinne began;
With mighty troops of terrours, play their part,
To overthrow th'weak fortreſſe of the heart.
Yea, every *Paſſion* ſtrives that onely *he*
Might Ruler in that *Microcoſmos* be.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Hope*, (that when this discord first fell out,
Was sent to keep *Despaires* rude forces out,
And be a comfort to this troubled state,)
Becomes an Actor in this foule debate.
And when she had got footing in his brest,
Vnder the colour of procuring rest,
Built Castles in the ayre; from whence did grow
Another meanes of *Reasons* overthrow:
Yea, *Choler*, *jealousie*, black *Envy*, *Hate*,
And bloudy *Cruelty* aim'd at this state.
Joy, (though fare shew it made of discontent,)
And kinde *Compassion* (though she weeping went,)
Made private means to sway all to their wils,
Without the least care of ensuing ills.
That by their discord (I perceive) began
All whatsoever is amisse in *Man*.
And therefore I do here intend to show,
Ere I go farther, what ill humours flow
From these fore-named: and I will declare,
To what *Abuses* most men subject are,
Through every of them: for, when I took view,
Although I saw not all, I found a few.
And here because I will not order break,
I will asunder of each *Passion* speak.

Of the Paſsion of LOVE.

SATYRE I.

FIrſt *Love*, the ſame I here the firſt do call,
Becauſe that *paſſion* is moſt naturall;
And of it ſelfe could not be diſcommended,
Wert not with many a foule *Abuſe* attended.
Or ſo much out of meaſure, as we ſee
By thoſe in whom it reignes it oft will be.
For, look where't growes into extremity,
It ſoon becometh *Vertues Lethargie*;
Makes them ſet light by *Reaſons* ſound direction,
And beares them headlong by untam'd affection.
Counſel's in vain; cauſe when this fit doth take them,
Reaſon and *Vnderſtanding* both forſake them,
It makes them ſometimes merry, ſometimes ſad;
Vntam'd men milde, and many a milde man mad.
To fools it wiſedome gives, and makes the witty
To ſhew thẽſelves moſt fools (the more's the pitty.)
Some it makes purblinde, that they do not know
The ſnow-white Cygnet from the cole-black Crow.
And one to gold compares his Miſtris haire,
When 'tis like Fox-fur; and doth think ſhee's faire,
Though ſhe in beauty be not far before
The ſwart Weſt-Indian or the tawny Moore.
Oh, thoſe faire ſtar-like eyes of thine! one ſaies,
When to my thinking, ſhe hath look't nine waies;

And

And that ſweet breath; when I think (out upon't)
Twould blaſt a flower if ſhe breathed on't.
Another having got a dainty peece,
(Prouder than *Iaſon* with his golden Fleece)
Commẽds her vertues (which muſt needs have many
Becauſe ſhe never maketh uſe of any;)
Yea, ſwears ſhee's chaſt, and takes her for no leſſe,
When all that know her, know her fickleneſſe.
Another groweth careleſſe of his health,
Neglects his credite, and conſumes his wealth;
Hath found a pretty *Peat*, procur'd her favour,
And ſweares that he, in ſpight of all, will have her;
Well, let him take her, ſith they are contented,
But ſuch raſh matches are the ſoon'ſt repented.
Then there is one who having found a peere
In all things worthy to be counted deere,
Wanting both art and heart his minde to break,
Sits ſighing (*Woe is me*) and will not ſpeak.
All company he hates, is oft alone,
Growes melancholy, weeps, reſpecteth none,
And in deſpaire, ſeeks out a way to dye,
When he might live and finde a remedy.
But how now; Waſt not you (ſayes one) that late
So humbly begg'd a *Boon* at *Beauties* gate?
Was it not you that to a female Saint
Indited your *Philaretes* complaint,
With many dolefull Sonnets? was't not you?
Sure twas, ſaies he: but then how comes it now
You carp at *Love* thus in a Satyr's vain?
Take heed you fall not in t'her hands again:
Sure if you do, you ſhall in open Court,
Be forc't to ſing a *Palinodia* for't.
What? are your brains drie, or your bloud grown cold?
Or are you on a ſudden waxen old,

To flout at *Love*, which men of greateſt wit
Allow in youth as naturall and fit?
What reaſon have you for't elſe? what pretence
Have you to make excuſe for this offence?
To him I anſwer, That indeed, even I
Was lately ſubject to this maladie:
Lik't what I now diſlike; imploy'd good times
In the compoſing of ſuch idle *Rimes*
As are objected: From my heart I ſent
Full many a heavy ſigh, and ſometimes ſpent
Vnmanly teares. I thought, I muſt confeſſe,
If ſhe I lov'd had ſmil'd, no happineſſe
Might equalize it, and her frown much worſe
(O God forgive me!) than the Churches curſe.
I did (as ſome do) not much matter make,
To hazard ſoule and body for her ſake.
Having no hope, ſometime I did deſpaire,
Sometime (too much) built Caſtles in the aire.
In many a fooliſh humour I have been
As well as others. Look where I have ſeen
Her (whom I lov'd) to walk when ſhe was gone,
Thither I often have repair'd alone;
As if I thought the places did contain
Some poore contentment, (Oh exceeding vain!)
Yet, what if I have been thus idly bent,
Shall I be now aſhamed to repent?
Moreover I was in my Childehood then,
And am ſcarce yet reputed for a man.
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry,
Nor cloy'd with any foule diſeaſe am I,
Whereby the ſtrength of nature is declin'd,
'Tis no ſuch cauſe that made me change my minde:
But my affection, that before was blinde,
Raſh, and unruly, now begins to finde

That

That it had run a large and fruitleſſe race,
And thereupon hath given Reaſon place.
So that by Reaſon, what no Reaſon might
Perſwade me from before, I have out-right
Iuſtly forſaken; for becauſe I ſee
'Twas vain, abſurd, and nought but foolerie.
Yet for all this, look where I lov'd of late,
I have not turn'd it in a ſpleen to hate;
No; for 'twas firſt her vertue and her wit,
Taught me to ſee how much I wanted it.
Then as for *Love*, I do allow it ſtill,
I never did diſlik't, nor never will;
So it be vertuous, and contain'd within
The bounds of reaſon: but when 'twill begin
To run at randome, and her limits break,
I muſt, becauſe I cannot chuſe but ſpeak.
But I forget my ſelfe: Wherefore am I
So tedious in my own Apologie?
It needed not at all; I'le on again,
And ſhew what kinde of *Lovers* yet remain.
One ſort I finde yet of this loving crew,
Whoſe quality I think, is known to few;
Theſe ſeek by all the means they can to gain
Each Virgins liking: Sometime not in vain.
The thing they would, they have, but when 'tis got,
Sorry they are, and wiſh they had it not:
For peradventure they have plac't their love,
So as it cannot, or it muſt not move.
And yet if they ſhould faile but to procure it,
'Twould grieve them ſo they hardly would endure it.
Yea, though in ſhew (at leaſt) they have ſaid nay,
Their loves with like affection to repay,
If they perceiv't abate, as it will doe,
Both this and that will make them ſorry too.

But ſuch as do into that weakneſſe fall,
Vnſteady and unconſtant I may call.
Moreover, ſome ſuch humours do infect,
That the ſame man doth diverſly affect:
Now he the Faire approves, anon the grace
Appeares not in the colour of a face.
He ſpies the Brown, and then that moſt eſteems,
Cauſe the proportion much more pleaſant ſeems.
Then, he the Wanton likes; then modeſt Eyes;
Then loves the ſimple Laſſe; and then the Wiſe:
One for her paſe; and for her geſture one
Muſt be the Miſtreſſe he adores alone;
Yet peradventure ere a little while,
Another wins her from him with a ſmile.
This, with a look nigh languiſhing, moves pitty
That, he commends becauſe ſhee's bold and witty.
And longs for what anon again he loaths,
Becauſe ſhe ſeem'd faire in her gaudy clothes.
True worth moves few: but ſure I am, not many
Have for bare Vertues ſake affected any.
Wealth wins the moſt, yet they by triall prove,
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it gains not *love*.
Then to obtain his Miſtreſſe one man tries
How he can ſtrain his wits to *Poetize*:
His *paſſion* to relate, his skill he proves?
But in this blockiſh age it little moves:
Nor do I wonder much true meaning fails,
And wit ſo little in this caſe avails,
Sith Dunces can have Sonnets fram'd, and ſend them
As their inventions, when ſome others pen'd them.
Another ſeeks by valour to obtain
His wiſhed prize; but now that triall's vain.
The third brings wealth, and if he do not ſpeed,
The Woman's worth the ſuing for indeed.

Then

Then he that's neither valorous nor wiſe,
Comes ruffling in with ſhameleſſe brags and lies,
Making a ſtately, proud, vain-glorious ſhow
Of much good matter, when tis nothing ſo.
In ſtead of lands, to which he neere was heire,
He tells her tales of Caſtles in the ayre:
For martiall matters, he relates of fraies,
Where many drew their ſwords, and ran their waies:
His Poetry is ſuch as he can cull
From Plaies he heard at *Curtain*, or at *Bull*;
And yet his fine coy Miſtreſſe, *Mary-Muffe*,
The ſooneſt taken with ſuch broken ſtuffe.
Another ſhallow brain hath no device,
But prates of ſome ſtrange caſts he had at Dice;
Brags of his play; yea, ſure it doth befall,
He vaunts oft times of that which marreth all.
But ſome I note (now fie on ſuch a man)
That make themſelves as like them as they can,
Thereby to win their loves: they fain their paſe,
Order their looks, and ſtrive to ſet their face
To be demure. Some woe by nods and looks;
Some by their ſighs, and others by their books.
Some have a nature muſt not be denaid,
And will grow furious if they be delaid.
Other again have ſuch a fancy got,
If they ſoon ſpeed, then they eſteem them not.
When women woo ſome men do moſt affect them,
And ſome again for wantons do ſuſpect them:
Beſides, we ſee that fools themſelves they make,
What toyes they count of for their Wenches ſake.
One, for ſome certain months, or weeks, or daies,
Weares in his hat a branch of wither'd Bayes;
Or ſweareth to imploy his utmoſt power,
But to preſerve ſome ſtale neglected flower.

He

He weares ſuch colours as for Lovers be,
Drinks vowed healths upon his bared knee:
Sues mainly for a ſhoo-ſtring, and doth crave her
To grant him but a buſk-point for a favour.
And then to note (as I have ſeen) an Aſſe
That by her window whom he loves muſt paſſe,
With what a fained paſe the Woodcock ſtalks;
How ſcurvily he fleareth as he walks:
And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,
As if his horſe were troubled with the bots:
'Twould make one ſwell with laughing. In a day
He makes more errands than he needs that way,
Bearing himſelfe as if ſhe ſtill eſpide him;
When as perhaps ſhe flouts, or looks beſide him.
Nay, ſhould I tell you all the *Vanitie*
I have obſerved in this maladie,
I ſhould ſhame *Lovers*: bus Ile now be huſht,
For had I ſaid more, I my ſelfe had bluſht.
Yet know; although this paſſion I have tide
To love of *Women*, it concludes beſide
All whatſoever kinde of loves there be,
Vnleſſe they keep the minde from troubles free;
And yeeld to *Reaſon*: but of ſuch-like Lovers,
My *Muſe* hereafter other feats diſcovers.

Of

Of DESIRE, *or* LUST.

SATYRE 2.

LVſtfull *Deſire* (although twere rather fit
To ſome bruit Creature to attribute it)
Shall be preſented in the ſecond place;
Becauſe it ſhrowds a vile deformed face
Beneath *Loves* Vizard, and aſſumes that name,
Hiding it own fault with the others blame.
'Tis a baſe *paſſion*, from whoſe ſink doth flow
Many baſe humours. 'Tis the overthrow
Of all in whom it enters. 'Tis an evill
Worſe than to be poſſeſſed with a Devill.
This, this is that which oft caus'd publike ſtrife,
And private diſcord. This makes man and wife
Grow each to other cold in their affection,
And to the very marrow ſends infection.
This ſpoiles the body; this doth make the face
Look wan, pale, yellow, and doth much diſgrace
The beauty of it. This bereaveth quite,
The bones of marrow, and the eyes of ſight.
It ſhrinks the ſinews; and from thence doth ſprout
Griefes of the ſtomake, Leproſie and Gout,
With other ſuch: beſide, it doth decay
Not life alone; but alſo takes away
Both memory and underſtanding too;
And many other miſchiefes elſe will doe.

And

And which way comes that foule diſeaſe to us
We call the French, ſo vile and odious?
I'ſt not by *Luſt*? Breed not ſuch-like deſires
Children begotten by unlawfull Sires?
Strange generations; beds ſo oft defilde,
That many a Father ſcarcely knowes his childe?
Or, is't not hence this common Proverbe growes?
'Tis a wiſe childe that his own Father knowes?
Doth it not others reputation foyle?
And them e'ne of their deareſt jewells ſpoile?
Yes, and from hence a thouſand other crimes
Do daily ſpring: and yet in theſe our times
'Tis highly made of. Yea, 'tis *Luſt* doth weare
The richeſt garments, and hath curious'ſt fare:
The ſofteſt beds it hath to take repoſe
With ſweet perfumes; but ſure ther's need of thoſe.
Drawn in a Coach it viſits, now and then,
Some neare acquaintance 'mongſt the Noblemen.
And yet the Court alone frequents it not,
But in the City reſidence hath got,
Where, in a daily ſervice it imployes,
Young Cocknies, Burgomaſters, Roaring-Boyes,
Yea, Porters, Prentiſes, and all that may
Be ſervice able to it any way.
'Twere much to note the pain that ſome endure,
And at how high a rate they do procure
Their beaſtly wills. Ther's many ſpend their ſtocks
In Ruffes, Gowns, Kirtles, Petty-coats, and Smocks.
For which, on's paid with that ſhall make him craul
(If he be friended to ſome Hoſpitall.
Another quitted for his well-ſpent ſtuffe,
By ſome grim Serjeant with a Counter-buffe:
A third it brings (if long that courſe he follows)
Firſt to the Gaole, and ſo-forth to the Gallowes.

And

And what have you obſerved to have bin
The uſuall aſſociates of this ſin?
But *filthy ſpeeches, bold fac't impudence,*
Vnſeemly actions, riot, negligence;
Or ſuch as theſe. Yea, to procure their luſt
It makes them into any miſchiefs thruſt,
(How hatefull or apparant ere they be)
Or put in practiſe any villanie.
Moreover, where it enters once, the minde
Can no true reſt, nor any quiet finde.
We ſee it alſo maketh them to crave,
Not what is beſt, but what they long to have.
Yea, *Luſt* hath many miſchiefs that enſue it,
Which moſt men ſee, but few the leſſe eſchew it.
Men rather now, as if 'twere no offence,
Are grown to ſuch a ſhameleſſe impudence,
They vaunt and brag of their laſcivious facts,
No leſſe than ſome of brave heroick acts.
And, not a few of this ſame humour be,
That would be thought the foes of Chaſtitie.
By whom, if I ſee ill, Ile ſure conceale it;
For they themſelves will, to their ſhames, reveale it.
Ther's others, who diſliking ſo to vaunt,
Will, *Si non caſtè, tamen cautè*, grant,
(For that's their *Motto*) they make modeſt ſhowes,
But what they do in ſecret, man nere knowes.
Some makes a Baud of the divine profeſſion,
(Like *Shavelings* in *Auricular Confeſſion.*)
Th'other are bad, and ſure of God accurſt:
But, of all others, theſe I deem the worſt.
Ther's other Gallants would deſire but this,
Without ſuſpition to confer and kiſſe:
For other pleaſures they would never crave them,
Nay, if they might, they ſweare they wil not have thē.

So

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CAMBRIDGE

So mean perhaps, but time brings alteration;
And a faire woman is a shrewd temptation.
Then many make their feigned love to be
A cloak to cover their immodestie:
These will protest, and vow, and sweare their life
Consists in having whom they woo to wife.
Yet, if the villains can their lust fulfill,
They will forswear them, and be living still.
Some do court all (and not alone to prove;
But for because with all they are in love.)
With such deep *passion*, that they cannot smother
Their hot affection till they meet another.
But why will *Man* against himselfe and Reason
Consent to such a Tyrant in his Treason?
Why will he so his liberty forgoe,
To be a slave to such a monstrous foe?
For what is this same *passion* we call *Lust*?
Is't not a *Brutish longing? an unjust*
And foule desire, unlawfully to gain
Some evill pleasure? Or, to speak more plain;
A furious burning passion, whose hot fumes
Corrupt the understanding, and consumes
The very flesh of man? Then what's the fact?
What may I terme that vile and shamefull act,
But this; *The execution of an ill,*
Out of set purpose, and with a good will,
In spight of Reason? Tell me, is't not base?
When men shall so their worthy sex disgrace,
To give their bodies in a deed unclean,
With a foule nastie prostituted quean?
Or, in their understanding be so dull,
As to observe an idle short-heel'd Trull?
A puling female Devil, that hath smiles
Like Syrens Songs, and teares like Crocodyles.

Yet

Yet there be ſome (I will not name them now)
Whom I have ſeen unto ſuch puppets bow,
And be as ſerviceable as a Groome
That fears another man will beg his roome.
They have been glad full oft to pleaſe their pride
With coſtly gifts, and forced to abide
Imperious ſcoffes, with many ſcornfull words,
Such as the humour they are in affords.
And yet for theſe they'l venture honours, lives,
If they command it: when on their poore Wives
(Though they in beauty, love, and true delight,
Exceed them more than day-time doth the night)
Thoſe common Courteſies they'l ſcarce beſtow
Which they to ev'ry ſtranger uſe to ſhow:
Yea, & their Luſt doth wrap them in ſuch blindneſſe,
They cannot give them one poore look in kindneſſe.
Moreover, for their luſts they have not laid
Baſe plots alone, like him that was convey'd
In a cloſe trunk, becauſe in ſecreſie
He would (unſeen) enjoy his venery.
I ſay not onely therein have they reacht
Their damn'd inventions: it hath alſo ſtretcht
Vnto ſtrange *Luſts*, of which I will not ſpeak,
Becauſe I may offend the minde that's weak:
Or, leaſt I to ſome ſimple one ſhould ſhow
Thoſe ſinnes by naming he did never know.
Then here Ile leave: there's lurking holes ſuch ſtore,
This ſtinking Vermine I will hunt no more.

Of

Of HATE.

SATYRE 3.

BVt I have rouz'd another here as bad,
They call it *Hate*; a worſe I never had
Before in chaſe: I ſcarce can keep (in ſooth)
My ſelfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.
This is the *paſſion* that doth uſe to move
The minde a clean contrarie way to Love.
It is an inſpiration of the Devill,
That makes men long for one anothers evill.
It cankers in the heart, and plagueth moſt,
Not him that's hated, but the hatefull hoſt.
And yet there's too too many I do know,
Whoſe hearts with this foule poyſon over-flow:
Of which I have a true intelligence,
By the ſharp ſcoffes and ſlanders ſpringing thence:
But, where it rules, they cannot well conceale it,
But either words, or deeds, or both reveale it.
Were it juſt cauſes that did ſtill ingender
This paſſion in them; or if they could render
A reaſon for't, 'twere ſomewhat. But their will
Carries them on in ſpight of reaſon ſtill.
Theſe are their humours. For a ſlight offence
They'l hate th'offender for a recompence.
Some malice all that any way excell,
Although they know it farre from doing well.

And

And many have abhorred (*God amend them*)
The Stranger that did never yet offend them:
Which they are not ashamed to confesse,
Yet in their hate continue neere the lesse.
But though that they can yeeld no reason why
They beare them causeleſſe malice, yet can I.
Their hearts are ill, and it is seldome known,
That a sweet brook from bitter springs hath flown.
Ther's some too, when they see a man respected,
Though they are nothing by that means neglected,
They inly grudge, and outwardly disdain,
Being alike condition'd as was *Cain.* (dear,
Some hate their friends that love and count them
As by the sequell plainly shall appeare;
One that a seeming friendship had profest me,
Vpon a time did earnestly request me,
That I would plainly my opinion shew,
What I of his conditions thought or knew:
And that I would without exceptions tell
What things in him did not become him well.
I scorning flattery, with a single heart,
'Twixt him and me my minde did soon impart;
And as a friend that is unfeigned, ought,
Left nothing unreveal'd of that I thought:
Yea, without soothing, him I reprehended,
If I perceiv'd hee any way offended;
Provided alwaies that I did not swerve
From a *decorum* fitting to observe.
But mark Mans nature: he perceiving I
Had taken note of some infirmity
He would not have unript; And seeing I
Saw more than he wisht any man should spie
Of his ill humours; (though I must confesse
Being my friend, I lov'd him nothing lesse:)

In ſtead of thanks and liking for my pains,
My company and ſight he now refrains;
And for my kindneſſe, like a thankleſſe mate,
Doth ill repay me with a loathing hate.
This one I know, and by that one I finde,
That there be many beare as bad a minde.
But let us for their true converſion pray;
For never Age could this more juſtly ſay,
Truth hatred gets (ſhe of ſuch gain is ſped)
While *Love* and *Charity* to heaven are fled.
Againe, the wicked hate beyond all meaſure
The righteous man that contradicts their pleaſure;
And that's the fundamentall cauſe I know,
That many men doe hate their teachers ſo.
Theſe cõmon humours are obſerv'd of few,
Yet may a young experience finde them true;
And boldly ſay, that all in whom th'are found
Have poyſoned hearts, polluted and unſound.
Yet they are more corrupt than all the reſt,
Who hate their friends they ſhould account of beſt.
But, let *Men* ſtrive and ſtudy to remove
This *paſſion* from their hearts, and graft on Love.
Let them not harbour ſuch a helliſh ſinne;
Which being entred marreth all within.
Nor let them think my counſell merits laughter,
Sith Scripture ſaies, *To hate our brother's ſlaughter.*

Of ENVIE.

SATYRE 4.

THen ſome envenom'd with an envious touch,
Think ev'ry thing their neighbour hath too much,
O Lord ſay they (if in the field they be)
What goodly Corn and well-fed beaſts hath he?
(If in the houſe) they never in their lives
Saw fairer women than their neighbours wives:
Tis pitty ſhe (a Laſſe of ſuch renown)
Should be embraced by ſo rude a Clown.
That houſe is too well furniſht, or doth ſtand
Better than his: or it hath finer land.
This Farme he thinketh more commodious much,
For wood and water he had never ſuch.
Yea, ſo he grudges inwardly and frets
At every good thing that his neighbour gets
Of theſe beſides there are, that when they ſee
Any beloved, or in favour be,
Eſpecially in Courts and Great mens houſes,
Then the heart ſwelleth, and the envious rouſes;
Ne're reſting till that like a ſpightfull Elfe,
He do diſplace them, or diſgrace himſelfe.
Now ſome are in the minde that *Hate* and this
Still go together and one *paſſion* is.
Indeed, they foul injurious humors be,
So like, they ſeem to have affinitie.

And

And yet they differ (as oft kindred do)
Enough at leaſt I'me ſure to make them two.
Hate many times from wrongs receiv'd hath grown;
Envy is ſeen where injuries are none.
Her *malice* alſo is more generall;
For *Hate* to ſome extends, and ſhe to all.
Yet envious men do leaſt ſpight ſuch as be
Of ill report, or of a low degree:
But rather they do take their aime at ſuch,
Who either well-beloved are, or rich.
And therefore ſome do fitly liken theſe
Vnto thoſe flies we call *Cantharides*:
Sith for the moſt part they alight on none
But on the flowers that are fairreſt blowne.
Or to the boiſtrous winde, which ſooner grubs
The ſtately Cedar than the humble ſhrubs.
Yet I have knowvn it ſhake the buſh below,
And move the leafe that's *wither'd* long ago;
As if it had not ſhown ſufficient ſpight,
Vnleſſe it alſo could o'erwhelm it quite,
Or bury it in earth. Yea, I have found
The blaſt of *Envy* flies as low's the ground.
And when it hath already brought a man
Even to the very meaneſt ſtate it can,
Yet 'tis not ſatisfi'd, but ſtill deviſing
Which way it alſo may diſturbe his riſing.
This is moſt true, or elſe it could not be
That any man ſhould hate or envy me,
Being a creature (one would think) that's plac't
Too far below the touch of *Envies* blaſt.
And yet they do; I ſee men have eſpi'd
Something in me too that may be envi'd.
But I have found it now and knowv the matter,
The reaſon's, *They are great, and Ile not flatter.*

Or

Or elſe becauſe they ſee that I do ſcorn
To be their ſlave whoſe equall I am born.
I heard (although twere ſpoken in a cloud)
They cenſure, that my knowvledge makes me proud;
And that I teach ſo farre beyond my calling,
They every houre do expect my falling;
With many a prayer and prognoſtication,
To ſhew their love not worthy revelation.
But what care I? to quit their good ſurmiſing,
I do deſire my fall may be their riſing.
Which ſay ſhould once be, as I hope twill never,
My hope is ſure it ſhall not be for ever;
Or elſe, becauſe I know it cannot be
Much lower than it is, it grieves not me.
And where they ſay, my wit augments my pride,
My conſcience tells me that I am belide.
For, that poore dram which heaven on me beſtowes,
Such lack (of what is yet more needfull) ſhowes
That I am ſad to think how much I come
Short of thoſe gifts which are beſtow'd on ſome:
And knowvledge of that *want* doth grieve me ſo,
I have no joy to boaſt of that I know.
But let them ſcandall as I heare they do,
And ſee whoſe lot the ſhame will fall unto.
The ſhafts are aim'd at me, but I reject them,
And on the ſhooters may perhaps reflect them.
I care not for their envy, ſith they ſhow it;
Nor do I feare their malice now I know it.
For to prevent the venome of their throat,
I'le of their poyſon make an *Antidote*:
And their preſaging (though it be abuſe)
I hope will ſerve me to an excellent uſe:
For, where before I ſhould have took no heed,
Their words ſhall make mee circumſpect indeed.

Yea, I will be more carefull to do well,
Which were a plague for them as bad as hell.
Some I do know, yea, too too well I know them
And in this place do a remembrance owe them:
These men when through their envy they intend
To bring one out of favour with his friend,
Will make as though they some great vices knew
That he is guilty of, (and not a few)
They'l shake their heads as if they did detest
The course he follows; and that not in jest.
If to the *Father* they dispraise the *Sonne*,
It shall be slily indirectly done:
As thus; (I hope there's some will understand)
He lives, I tell you at a second hand.
Should I say all I know 'twould much offend you,
But more such children I pray God ne're send you.
With other words of doubt to breed suspition,
But dare not (being of a base condition)
To name them any fault: And good cause why,
It should be prov'd unto their shames a lie.
Now 'tis a quality I do despise,
As such an one doth him whom he envies;
If any therefore do that love professe me,
Lord, from their friendship I beseech thee bleſſe me.
Some crafty ones will honour to their face
Those whom they dare not openly disgrace;
Yet underhand their fames they'l undermine,
As lately did a seeming friend of mine.
They'l sow their slander as if they with griefe
Were forc'd to speak it: or that their beleefe
Were loth to credit it, when 'tis well known
That damn'd invention was at first their own.
Some do not care how grossely they dispraise,
Or how unlikely a report they raise;

Bec

Becauſe they know if't be ſo falſe and ill
That one beleeves it not another will:
And ſo their envy very ſeldome failes,
But one way or another ſtill prevailes.
Oh vilanous conceit! an engine bent
To overthrow the trueſt innocent:
For well they know when once a ſlander's ſown,
And that a falſe report abroad is blown,
Though they would wipe it out yet they can never,
Becauſe ſome ſcarre will ſtick behinde for ever.
But what is this that men are ſo inclinde
And ſubject to it? How may't be definde?
Sure if the ſame be rightly underſtood,
Tis but a griefe that ſprings from others good.
Tormenting them when ever they heare tell
That other mens endevours proſper well;
It makes them grieve if any man be friended,
Or in their hearing praiſed or commended.
Contrariwiſe again, ſuch is their ſpight,
In other mens misfortunes they delight;
Yea, notwithſtanding it be not a whit
Vnto their profits or their benefit.
Others proſperity doth make them lean:
It nigh devoureth or conſumes them clean:
But if they ſee them in much griefe, why that
Doth onely make them jocund, full, and fat.
Of kingdomes ruines they beſt love to heare,
And tragicall reports do onely cheere
Their helliſh thoughts: and then their bleared eies
Can look on nothing but black infamies.
Reproachfull actions, and the fouleſt deeds
Of ſhame that mans corrupted nature breeds:
But they muſt wink when Vertue ſhineth bright,
For feare her luſtre marre their weakened ſight.

They do not love *Encomiaſtick* ſtories,
Nor books that ſhew their predeceſſors glories;
For good report to all men they denie,
And both the living and the dead envy:
Yea, many of them I do think had rather
Loſe all good fame, than ſhare it with their father.
The byting *Satyre* they do onely like,
And that at ſome particulars muſt ſtrike,
Or all's worth nothing. If they can apply
Some part of this to him they do envy,
(As well perhaps they may) then they'l commend
And (ſpight of their ill natures) I that pend it
Shall have ſome thank. But why? not cauſe they dee
Me or my writing either worth eſteem.
No, her's the reaſon they my labour like,
They think I mean him they ſuppoſe to ſtrike.
So ſhall my well-meant lines become to be
A wrong to others, and a ſnare to me.
Heaven ſhield me frō ſuch monſters; for their brea
Is worſe than blaſting, and their praiſe is death.
And let them finde no matter here, but what
May tend unto their glories whom they hate;
To make them either their ill *paſſion* flie,
Or ſwoln with their own venome burſt and die.
Foule Hag of *Envy*, let thy ſnakie Elves
Keep Hell with thee, and there torment themſelv
Your poyſond converſation fitteth men
For no ſociety, but ſome grim den
Where nothing can be heard nor ſeen appeare,
But grones and ſighes of miſery and feare.
Who have you yet poſſeſt that pleaſed ſtood
With any private, or with publike good?
What mans endeavours think you proſper ſhou
If the event of things were as theſe would?

(None can reſolve me that, for it's unknown)
Nor parents, no nor children, ſcarce their own:
(I ſay) their own hand-works are ſeldome free;
But ſubject to their proper envies be.
Witneſſe a certain Rich-man who of late
Much pitying a neighbours wofull ſtate,
Put to his helping hand and ſet him cleare
From all his former miſery and feare.
But when he ſaw that through his thrift and heed,
He had well cur'd again his former need,
And grew to pretty means, though he no whit
Vnthankfull was for that his beneſit:
Yet being of a nature that did long,
And joy to ſee anothers caſe go wrong,
Having no cauſe, but a repining now
That he once helpt him; all his ſtudie's how
To ruinate the poore mans caſe again,
And make (through Envy*) his own labour vain.*
Oh, that a man ſhould ſo from reaſon range,
Or entertain an humour that's ſo ſtrange
And ſo unprofitable! Tell me, Why
Should we the honours or the wealth envy
Of other men? If we delight to ſee
Our brethren when in evill caſe they be,
Lets wiſh them riches, titles, and promotion,
'Twill make them greedy, proud, & choke devotion:
'Twill plunge them in a floud of miſery,
In the reſpect of which, the beggery
We think ſo vile is heaven. Yea, I know
It is a thouſand more mens overthrow
Than poverty can be. That if we hate,
Or would envy who are in happy ſtate,
In my opinion they muſt not be ſuch
That titles have attain'd, or to be rich:

But poore men rather, who are combred leſſe,
And have indeed the trueſt happineſſe.
But be they rich or poore I paſſe not whether,
For my part I am ſure I envy neither.
So I but reach the glory I deſire,
I do not care how many mount up higher:
And if I want not, what hurt is't to me
If I the pooreſt in the Kingdome be.
Yet from this *paſſion* I beleeve not many
Can be exempted (if there may be any)
But ſure more miſchiefe alway doth betide
T'oth envious, than to him that is envide;
And they have often (who would them bemoan?)
Loſt both their eyes to loſe their neighbour one.
Yea, there is many a perjur'd envious Noddy
Damnes his own ſoule to hurt his neighbours bo
But now ſuch men may beſt by this be known,
They'l ſpeak to no mans honour but their own.
And in their preſence if you praiſe a man,
They'l from his worth detract ev'n all they can.
Such dogs as theſe are the detracting *Momes*,
And he whoſe eyes on each new Treatiſe romes,
To feed his humour by diſgracing it,
More than for his delight or benefit.
But theſe moſt commonly do diſalow
What they would mend thẽſelves if they knew h
But what are they that keep the *Criticks* Cou
Not any doubtleſſe of the wiſer ſort,
But ſuch poore Pedants as would fain appeare
A great deal abler than indeed they are.
Yea, ſuch as (when among the learn'd they chanc
Are often *ſet by* for their ignorance.
For, howſoever their inſinuation
Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,

They are but Glow-worms that are brisk by night;
And never can be seen when Sun gives light.
Ill-tongu'd and envious, ignorant of shame;
And vile detractors of anothers fame:
But let them carp on what need any care,
Sith they are known for fools without compare?
But think, oh think to know and shun this evil,
This matchlesse inspiration of the Devill.
Remember 'tis a known apparant foe
To Charitie, and friendships overthrow:
A vicious humour that with hell acquaints,
And hinders the *Communion of Saints*.
Consider that, and how it makes unable
To be partaker of the holy Table.
Do so; survey your selves: and if you finde
Such guests within you, root them from your minde;
Banish that gnawing fury from your heart:
And as one wisely counsells, lay apart
Dissembling, Envy, Slander, Malice, Guile,
With evill-speaking, as most bad and vile;
In those men chiefly, whose *Religion* saith,
Her maineſt Pillar is *True-Love*; next *Faith*.

Of REVENGE.

SATYRE 5.

ROme for *Revenge*; hee's no *Comedian*
That acts for pleasure, but a grim *Tragedian*?
A foul stern Monster, which if we displease him
Death, wounds, and *bloud*, or nothing can appease him.

This moſt inhumane *Paſſion* now and than
With violence and fury hurries Man
So far from that ſweet mildneſſe wherewith he,
Being himſelfe, ſhould ever temper'd be:
That Man nor Devill can we terme him well,
For part he hath of earth, and part of hell.
Yet this (ſo much of all good men diſdain'd)
Many there are have raſhly entertain'd
And hugged as a ſweet contenting *Paſſion*,
Though in a various and unlikely faſhion.
Some are ſo ſtaid they can their purpoſe keep
Long time conceal'd, to make the wound more deep
And theſe it is not heat of bloud that blinde,
But rather the fell canker of the minde.
Some by reſpect to *time* and *place* are ſtaid,
And ſome again by nothing are alaid;
But them mad rage oft furiouſly will carry,
Without reſpect of *Friends* or *Sanctuary*.
Then ſome of them are fearfull, ſome are bolder:
Some are too hot, and ſome again are colder.
Oh, I have ſeen, and laught at heart to ſee't,
Some of our hot-ſpurs drawing in the ſtreet,
As though they could not *Paſſions* rage withſtand,
But muſt betake them to it out of hand.
But why i'th ſtreet? *Oh, company doth heart them,*
And men may ſee their valourous acts and part them
And yet that humour rather I commend,
Than theirs whoſe fury hath no ſtay nor end,
Till of their lives they have bereft their foes;
The onely way to both their overthrows.
Oh, poore revenge! behold, he thou haſt ſlain,
Sleeping in reſt, lies free from care and pain.
Death is the good mans refuge, which his God
Ordain'd to be his ſorrows period.

And he, perhaps, thou in revenge didſt ſlay,
Enjoyes more bliſſe than thou canſt take away;
Whilſt thou ſurviving feel'ſt the horrid ſmart
Of many thouſand tortures in thy heart.
For ſay thou ſcape the rigor of the law,
Thy wounded conſcience will have many a flaw;
Feares thou ſhalt paſſe by day, and then at night
Dreams all of terrour thy ſcar'd foule affright.
Orphanes and widowes curſes thou ſhalt have
To bring thee with confuſion to thy grave.
Which if in mercy God do ſhield thee from,
Juſtice hath ſet this unavoided doom,
The plague of bloudſhed on thy ſtock ſhall lie,
Till ſhe be quit in thy poſterity.
Poore world, if theſe thy beſt contentments be,
Seek bloud and vengeance you that liſt for me.
If this be ſweet, heaven grant I may forgive,
And neuer ſeek for vengeance whil'ſt I live.

But now (me thinks) I heare our *Hacſters* tell me,
With thundring words as if their breath wold fell me,
I am a *Coward* if I will not fight.
True, *Cavelieros*, you have ſpoken right:
And if upon good termes you urge me to it,
I have both ſtrength and heart enough to do it,
Which you ſhould finde; yet minded am I ſtill
(Though I am mov'd) to puniſh, not to kill.

Yet breathes there to my knowledge many a man,
That in his bloudy actions glory can;
He thinks it honour to be ſaid that he
Was the deſtruction of ſome two or three.
A brave tall man I promiſe ye, and may
Take *Tyburne* for preferment in his way.
What poore renown is there is in ſuch a deed,
For which a good mans heart would inly bleed?

What valour's in't ſith a poore flie or gnat
Doth many times peeforme as much as that?
But I perceive the chiefeſt cauſe of this,
Th'opinion of the raſcall *Vulgar* is.
They puffe men up with their infectious breath,
Till ſwoln it break out to their ſhame, or death.
But though they think that he which kills his foe
Is moſt couragious, Reaſon tells them no:
For he that hath a heart that fact to doe
Is both a Tyrant and a Coward too.
But how is he a Coward (ſome will ſay)
That takes in fight anothers life away?
Thus he is one: He having by his might
A power on him with whom he haps to fight,
Thinks if he ſpare his life in ſuch a caſe,
He one day may revenge his foule diſgrace;
And that with feare of future dangers fills him,
Which to prevent, he like a Coward kills him.
Yet thoſe whoſe preſent ſafety cannot be
Without the ruine of their enemy,
Blameleſſe I count, ſith nature gives us way,
Things violent by violence to ſtay.
Yet thou what e're thou be that haſt a foe,
Seek not to be his wilfull ouerthrow.
Sith life's a matter of the greateſt weight;
If there be any way though ne're ſo ſtraight,
Where by thou maiſt from ſuch an act be free,
Part not ſuch friends as Soule and Body be.
Rather if't may be, keep him living ſtill,
For foes oft prove a neceſſary ill.
And for thy mercy thou ſhalt one day finde
Much comfort and contentment in thy minde.
Foes I have ſome, whoſe lives I do not grutch,
For they have done me ſervice very much,

And will do ſtill. Theſe whereſoe'er I go,
Do make me carefull what I ſpeak or doe:
And if I ſtep aſide have ſo much grace,
To tell me all my folly to my face:
Whereas my friend, till I were quite undone,
VVould let me ſtill in my old vainneſſe run.
Or, if he warne me, it is ſo in ſport.
That I am ſcarce a whit the better for't.
But this good-evill few of us can uſe,
For we do better things than theſe abuſe.
Mans natur's ill, and I have noted this,
If we upbraided be with what's amiſſe,
We cannot brook it, but are readier ſtill
To hate them that reprove, than mende what's ill:
Nay, to the mildeſt ſort men know not how
To ſpeak their mindes without exceptions now:
We muſt not our mad luſty-blouds gain-ſay,
No, not ſo much as in a yea, or nay;
But preſently we die for't, *(if we will)*
They have both hand and heart prepar'd to kill.
Let them but thinke a man to them injurious,
Although he be not ſo, they'l ſtraight grow furious,
And are ſo quickly up in a Bravado,
They are for nothing but the *Imbrocado*:
And in this humor they reſpect not whether
They be unto them friends or foes or neither;
All are alike and their hot Choler ends
Not onely love and friendſhip but their friends.
I know twere vaine if I ſhould tell to theſe
The peacefull minde of ancient *Socrates*:
Or if I ſhould *Lycurgus* vengeance ſhow,
How he behav'd himſelfe unto his foe.
'Twere but much labour loſt for; there's no doubt
Our *Bedlam Gallants* would but grin and flout

At their well-temper'd paſſions, ſith they deem
Nought but their brainleſſe humours worth eſteem.
The ſmall diſcretion that doth guide this age,
Hath left them ſo to their unbridled rage
That men moſt fooliſh deſperate, who care
For nought, but little wit enough to dare
Some beaſt-like combate (without lawfull ground)
Are now the onely men that are renown'd
Amongſt the vulgar. And forſooth, to gain
A little fame that way, though ne'er ſo vain,
They'l put their lives in danger: nay, there's ſome
Had rather have it than the life to come.
Alas, poore men, what hath bewitch't your mind?
How are you grown ſo ſenſeleſſe and ſo blinde,
Thus to affect vain ſhadows, and let ſlide
The truer ſubſtance as a thing unſpi'd?
Is *Reaſon* in you grown ſo great a ſtranger,
To ſuffer an *affection* of ſuch danger,
To ſettle in you? Baniſh't from your breſt,
And there let *mercy* and *forgiveneſſe* reſt;
It is a token of a humane mildeneſſe:
But *vengeance* is a ſigne of *Brutiſh* wildeneſſe,
Not fitting any but the *Tyger*, *Beare*,
Or ſuch like creatures that remorſeleſſe teare
What ere they light on. Caſt it from you then,
Be in condition, as in ſhape ye'are *Men*,
And ſtand unmov'd, for innocence ere long,
Will ſhew herſelfe abroad in ſpight of wrong:
When of your patience you ſhall not repent,
But be avenged to your own content.
Yet ſome may ſay, the counſell I have given,
Is hard to follow, ſtrict, and too uneven;
And whatſoever ſhow I ſeem to make,
Such as my ſelfe would hardly undertake.

Know

Know you that think ſo, I am not afraid,
If that it be a burthen I have laid
To bear't my ſelfe; nay, I have undergone,
If this be hard, a more uneaſie one.
For, but of late a friend of mine in ſhow,
Being (indeed) a ſpightfull ſecret foe;
I know not why, (for I did ne're in ought
Wrong him ſo much as in a word or thought)
Yet this man having wiſely watcht his time,
When I (a ſtranger in another *Clime*)
Left mine own Countrey: did mean while repaire
To my beſt friends, and with diſſemblings faire,
And ſhows of love and griefe, did there unfold
The groſeſt ſlander ever villain told.
A damn'd invention, ſo exceeding vile,
That *Gallants*, 'twould have made your bloud to boil
And out of your abuſed bodies ſtart,
I know it would have broken veins or heart.
If you had felt that tongues envenom'd ſting,
You would have fret, fum'd, ſtampt, done any thing,
Or angry, rag'd, like mad-men in your fit,
Till mercileſſe revenge had quenched it.
And what did I? At firſt I muſt confeſſe,
I was extreamly mov'd, who could be leſſe?
But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
To joyne with brutiſh *Paſſion's* force within,
And raiſe diſquiet humours in my breaſt,
I fear'd if I ſhould yeeld 'twould mar my reſt.
And therefore to my ſelfe I patience took,
Which, whilſt I have about me, I can brook
Any misfortune. Then that patience
Grew ſo much ſtronger through my innocence,
That I, as much as fleſh and bloud could do,
Forgot both injurie and vengeance too.

Yet

Yet might I wanted not to do him ill;
All the defect that was, was in my will.
It is well known the *Coward* dares not ſtand,
T'abide the Vengeance of my wronged hand,
Were his ſtrength tripled: nay, were I in bands
Of impotencie wrapt and had no hands.
Yet I have friends (whom if I had not prai'd,
And beg'd unto to have their fury ſtai'd)
Had heapt confuſion on him for my ſake.
Yea I am halfe perſwaded he would quake
A twelve-moneth after; had he but the daring
To thinke upon the *Vengeance* was preparing
For that lewd ſlanderous tale of his which he
As well might raiſe on one unborne, as me.
But when that courſe my *Reaſon* did gaine-ſay,
I was allow'd Revenge a better way.
Both *Law* and *Iuſtice* profer'd me the ſcourge,
To whip him for it: which though friends did urge
(Shewing me motives to allure me to it)
Yet was I much unwilling ſtill to doe it:
For though I might (beſide ſubmiſſion) gaine
No little ſummes, my heart doth much diſdaine
To adde unto my ſubſtance through his ſhame;
Or raiſe it with the ruine of his fame.
Yet cauſe perhaps there's ſome may thinke I faine,
Or ſpeake a matter fram'd out of my braine:
Know; this *backe-biter lives* and may doe long
To doe me more, and many others wrong.
And but that I am loth to ſtaine my Verſe,
The name of ſuch a Monſter to rehearſe;
For others ſatisfaction (to diſgrace it)
Vpon the Margent here my pen ſhould place it.
Yet that perhaps would Vengeance counted be,
For that would never be reveng'd by me.

Nor had I thus much ſaid but to make knowne,
So truly theſe opinions are mine owne,
That I doe wiſh no other men unto,
More then I gladly of my ſelfe would doe.
Thus was I wronged and I thus withſtood
My own mad *paßion* in the heat of bloud:
Yet thinke my ſelfe in as good caſe as thoſe,
That have reveng'd themſelves with ſtabs and blows.
In my opinion it is now as well
As if that I ſhould pack his ſoule to hell
With danger of mine owne, and here remaine
To grieve and wiſh he were alive againe;
Nay, now 'tis beſt, for why? he may repent,
Whil'ſt I with a ſafe conſcience live content.
But grant that ſome miſdeem'd my innocence,
(Becauſe they ſaw that I with *patience*
Endur'd the wrong) by thinking I did know
My ſelfe in fault becauſe I tooke it ſo:
What's that to me? Indeed if all my care,
But to make ſhew of what I ſhould be were,
I might be much diſpleaſed when I ſee
Men thinke me not, what I would ſeeme to be.
But he whoſe onely aime is *Vertues* path,
And that true aime by his endeavour hath
(Which God grant me) ſo much ſweet comfort gains
Within his conſcience, that he nought complaines
Of *Mens* opinions; but above them borne,
Doth both their cenſures and ſuppoſings ſcorne.
And why ſhould I doe leſſe who never weigh'd
My innocence by that which others ſaid?
Whether I patient were, or ſtorm'd at it
It quits me of the ſlander ne'er awhit.
He that condemnes my milde and gentle courſe,
May in his wiſdome light upon a worſe.

I muſt confeſſe I let his errour paſſe ;
Nor have I done amiſſe ; for ſay an Aſſe
Had ſtruck me with his heels ; how ſhould I quit
The harme he doth me ? You would blame my wit
If I ſhould kill him. If I went to law
Who would not count me the moſt Aſſe ? a Daw,
Or worſt of fools ? And pray, what were I leſſe
If I had don't to his unworthineſſe ?
One that's ſo ignorant of his offence,
He ſeems as if hee had no ſpark nor ſenſe
Of underſtanding : one, whom if I touch,
Or offer to lay hands on, tis as much
As if I in my anger would begin
To break the ſtool that erſt had broke my ſhin.
In this and that I found the cauſe was one,
And therefore did I let revenge alone :
Onely I mark't him (for this cauſe indeed)
That other men might (knowing him) take heed;
And he himſelfe, with a repining ſhame,
Reading his follies *Emblem* in his name,
Might grieve he did into that errour run.
Which hoping he by this time now hath done,
I ceaſe to brand him, and forgive him too :
Others might thus by my example do.
But to thy task my *Muſe*, for there remain
Mad humours many more yet to explain ;
Such as are theirs who uſe to take in hand
A lawleſſe pilgrimage to *Calice* ſand ;
And think if they by tricks can blinde the Law,
Of God they never need to ſtand in awe.
Theſe onely deale in blows, But there be other
Who their *revengefull mindes* as ill can ſmother;
Yet cauſe they have not hearts to deale with ſword
Like valiant Champions fight it out with words.

Su

Such fraies have made me oftentimes to ſmile,
And yet they prove ſhrewd combates other-while:
For from ſuch brawls do ſudden ſtabs ariſe,
And ſometimes in revenge the quart-pot flies;
Ioyn'd-ſtools and glaſſes make a buſtling rumour,
Yea, this is grown a Gentle-man-like humour.
But in my minde he that ſo well can fight,
Deſerveth to be dub'd an *Alehouſe-knight*.
Is't not a ſhame that men ſhould at their meeting
Welcome each other with a friendly greeting,
As I have ſeen, and yet before they part,
Bandy their ſwords at one anothers heart?
Wondrous inhumane! Oh, the ſavage Bore,
Or wilde *Armenian* herds can do no more:
But ſuch beleeve not it is God hath ſaid,
Vengeance is mine and I will ſee't repaid.
For if they did they would not dare to be
Such carvers for themſelves as now we ſee.
No good remaines, if long this fit endure,
Friendſhip is quite extinguiſhed: and ſure
The Devill doth ſo much poſſeſſe them than,
They have no honeſt thought of God or man:
Which you may note, if you do ever ſee
Two hare-brain Ruffians when at ods they be,
All th'ones ambition is the others fall,
Without compaſſion or reſpect at all.
Which fury ſo unlimited doth prove,
They have to man-ward no ſparke of love:
Nor no regard of God ſhall you eſpie,
If you obſerve their damned blaſphemy,
When Standers by would ſtop their bloudy will;
Stark mad with rage, the heav'ns wide eares they fill
With horrid, bloudy, fearefull cannon-oathes,
Such as no honeſt Chriſtian man but loathes

Almoſt

Almoſt to heare them nam'd. Yea ſeeme to teare
Chriſts man-hood peece-meale from him when they
For *foote*, *heart*, *nailes*, ſtill uſing God withall (ſweare
Their fowle-mouth'd-rackets, like a tennis-ball
Doe bandy to and fro: His *bloud* and *wounds*,
Adde to their helliſh bravings ſuch ſtrange ſounds,
As if the powers of heaven they did contemne,
And meant in this wilde fit to challenge them.
Oh baſe proud clay! who by their deeds can gather
Theſe men beleeve a power above, but rather
That they are viler than the bruteſt creature:
For that is taught more reverence by nature.
But theſe bold Champions dare him: yea when they
Cannot have *Vengeance* their deſired way
(As if they ſcorn'd the threatning of his rod)
Thus thinke they to avenge themſelves on God;
Who were he not as mercifull as juſt,
Might with a blaſt conſume them into duſt.

Of CHOLER.

SATYRE 6.

BVt now the cauſe of mans *Revengefull thirſt*
Proceeds from raſh unbridled *Choler firſt*:
Which *Paſſion* flowes from imbecility,
And bring us unto much abſurdity:
Yea, thoſe that are infected with this crime,
Are (in a manner) mad-men for the time.
'Tis a ſhort *Fury*, wherewith man poſſeſt,
Reſembles moſt a wilde untamed beaſt.

It makes the wiſeſt ſo beſide their wit,
They ſpeake and practiſe many a thing unfit:
Yea, thoſe in whom I finde this *paſſion* raigne,
I have oft ſeene to ſtorme for things but vaine;
And chafing fret at poore halfe-penny loſſes,
As if for ſome intolerable croſſes.
In a ſlight trifle or ſome ſlender toy,
You would ſuppoſe conſiſted all their joy:
For ſhould a wiſe man every ſorrow prove
This world could heape, it would not ſo much move
His ſetled patience as one Raſcall fit
Would on no ground in theſe diſtemper it.
There is this weakeneſſe, which in *Cholerick men*
I have obſerved raigning now, and then,
They are not onely ready to beleeve
The leaſt report that may occaſion give
Of diſcontents; but ſo doth anger blinde them,
As, if no cauſes be, they'l ſeeke to finde them,
And (in light matters, if they ſhould contend)
Would pick a quarrell with their deareſt friend.
Yea, I have ſeen where friends, (nay more) where
That be, or ſhould be, dearer far than others, (brothers
Have in their heat of anger, turned foes,
And mixed ſtrange words with far ſharper blowes.
Nor doe, nor can they in this humour ſpare
Any degree. For reverence nor care
Doth them remaine; although they be moſt ſure
Their heedleſſe words not foes alone procure,
But loſe their friends: nor doe they in that caſe,
Reſpect the time, nor company, nor place.
Beſides, there is this over-ſight in ſome
(Where Choler doth the Reaſon overcome)
They doe not onely blame him that offends,
But are diſpleas'd even with their deareſt friends;

And

And with the like displeasure do pursue
All that are in their presence or their view.
Yet if that any should but tell these men
Such anger were without just reason, then,
Although it be so, and they know it right,
Their fury would the more increase with spight:
They cannot bear controule; neither can they
Brook him ought better that doth nothing say;
For then indeed they presently suspect,
He carelesly their anger doth neglect.
Some Maisters and some Tutors I espie
Too much orecome with this infirmity.
They are so hot and confident in this,
That all their anger still with reason is:
As if they think their servants do offend,
They must not their suspected crimes defend,
Guilty or no; but yeeld to all they say
What-ever shame or wrong betide them may.
And so be sure to make it an offence,
Though but by wronging their own innocence.
Which is meer tyranny. And he that can
Force to such slavery the minde of man,
By my opinion shall for ever passe
For an imperious, foolish, wayward Asse,
Who looks so much what duty others owe,
That he himselfe doth scarcely manners know.
This *Anger* is a wondrous head-strong *Passion*;
And hath a beastly frantick operation;
From which how can we any man release,
When we must neither speak nor hold our peace?
Some will be angry if they cannot make
All others their opinions undertake.
But let them keep from me; or I should chause them
For out of that fond humour I would laugh them.

Other

Others have meanings but they cannot ſhow them.
And therefore fret at all that do not know them.
And I have ſeene (that anger may be holy)
A good man moved for anothers folly.
The hurt that through this *Paſſion* doth enſue
Is great although obſerv'd by very few.
For that which hath enſu'd on one mans ſpleene,
The ruine of a State hath often beene.
And therefore (though I none excuſe the while,)
I hold it much leſſe ſeemely and more vile.
In men authoriz'd, then in thoſe that be
Borne to a lower fortune or degree,
For, when this fit poſſeſſeth private men,
They trouble but themſelves; or now and then
Their private families: when if it ceaze
On eminent and mighty perſonages.
It doth diſtemper thouſands and thereby
Whole Provinces do oft oppreſſed lye.
In my opinion, hee's unfit to weeld
The ſword of *Iuſtice*, that doth baſely yeeld
To ſuch a brutiſh *Paßion*: howſoe'er
In otherthings he moſt ſufficient were:
Though ſome in places of eſteeme there be,
Whom therewith ſtrangely overcome we ſee.
Oh why ſhould they to governe others ſit
Who know not how to rule themſelves as yet?
The angry and incenſed *Magiſtrate*,
On them to be aveng'd whom he doth hate
For private cauſes, drawes the publike ſword;
And all extremity the Lawes afford
He makes to ſerve his rage. And if that faile,
Hee'l ſtraine his conſcience, but he will prevaile.
But divers thinke, that ſuch as haſty be,
(For ſo they tutle this, in firmite)

Beſt-

Beſt-natur'd are. But yet I ſee not how,
I that Poſition may for truth allow.
For, (whoſoere 'twas firſt that ſaying taught)
If they are beſt, I'le ſweare the beſt is naught.
Moreover, there be many doe ſuppoſe,
It is a ſigne of courage. What meane thoſe? (ther
Where is their judgment? they me thinks ſhould ga
That it were *weakeneſſe* did produce it rather:
Or elſe, why ſhould the feeble and the ſick,
Women and Children be moſt cholerick?
Againe, there's ſome whoſe judgement is as rude
As to ſuppoſe it quickens *Fortitude.*
Which cannot be; for they muſt grant me then,
That Vice, aſſiſt to perfect Vertue can:
Which I cannot beleeve nor come to ſee
How fortitude and anger can agree.
For one a reſolution is that's ſteady,
And rul'd by reaſon, th'other raſh and heady:
Yea, th'one doth nothing but on conſultation,
The other cannot take deliberation;
But head-long unadviſedly doth tend,
Till it in ſorrow, ſhame or ruine end. (gather
And though ſome thence much help would ſeeme to
To whet true-valour on; it hinders rather:
Yea ſo unreaſonable is this *paſſion,*
It overthrowes in man all ſeemely faſhion;
Making him ſpeake if ought but diſcontent him,
Yea doe the thing of which he ſhall repent him:
And ſuch a dangerous kinde of Lunatick
Is he who uſeth to be Cholerick
That of a friend if I might chuſer be,
I'd rather have a man that's mad than he.
Yet men doe rarely ſeeke to ſtop this ill
But as they grow in yeares, that groweth ſtill.

A

As if it were a humour whence could riſe,
Not any thing which them might prejudice.
And they ſo yeeld themſelves to the invaſion
Of this ſtrange frenzy on the leaſt occaſion:
That when they thinke the fury to ſuppreſſe
Of this diſeaſe, they can doe nothing leſſe.
For he that will a certaine med'cine finde
For ſuch a *malady* muſt have a minde
Setled in good, and an unfain'd intent
To proſecute what he in ſhew hath meant.
Light truſt he muſt not give to all reports,
Nor take too much delight in idle ſports.
On toyes his love ſhould never ſo be ſet,
To make him for their abſence grieve or fret.
He muſt be wary ſtill, not to adore
Treaſure or Honours (heapt upon him) more
Than will befit ſuch things as needs muſt periſh,
For oft that folly doth this *paſsion* cheriſh.
Let Dogs, nor Hawkes, nor any pleaſure move,
But as it doth indifferent things beboove.
At no time let him raſhly ſpeake or doe,
What ſelfe-conceit doth urge or prompt him to,
And not alone this my advice embrace,
But learne of *Cotis*, that wiſe King of *Thrace*,
Who having many precious veſſels ſent
Of britle metall (fearing diſcontent)
Might for their loſſe another day ariſe
The Meſſenger he richly gratifies;
And then before his face againſt the ſtones
Daſhes the coſtly preſent for the nones:
To ſhew that thoſe, who *angers* flames would hinder
Muſt firſt remove the Fuell and the Tinder.

Of

Of IEALOUSIE.

SATYRE VII.

BVt tho gh theſe angrie ones ſoon bre d a brau
And are pernicious to converſe withall;
Not one jot better is the jealous head,
That ever feares his wife hath wrong'd his bed.
Sometime this *Paſſion* (as it may appeare)
Proceeds out of a too much love, with feare,
Sometime again the miſchiefe doth ariſe,
When he that worth in his beloved ſpies,
Is forced that deſerving to confeſſe,
And privy to a ſelfe-unworthineſſe.
Which is indeed the cauſe that brings the ſmart
Of *Iealouſie* upon the greateſt part.
The firſt is ſeldomeſt, and it is ſent
Of God, as a peculiar puniſhment
To thoſe who do the creature ſo affect,
As thereby their Creatour they neglect.
Love is the higheſt and the nobleſt bliſſe.
That for mankinde on earth ordained is:
But when true meaſure it exceeds, and gets
Beyond the decent bounds that reaſon ſets,
God turnes it to a plague, whereby he will
Shew them their folly, and correct the ill.
He adds, a feare of loſing of their joy
In that they love: which quickly doth deſtroy

All their delight; and ſtrewing good with ill,
Makes things ſeem loſt though they are with thē ſtill
Thus doth it oftentimes with that man prove
Who keeps not moderation in his love.
He having got a wife not onely faire,
But modeſt, honeſt, wiſe and debonaire,
At firſt ſo wondrous meritorious deems her,
As worthy all affection he eſteems her,
And waxeth ſo aſſur'd hee dares be bold
She will not be allur'd to ill by gold,
Honour, nor beauty: but as ſhe is chaſt,
So is perſwaded will be to the laſt.
And to himſelfe ſo well doth ſeem to thrive,
He thinks his own the happieſt choiſe alive.
All which is good, and if no more I tell,
You cannot ſay wherein he doth not well:
But there he doth not his affection ſtay,
Further it tends, and further it will ſtray
This man not having learned to poſſeſſe
With temperance ſo great a happineſſe;
Oft his affections grow to that extreame,
As well he knows not if he wake or dreame;
Then doth his *Love*, (ſuch love will ever do it)
For a Companion take in *Feare* unto it.
A *feare* of loſing what he loves ſo much:
And then the nature of this *feare* is ſuch,
That it begets *ſuſpect*; which creeping in,
Doth by a little at the firſt begin
To make him doubt his Spouſe may looſely live.
But then her well-known vertuous minde doth give
Such blameleſſe teſtimony of her good,
As that ſurmiſe is for a time withſtood,
Till this diſeaſe upon him growes more ſtrong,
Then he begins to think ſhe doth him wrong:

Which if he doe, that one falſe thought's enough
To give all former truthes the overthrow.
And why? *Suſpect* growes thereupon ſo great,
She thruſts *true judgment* quite beſides her ſeat.
Which being done, then ſtraight begins to wane
The good conceit he of his bliſſe had tane:
His onely labour's how to bring't about,
To be aſſur'd of what he ſeeketh out.
A Cuckold he eſteemes himſelfe, and he
Were e'en as good indeed a Cuckold be:
Nay, rather than he'll be deceiv'd, the elſe
Will try to make a Cuckold of himſelfe.
In borrowed ſhapes to bed her he will trie;
Sometimes he courts her by a deputy:
And if all fail to tempt her unto ill;
Yet he remains himſelfe a Coxcombe ſtill.
For if his friend do to his houſe repaire,
He thinks tis onely 'cauſe his wife is fair:
Or if a ſtranger come he'le pawn his life
All his intent is to corrupt his wife:
Yea, though the buſineſſe to himſelfe he finde,
He thinks 'tis but a Hood to keep him blinde.
Thus all the ſweet he had is turn'd to ſowre,
Fain would he think well, but hath not the powre
Much care torments his heart, and yet he will
Be prying farther to increaſe it ſtill:
Yea, he will ſeek, although he truly know,
The more he ſeeks, the more he findes his woe.
Beſides, *Suſpect* reviveth in the head
All things that may be miſ-interpreted;
And the beſt thought her vertue's like to win
Is onely this; *It ſerv'd to cloak her ſinne.*
In briefe, his former love he marreth quite,
And there he loathes, where once he took deligh

ut wherefore? onely 'cauſe he doth miſtruſt,
nd not on any proofe that ſhee's unjuſt.
Vnhappy man, thus thy ill nature ſhall
onvert the hony of thy life to gall.
nd hapleſſe woman ſhe that comes to wed
meere a ſot, and ſuch a jealous head;
n Owl-ey'd buzzard that by day is blinde,
nd ſees not things apparant, yet can finde
hat out which never was The feare to loſe
he jewell he above all gemmes did chooſe;
hat feare, I ſay, of wit doth ſo bereave him,
e thinks that's gone which means not yet to leave (him
h, fooliſh man, that having gain'd a bliſſe,
oſt make't a curſe, by uſing it amiſſe;
judgment be not blinded in thee, look;
ry if thou haſt not all this while miſtook:
not thy wife ſtill faire? and to the eye
ems ſhe not yet to have that modeſty
hou didſt commend her for? Is ſhe not wary
ith whom ſhe walks, or ſpeaks, or where to tarry?
ſhe not ſtill as carefull how to pleaſe;
s loving too as in her former daies?
ſhew he ſees it, but he thinks 'tis fein'd.
t blockiſh dolt that art moſt juſtly pain'd:
hou but a few ſuppoſed ſhadows haſt
hat makes thee to account thy wife unchaſt;
t many firme ſubſtantiall proofes make cleare
hat ſhee's unſtain'd, and ought to be as deare
e're ſhe was: Why then ſhould faults in thee
ake her ſeeme evill untill ſuch ſhe be?
A woman that is faire ſhall much be view'd,
d have perhaps unlook't-for favours ſhew'd.
ſhall be courted wher'er ſhe will or no;
, be reſorted to: and though ſhe ſhove

Scarcely ſo much as common courteſies,
Shee ſhall be cenſur'd by miſ-judging eyes,
And falſe reports will flie: But what of this?
Wilt thou that haſt had triall what ſhe is,
And never knewſt her erre, wilt thou, I ſay,
Caſt all the good conceit thou hadſt away,
And ſtraight grow jealous, truſting the ſurmiſe
Of the lew'd *Vulgar* more than thine own eies?
It were mad folly; and yet I do know
Some that are thus beſotted: more's their wo.
And pitty 'twere but they had horned him,
Wer't not a greater pitty ſo to ſinne.
Should you but ſit with ſuch an one at table,
To hold from laughter you were ſcarcely able,
To ſee what note the jealous Woodcock takes
Of his wives words, and every look ſhe makes;
In what a feare he eats his meat, and drinks,
What ſignes he uſes, how he nods and winks,
With twenty ſcurvy geſtures, though he ſee
No reaſon he ſhould ſo ſuſpicious be.
Now ſome have cauſe enough, and I beleeve
Such ſeem to have a colour why they grieve.
But yet ther's no juſt reaſon any one
Should over-ſtrive to hold what will be gone,
Vexing himſelfe ſo for anothers ill
Which he can never help. Let him that will.
This I know true, to ſeek much to reſtrain
A womans will, is labour ſpent in vain;
And he that tries to do it might have bin
One of the crew that hedg'd the Cuckow in.
Why ſhould a man go put himſelfe to pain,
As ſome have done, a buſineſſe to fain?
And then at night come lurk about his houſe,
Where be it but the ſtirring of a Mouſe

He doth obſerve it: Wherefore doth he ſo?
Since, if thereby he ought amiſſe do know,
The greateſt good that he ſhall hereby finde,
Is more vexation to moleſt his minde:
For then the miſchiefe he but fear'd before,
Hee's certain of, and need not doubt it more.
A goodly meed: but ſure thoſe wretched elves,
Take pleaſure in tormenting of themſelves.
They hearken, watch, ſet ſpies, and alway long
To heare ſome tales or inkling of their wrong.
And he that can but whiſper ſome ſuch fable,
Shall be the welcom'ſt gueſt that ſits at table.
(Though it be ne'er ſo falſe) they love ſo well
To feel the torture of this earthly hell.
But I do muſe what Devill keeps their heart,
They ſhould affect the cauſes of their ſmart;
Thoſe ever-buzzing-deadly-ſtinging flies;
Thoſe that of *Ecchoes* onely can deviſe
A ſlander 'gainſt thy ſelfe. What e're they ſay,
Thy love from her thou muſt not draw away
On bare reports. Thou muſt behold the crime,
Or keep her as thy beſt belov'd her time.
Better or worſe, thou ſurely muſt abide her,
Till from thy ſelfe the death of One divide her.
Then tell me, were it not (by much) leſſe pain
A good opinion of her to retain?
Could'ſt thou not be contented by thy will,
At leaſt to think that ſhe were honeſt ſtill?
Yes, in thy heart I know thou would'ſt be glad,
Vnleſſe that thou wert void of ſenſe, or mad.
Why, ſhake off all theſe claw-backs then that uſe
Thy ſoon-beleeving nature to abuſe;
For (truſt me) they are but ſome ſpightfull elves,
Who 'cauſe they have not the like bliſſe themſelves,

Would fain mar thine; or elſe I dare be bold,
If thou the truth couldſt warily unfold,
They are ſome luſt-ſtung Villaines that did court
Thy honeſt wife to ſome unlawfull ſport:
And finding her too chaſt to ſerve their turne,
Whoſe evill hearts with foule deſire did burne;
To ſpight her (being farre more evill doers
Than *Daniels* Elders, faire *Suſanna's* wooers)
To thee they do accuſe her of an ill,
Whereto they labour'd to allure her will.
Let me adviſe thee then, what e're he be
That of ſuch dealings firſt informeth thee.
Believe him not what proofes ſoe're he bring,
Do not give eare to him for any thing:
And though he be the neareſt friend thou haſt,
From ſuch like knowledge ſhut all *ſenſe* up faſt;
Flie and avoid him as thou wouldſt the Devill,
Or one that brings thee meſſages of evill:
Let him be to thee as thy deadlieſt foe,
A *Fury*, or ſome one thou loath'ſt to know.
And be aſſured, whatſoe'er he ſhewes,
He is no friend of thine that brings that newes;
Sith if that thou wert his moſt deadly foe;
For any wrong it were revenge enough.
Now ſome men I have noted love as well
The husbands faults unto the wife to tell,
And aggravate them too: as if thereby
They either meant to feed their jealouſie,
Or elſe ſtir up their unbeſeeming hates,
Againſt their guiltleſſe welbeloved mates.
But of theſe monſters (faireſt Sex) beware,
Of their inſinuations have a care:
Beleeve them not, they will coyne tales untrue,
To ſow foule ſtrife betwixt your loves and you

Out of ill-will: or elſe here is my doome,
They hope to get into your husbands roome,
Through the advantage of the diſcontent
They would work in you. But this their intent
They'l ſo diſguiſe, that you ſhall never ſpie it,
Till you are ſnar'd too ſurely to deny it.
But oh! conſider you, whoſe excellence
Had *reaſonable* once for difference,
This *paſſion* well: if ill your Spouſes do,
Amend your ſelves, and they'l grow better too.
Look not upon them with o'er-blinded eyes,
Nor grieve you them with cauſeleſſe jealouſies:
For moſt of them have ever this condition,
Though they are bad they cannot brook ſuſpition.
Strive not with them too much. For as the Powder
Being faſt ſtopt, makes the report the louder,
Sending the bullet with the greater force:
So he that ſeeks to barre a womans courſe,
Makes her more eager, and can ne'er out-ſtrive her,
But on she will becauſe the Devill doth drive her.
Let thoſe then that thus matched are, begin
By love and gentle means their wives to win.
And though no hope they ſee, yet patience take,
So there is none ſhall know their heads do ake.
And let all wary be that no ſurmiſes,
Or flying tale ſome envious head deviſes,
Make them to wrong their chaſt and modeſt wives,
Who have with vertue led unſpotted lives:
For though they ſtand unmov'd, yet that's the way
To make a woman ſooneſt go aſtray.
And ſo I will conclude theſe *jealous humours*,
Which part I found b'experience, part by rumours;
I feel it not, yet know it is a ſmart
That plagues the minde, and doth torment the heart.

And I could wish but for the others sake,
Their *thoughts-tormenting-pain* might never slake:
For, none's so jealous, I durst pawn my life,
As he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

Of COVETOUSNES.

SATYRE 8.

BVt how mist I of *Avarice* to tell,
Whose longing is as infinite as hell?
There is no *passion* that's more vile or base,
And yet as common as to have a face,
I muse it scap't so long, for I'le be plain,
I no where look but there I see it reigne.
In all this spacious *Round* I know so few
That can this *slavish dung-hill vice* eschew;
I neither will excuse sex nor degree,
Young folks, nor such as middle-aged be.
Nay, I perceive them given most to crave,
When they had need to dig themselves a grave.
Like earth-bred Moles still scrambling in the dust,
Not for the treasure that shall never rust,
But for vile cankred drosse is all their care,
As if the same their *Summum bonum* were:
When all that they have with their labour bought
(If well consider'd) is not worth a thought.
I have known Chuffes, that having well to live,
Sufficient also both to lend and give,
Yet natheless, toyl, moyl, and take more pain
Than a Iews bond-slave, or a *Moore* in Spain.

All day they brook the rain, hail, froſt and ſnow,
And then, as if they had not drudg'd enough,
They lie and think all night with care and ſorrow,
How they may take as little reſt to morrow.
'Tis ſtrange their mindes ſo much for gold doth itch,
And being gotten, that it ſhould bewitch:
For 'tis by nature in a priſon pent,
Vnder our feet i'th baſeſt Element:
And ſhould wee pluck't from dungeon, filth, & mire,
To giv't the chiefeſt ſeat in our deſire?
'Twere want of judgment; which brave ſpirits know,
Counting it baſe with thoſe that prize it ſo.
I've heard thoſe ſay that travell to the Weſt
Whence this beloved metall is encreaſt,
That in the places where ſuch Minerals be,
Is neither graſſe, nor herbe, nor plant, nor tree.
And like enough; for this at home I finde
Thoſe who too earneſtly employ the minde
About that traſh, have hearts (I dare uphold)
As barren as the place where men dig gold.
This humour hath no bounds; 'tis a deſire
(Or diſeaſe rather) nothing can expire:
'Tis hell, for had it all the world, why yet
'Twould long as much as if't had ne'er awhit;
And I with pitty do lament their pain
Who have this *never-quenched thirſt* of gain;
This *ever-gaping whirle-poole*, that receives
Still, yet the ſelfe-ſame roome ſtill empty leaves.
Hee's mad that food to ſuch a Vulture gives
That's never full: and ev'n as good fill ſives.
Or veſſells bottomleſſe, as ſtill endeavour
To gorge a Monſter that will hunger ever.
All that men can perform will be in vain,
And longing will for evermore remain.

Like thoſe foule iſſues that muſt ſtill have vent,
Till ſtrength of nature and the life be ſpent.
It makes men tire themſelves like him that drinks
Brine, or ſalt-water, and ſtill thereby thinks
To ſlake his thirſt, although he feel it more
Augmented at each draught than 'twas before.
Yea, wealth doth as much leſſen this deſire
Of *Avarice* in men, as flames of fire
Alay the heat. Beſides, though they have ſtore,
This makes them to themſelves exceeding poore.
And howſoever they may ſeem, yet ſuch
Vntill their *dying-day* are never rich.
They very ſeldome have reſpect or care
To promiſe or religion: they'l not ſpare
To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himſelfe
Thereby to adde unto their curſed pelfe.
They neither reverence the right of lawes;
Nor are they touched with the poore mans cauſe.
They could be well content to ſhed their blouds,
Loſe ſoule and heaven but to ſave their goods.
To talk to them of better things twere vain,
For they are onely capable of gain.
They never live in true ſociety,
Nor know they *friendſhip*, *love*, or *piety*.
And in a word, thoſe that are thereby led
Never do good till they be *ſick* or *dead*.
And therfore with thoſe vermine we may place the
That ſerve us to no uſe till wee uncaſe them.
And I've obſerv'd that ſuch mens children be
Borne many times to greateſt miſerie.
For they have neither *meanes* nor *education*
According to their kindred, ſtate, or nation;
Whereby we ſee that they do often run
Into vile actions, and are quite undone.

And then perh'ps the Parent grieves at this,
But ne'er conſiders that his fault it is.
'Tis greedineſſe that makes a man a ſlave
To that which for his ſervant he ſhould have:
And teaches him oft to eſteem of more
The *vicious Rich-man*, than the *honeſt-poore.*
How many in the world now could I name
Injurious villaines; that but to defame
Or ſpight their neighbour, would their God forſwear
As if they thought that no damnation were?
(Provided when they thus their conſcience ſtrain
It be out of a hatred, or for gain.)
Yea, there be idle theeving drones a many,
That have no vertue (nor will ne'er have any)
That for their wealth ſhall highly be reſpected,
When honeſt men (their betters) are neglected:
And then we alſo ſee that moſt men do
Impoſe ſuch worthy titles on them too,
That ſuch baſe ſcums ſhall oft intreated be
With, Good your worſhip, and with cap and knee.
But ſure the world is now become a gull
To think ſuch ſcoundrels can be worſhipfull.
For in theſe dayes, if men have gotten riches,
Though they be Hangmen, Vſurers, or Witches,
Devils-incarnate, ſuch as have no ſhame
To act the thing that I ſhould bluſh to name;
Doth that diſgrace them any whit? Fie no;
The world ne'er meant to uſe her Minions ſo.
There is no ſhame for Rich-men in theſe times,
For wealth will ſerve to cover any crimes.
Wert thou a Crook-back't Dwarfe, deform'd in ſhape
Thyrſites-like, condition'd like an Ape;
Did'ſt never do a deed a good man ought,
Nor ſpake true word, nor hadſt an honeſt thought;

If thou be rich, and hap to disagree
With one that's poore, although indeed he be
In every part a man; and hath a spirit
That's truly noble, worthy well to merit
Ev'n praise of Envy; yet if thou wilt seem
A man far worthier, and of more esteem,
Although thou canst invent no means to blame him
Yet I can tell a trick how thou shalt shame him:
And that's but this, *Report that he is poore,*
And there is no way to disgrace him more.
For, so this *Passion* doth mens judgment blinde,
That him in whom they most perfection finde,
If so he be not rich they count him base;
And oft hee's fain to give a Villain place.
Morcover, the desire to gain this pelfe,
Makes many a brave man to forget himselfe.
Some I have known that for their worthy parts,
Their vertue and their skill in many Arts,
Deserved honour; and (if any can
Iudge by the outward look the inward man)
They to command mē (you would think) were born
And seem'd a slavish servitude to scorn,
Yet have I seen when such as these (alas!)
In hope of gain have crouch't unto an Asse;
Observ'd a Dolt, and much debas'd their merits
To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits.
How many of our finest wits have spent
Their times and studies in meere complement;
Greasing with praises many a fat-fed Boore,
Of whom the world hath thought too well before
How many now that follow'd *Mars* his troop,
Whom force of death could never make to stoop?
How many also of our great Divines,
That should seek treasure not in earthly mines,

Descen

Deſcend to baſeneſſe and *againſt the haire*
(As goes the common Proverb) *can ſpeake faire?*
Flatter for gaine and humour ſuch baſe groomes
As are not wovthy of their horſe-boyes roomes?
They wrong themſelves: but thoſe are counted wiſe
That novv adaies knovv hovv to temporize.
Yet I abhorr'd it ever and I vovv;
Ere I to any golden Calfe will bovv,
Flatter againſt my conſcience, or elſe ſmother
What were to be reveal'd, to pleaſe another:
Ere I for gaine would favvne upon a Clovvne,
Or feed *Great fooles* with tales of the renovvne
Of their reputed fathers, when *(God mend them)*
Themſelves have nothing why we ſhould commend them:
Or e're I'd coine a lie be't ne'er ſo ſmall,
For e'er a bragging *Thraſo* of them all
In hope of profit: I'd give up my play,
Begin to labor for a groat a day;
In no more cloathing than a mantle goe;
And feed on *Sham-rootes*, as the *Iriſh* doe.
For what contentment can in riches be,
Vnleſſe the body and the minde be free?
But tuſh: what's freedome look where gold beares ſvvay,
It takes all care of what is fit avvay;
Corrupts the Iudgement and can make the lavves
Oft-times to favour an vngodly cauſe.
Moreover, worldly men doe ſo affect,
Where wealth abounds, and beare ſo much reſpect
To thoſe that have it, that their vice they deeme
To be a vertue, and ſo make it ſeeme.
For, ſay they uſe extortion, no men more,
Vndoe their Country, hurt and wrong the poore,
Be ſuch damn'd Vſurers, they keepe a houſe
That yeelds not crummes enough to feed a Mouſe;

Yet

Yet they'l not ſay they are covetous; oh no,
But thrifty and good wary men, or ſo.
Another, though in pride he doth excell;
Be more ambitious than the Prince of Hell;
If his apparell be in part like us,
Italian, Spaniſh, French and Barbarous;
Although it be of twenty ſeverall faſhions,
All borrowed from as many ſeverall Nations;
Yet hee's not vaine nor proud; What is he then?
Marry a proper, fine, neat Gentleman.
Or if there be a Ruffian that can ſwagger,
Make ſtrange braundoes, weare an Ale-houſe-dagge
Inſtead of valour, quarrelling profeſſe,
Turne Hoſpitality to lewd exceſſe;
Quaffe Soule-ſicke healths untill his eies doe ſtare,
Sing baudy Songs and Rounds, and curſe and ſweat
Though he uſe gaming, as the Cards and Dice,
So out of meaſure that hee mak't a vice;
Convert his houſe into a loathſome ſtewes,
Keep whores and knaves and baudes (and that's
Yet if he be a rich man, what is he? (newes
A rude ranke Ruffian, if he aske of me.
A Ruffian? Gup Iack-ſauce-box with a wannion,
Nay hee's a merry and a boone Companion.
This is the worlds milde Cenſure. Yet beſide,
Another quality I have eſpide:
For that diſeaſe in which they ſhun the poore,
They doe abhorre a rich man ne'er the more.
Him I have knowne that hath diſdain'd to ſup
Water or beere out of a poore mans cup,
For feare of poyſoning or ſome thing as bad,
Although he knew no malady he had;
Yet have I often ſeene that curious Aſſe
Pledging a rich-man in the ſelfe-ſame glaſſe,

When he hath knowne the party ſweating lie
Of the abhorred French foule malady.
Which proves this Proverbe true; *Birds of a feather*
Will feareleſſe uſe to flocke and feed together.
But I oft wonder and doe yet admire,
Men hunt for riches with ſuch ſtrange deſire.
For being once poſſeſt thereof it fils
The owners of it with a thouſand ils,
More than they can conceive. For firſt we finde
It choakes and marres the vertue of the minde.
Then (by much buſineſſe) it brings annoies
Vnto the minde; and hinders truer joyes
From ſeating there & though ſome ſtormes it cleare
It drives men into flouds of greater feare:
That oft the rich are more in ſorrow toſt,
Than thoſe that have no riches to be loſt.
But further over and above all this,
Hence a much greater diſadvantage is;
It makes us to grow arrogant, unjuſt;
Drawes unto pleaſure and provokes to luſt;
More powerfull in a deed of villanie,
Than helpefull in a worke of honeſty.
It ne'er contents the owners that enjoy it
And thoſe that have it many times imploy it:
To corrupt juſtice, or elſe to allure
Matrons or Virgins to an act impure.
It hireth murtherers, makes men ſeditious,
Full of ſuſpect and envy or ambitious:
It breedeth *claw-backs, pick-thanks, flattery,*
Makes many theeves and cauſeth *perjury.*
It hinders knowledge; for moſt that have lands,
Live neither by their wiſdome nor their hands,
But following ſloth and pleaſure hate the ſchooles,
To leave much wealth unto a race of fooles.

This is the fruit of riches, which alone
Is now the faire reward that every one
Endevours for; and that which to attaine,
(Or keepe once gotten) none refuseth paine,
Labour nor danger, nay oft men expresse
In the pursute thereof, such earnestnesse,
As if that onely did indeed appeare
The speciall end that they were plac'd for here.
Oh Gold! what mortall god is so divine?
What beauty is there so ador'd as thine?
The fairest creature never so much mov'd,
As that it was of every one belov'd.
The little infant in his cradle lying,
One promise of a penny staies his crying:
Those that in youth for nothing seeme to care,
To keepe thee still their friend, respective are.
Old dotards almost dropt into the grave,
That neither sense of sight nor hearing have
Are by their touching thee preserv'd alive,
And will maintaine thou art restorative.
Fooles that know nothing, know the use of thee,
And for thy sake will oft perswaded be.
The wise men of the World that disapprove
Young mens affections and make scoffes at love;
He, who out of his judgement cals him Asse,
That dotes upon the beauty of a face,
Can play the Idiot twice as much himselfe,
By doting on a heape of durty pelfe.
Nay further, to their conscience I appeale
That seeme nought else almost but *faith* and *Zeale*,
Whether with all their show of *Sanctity*,
They doe not oft commit *Idolatry*,
And this great *Mammon* secretly adore:
I feare they doe, and more his helpe implore

Tha

Than their Creator's. For this curſed *Riches*
So much the ſoule of every man bewitches,
That very oft times they forgetfull be
Of what beſeemes profeſſion and degree.
What He, on earth, ſo great or mighty is,
(Or who ſo proud) that will not bow to this?
Where's he though Noble that will now diſdaine
To be a ſuter for his private gaine?
See we not thoſe that ſeem'd to looke more hie,
Turne all their worſhip to this *Deitie*?
It is apparant, Great men that were wont
For honour onely, in times paſt to hunt,
Both pawne and forfeit it for *Riches* ſake:
And they whoſe glory 'twas to undertake
Such things as might their Country benefit,
Seeke rather now how they may begger it.
What *Monopolies*, what new tricks can they
Find to increaſe their profit every day?
What *Raſcall* poling ſutes doe they deviſe,
To adde new Summes unto their Treaſuries?
Which had their noble Predeceſſors ſought,
Such meanes of gaine for ever had beene thought
Diſhonour, and a ſtaine of *Infamie*
Enough to taint their whole Poſteritie.
And then, beſide their ever-ſhameleſſe craving,
They oft times alſo are as baſely ſaving:
And ſo much doth their avarice abate
Of that becomming and commended ſtate (them
Which their fore-fathers kept; they would not know
(If they were living) or for ſhame not owe them.
Thoſe that have much on Ancient gentry ſtood,
And will to this day glory in their bloud,
Doe not diſdaine (if there be wealth) to grace
With their dear'ſt iſſue ſome ranke peaſants rac-

Or

Or take himſelfe (if there be wealth to wed)
An old *Mechanick* widdow to his bed.
The childe for this, the parent will undoe:
And parents ſell the childs contentment too.
It is of power ſufficient to preferre
The untaught ſonne of a rude Scavenger,
To ſome Lords daughter and in twelve-moneths
Make a known peaſant deem'd a Gentleman.
Beare Armes confirm'd, and ſhew a pedigree
Shall from before the *Norman* Conqueſt be.
And in his pride, ſome one for gentry brave
Vnto whoſe father, his was ſworne a ſlave.
Nay ſo much ſway the love of gold doth beare,
He that but ſonne unto the hangman were,
A noted villaine of as falſe a heart,
As ever rode to *Tyburne* in a Cart,
One whom that place had long time groned for,
And all men as earth's ſcum did moſt abhorre;
Yet if this rake-hell could but thrive ſo much
By any villanie, as to be rich
One yeere or two, would not alone agen
Get him more credit than three honeſt men;
But great ones would ſalute and ſpeake him faire,
Labour how they might be inſcrib'd his heire;
And ſtill obſerve him ſo obſequiouſly,
As if the world within his gift did lie.
Or which is more, he that once ſcorn'd to ſee
Himſelfe attended, by ſuch groomes as he,
Will yeeld this beaſt his only child ſhould wed,
And force her peradventure to his bed.
Where ſpight of Vertue this damn'd ruffian ſhall
Vnworthily, enjoy a bliſſe which all
The moſt deſerving of the Land would woe.
(And when he hath her once, deſpiſe her too)

But doubtleſſe, if he can but at his death,
When he is forc't to leave the world, bequeath
A petty legacy unto the poore;
Somewhat to ſtay the railing of his whore;
And leave rich heires behind: why then the Aſſe,
On a faire pile of Marble, Iet and Braſſe,
Shall have a Table faire engrav'd, to ſhew
A Catalogue of Vertues he nere knew.
Thus much can gold performe, and ſuch you ſee
The goodly fruits of this foule *paſſion* be:
That were there not a greater power which ſtill
A ſecret judgement heaped on this ill;
It were enough to make all men deſpiſe
The love of Vertue, and nought elſe deviſe
Save to be rich: which way they ſoone may finde,
That thereto onely doe apply the minde.
But as herein men often doe amiſſe,
So are they in the oppoſite to this;
The Prodigall runs out as farre aſtray
From this abſurdity another way.
And e'en as greedy men are ſet on fire
With an unquenched and a foule deſire
Of hoording *Riches (God in heaven amend them)*
So doth he ſtrive and hie as faſt to ſpend them.
And as the firſt in elder folks is ſtronger,
This raignes moſt violently in the younger,
Their humors diverſe. Some vaine-glorious aſſes,
Conſum't in gaudy cloathes and looking-glaſſes,
Others blowne up e'en with the ſelfe ſame bellowes,
Seeke to obtaine the love of all good-fellowes:
Theſe at the Ale-houſe have their daily pots,
Though they be there or no, and looke what ſhots
Are in their preſence, ſpent though ne'er ſo many
He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny.

Theſe

Theſe feaſt at Tavernes their ſuppoſed friends
That pay with *Thanks, We ne'er ſhall make amen*
Yea, and in more things they have laviſh bin;
But thoſe are paths I've no experience in.
Yet ſuch no doubt e're many yeeres be paſt,
Will wiſh that they had held their purſes faſt,
When for their kindneſſe and their former cheere,
They hardly ſhall procure a cup of Beere.
But there muſt needs be ſome men borne thereto;
Or how the Divell ſhall our sharkers doe?
Yet can I not ſay rightly that theſe be
From *Avarice* and greedineſſe quite free:
For though they doe conſume it knaviſhly,
And ſpend on vaine pleaſures laviſhly,
They gladly would their evill courſe maintaine,
And therefore over ſlip no meanes of gaine.
Some have bin forc'd to (through this indiſcreti
Secret and open Robberies, Oppreſſion,
And diuers tricks: which ſhew the Spending vic
May have a reference to *Avarice*.
Others there are (but few) who having ſtore,
Neglect their wealth and rather would be poore;
And why? It ſtops the way to heaven they ſay:
Sure, being miſimploied, ſo it may:
And therefore rather than they ſhould abuſe it,
'Twere good they had it that knew how to uſe it.
For ſuch are lightly weake in reſolution,
And men but of a ſimple conſtitution;
Or elſe by ſome ſeducing Vallaine taught,
That their *goods* rather than their *good* have ſoug
Now I ſuppoſe the man that well obtaines
His wealth and in an honeſt calling gaines,
More wiſdome ſhewes in uſing it aright,
Than ſuch a *Cynicke* that contemnes it quite:

len will be in extreames; but ſure the leſſe
to neglect wealth: for much greedineſſe
lakes not the body onely leane and foule,
ut alſo ſpreads infection to his ſoule,
nd clogs her ſo with things of no account,
hat ſhe is over-poiz'd too much to mount.
ut thoſe men that doe goe aſtray are loth,
uſt uſe endeavours to avoide them both.

Of AMBITION.

SATYRE 9.

HEre next to be arraign'd a Monſter ſtands,
Worſe than the Giant with the hundred hands
Stay you that ſeeke or love the peace of man,
And I'le deſcribe his nature if I can.
This is the ſame that we doe call *Ambition*,
The principalleſt ſtirrer of ſedition.
'Tis a proud humour which doth ever ſearch
The *ſtout-high-minded*, and attempts to pearch
In men of ſpirit. It doth farre ſurmount
The force of Love and makes but ſmall account
Of Nature or Religion. Tis not law,
Nor Conſcience that can keepe this fiend in awe.
It is ſuppoſed that it hath no bound;
For never was there limit in it found.
And ſuch are theſe in whom it overſwaies,
No ſtrength of reaſon there aſpiring ſtaies.
Till like the fire whoſe fuell quite is ſpent,
They flaſh and die for want of nouriſhment.

There's

There's no estate contents them; peace and strife
Are both alike to them: yea death and life,
Wives, children, friends, no, none but such as may
Be unto their *Ambitious* plots a stay
Shall be respected, and so they may reape
What they desire they will not stick to heape
Murther on murthers: yea, and think't no sinne,
Be it of strangers or their neerest kinne:
They have such flinty-breasts they can out-beard
Danger it selfe and be no whit afeard.

Yea, (maugre all their daring) just *Confusion*
Of such proud spirits proves the said *Conclusion*.
And he that first was ruin'd by this evill,
Was he that first was guilty of't, the *Devill*:
Who did aspire so high that higher *Powers*
Wrought his just fall, and now he seeketh ours.
Ev'n he first shed this ill into our breasts,
Thereby to hinder and disturbe our rests.

This most *unreasonable, strong desire,*
And too excessive longing to aspire
To honour and promotion (which indeed
Doth from a sottish ignorance proceed)
Is both a wilde and a disordred *Passion*,
And a great enemy to Contentation.
For whatsoever state man hath attain'd.
'Tis e'en as if that he had nothing gain'd;
Sith he thereby hath still a farther scope,
And never reaches to the end of's hope.
That which he doth possesse he nought respecteth,
But altogether things unknowne affecteth,
And counts them best; which whatsoever they seem
Being once gotten too, are not esteemd.

Now, what's the reason that they doe abhor
The things possest that they have labour'd for?

What may the cauſe be that they doe contemne
(Or cannot uſe things) having gained them?
ure hence it is; They doe not truly knowv
What the things are that they doe long for ſo,
And they obtaine them oft, ere they have might
Or knowledge how to governe them aright.
Had many of our reaching Yeomanry,
That have grown wealthy through good husbandry,
And ſome of our proud Gentry that have ſought
Titles and undeſerved *Honours* bought)
But knowne before hand what diſgracefull ſhame
And beggery would follow on the ſame,
In knowing not, to what they did aſpire;
Thoſe *Dignities* had yet beene to deſire:
And ſo indeed they might have walkt the ſtreet,
And not have fear'd the *Counters* nor the *Fleet*;
Or might with *Good-man* have contented bin,
Where now there's ſcarce a good man of the kin.
Ambitious men will ever envious be,
Regarding neither love nor amity;
And though that they may make a goodly ſhow,
With reaſon it can never ſtand I know
They ſhould be faithfull or with juſtice deale,
Either for Prince or Friend or Common-weale.
For why? this humour makes them to attend,
Yea all their labours, and beſt counſell ſpend
In their owne plots: and ſo they have no loſſe,
They care not whoſe proceedings they doe croſſe.
Vertuous endeavours this doth alſo let;
Yea, makes men many a good thing to forget.
And though I'me loth to ſpeake it, I proteſt
I thinke it raignes not in the *Clergie* leaſt.
For you at firſt great humbleneſſe ſhall ſee,
While their eſtates and fortunes meaner be.

They

They are induſtrious and take pains to teach,
And twice a week ſhall be the leaſt they'l preach
Or in their poverty they will not ſtick
For *Catechiſing, viſiting the ſick,*
With ſuch like ſacred works of piety
As do belong to that fraternity.
But if they once atchieve a *Vicarage,*
Or be inducted to ſome *Parſonage,*
Men muſt content themſelves, and think it well
If once a Month they heare the Sermon-bell.
And if to any higher place they reach,
Once in a twelve-month is enough to preach.
Alas! we muſt conſider that *Devotion*
Is but a buſie thing that lets *Promotion*;
And if that they ſhould give their mindes to't all
Who ſhould have greater places when they fall?
No, no, 'twere fitter they their eaſe did take,
And ſee what friends and Patrons they can make
For the next Biſhoprick; or ſtudy how
To humour and to pleaſe the *Great-ones* now:
And if they can in that adventure ſpeed,
They'l be more painfull. Yes; 'tis like indeed,
If in their climing they ſo high can wex,
To gain the title of a *Pontifex,*
'Tis very like (perhaps) that we ſhall heare,
They uſe the pulpit once or twice a yeare.
Nay, it is well if it be done ſo oft.
For this *Ambition* beares men ſo aloft,
They from performance of their duties ſlide.
But of all others this ſame *Clergie-pride*
I hold not onely to be odious
To God and men, but moſt pernicious
To Prince, to Church, and to the Common-goo
Witneſſe the Beaſt of *Rome,* and his foule broo

Of climing *Cardinals*; who from baſe *ſtates*
Are gotten to be Kings and Princes *mates*;
Yea, their *Superiors* too; and all by this,
A painted ſhow of *Humble holineſſe*.
Even this is it of which the divell makes
That cruell engine wherewithall he ſhakes
Religions ſoundneſſe: and rends in it chinks,
Which he dawbes up againe, with what he thinks
Will ruine all in time. And is't not hence
He had his meanes to marre the innocence
Of *Romes* firſt Biſhops? godlineſſe grew ſtrong,
And flouriſht while it was ſuppreſt with wrong.
But when the worthy Emperours embrac'd
The *Sacred* truth, and with their favours grac'd
Their good proceed ings, they ſoone gan to leave
Their humble nature off, and cloſely weave
Into religious ſhewes (not a bare *Miter*,
It fits not the ſucceſſors of Saint *Peter*)
A triple *Diadem* and ſuch a ſtate,
As never any earthly Potentate
Injoi'd a greater *(all with humble Preaching)*
A long degree I tak't, beyond the reaching
Of temporall *Ambition*. Heav'n I pray,
Ere the firſt beaſt his time be done away,
There riſe not up another Monſter here
Mongſt our ambitious Churchmen. I ſhould feare
A ſecond Antichriſt, but that I hope
They either ſhall be kept within their ſcope;
Or the laſt judgement whoſe nigh time unknowne
Shall cut him off ere he be wholy growne.
Thus much ſome reaſon makes me bold to ſpeake,
And there is no mans ſight I thinke ſo weake,
But ſees the ſame. Which though (I know full well)
I would better others fit than me to tell;

Sith all neglect it, I have thus begun
To Satyrize and o'er their follies run.
Yet by my former words let none suppose,
That I th'opinion do maintaine of those
That doe our Bishops disallow,
Let them that can; for sure I know not how.
Nor would I have the world to understand
That I tax all the *Clergey* in the Land,
Or the whole *Hierarchy*: Thinke not so;
For why? this presently Age doth yeeld I know
Men that are truely worthy: and so many,
That I beleeve few times (since Christ) had any
More knowing or more painefull than some few.
And whatsoe'er men thinke, yet here to shew,
Though I Satyrically carpe at those
That follow Vice and are true Vertues foes;
Ihave not such a spitefull cankerd spirit,
As to conceale or smother *Worth* and *Merit*.
For I'l in *Canturburies* praise be bold
This on my owne experience to uphold,
The Sea was never governed as yet,
By any one more rev'rend or more fit.
For over and above his Country cares,
Wherein he neither *time* nor *counsell* spares:
Besides *Church-businesse*, whereto he applies
His minde to further it, what in him lies,
Besides all this his publike care at large,
Few Ministers have in their private charge
Tooke greater paine. That now the truth I tell,
London and *Lambeth* both can witnesse well.
And thou unhappy wert O *London*, then,
When thou didst lose this rare one amongst men:
Yet thou wert blest againe thy fate did bring
In place of such a *Father*, such a *King*;

So vigilent a watch-man in his place,
That were it not my purpose here to trace
The worlds mad humors, I from these had matter
To make a *panegyrick* of a *Satyr*.
Yet is my *Muse* so constant in her frowne,
She shall not sooth a King for halfe his Crowne:
Nor would she thus much here have sung their praise,
Had she not thought them to be what she saies.
But peradventure some will now condemne
This my particular commending them:
As if my setting of their vertues forth,
Would be detraction from anothers worth.
Which cannot be. For as this addes no more
Vnto that reall worth these had before:
So neither can I lessen, blot nor smother
The good that is apparant in another.
Nor doe I wish it should for might I here
Stand to make bead-rols of who worthy were,
I could adde divers that may claime this day
As much to be extold by me, as they.
Here I could name some other of their place
That cannot basely fawne to winne them grace;
Nor pick a *Thank* by seeking to condemne
Those that are not in place to answer them.
I know there's some who seeke the Churches good,
And never at their Princes elbow stood
With their lowd whisperings to stop his eare,
Lest he should what did more concerne him heare.
I know there's such, and they will praised be,
Though never knowne, not mentioned by me.
But let this passe; whilst I so busie am
About the *Clergie*, some are much to blame.
The Court is factious growne through the desire
That every one hath gotten to aspire.

None doe esteeme their owne, but by compare:
All would be somewhat more than others are.
Yet he that's greatst, 'mong those that greatest seem
Is only great in other mens esteeme.
And therefore sure hee's vaine who for such winde
Can feed a restlesse humour in his minde,
That's so unprofitable as at best
It makes him onely in appearance blest.
But when I weigh it, then I wonder much,
Mans love unto this *passion* should be such,
As without understanding to let lie
A reall good for an uncertainty.
Those I have seene that have had riches store,
Great Offices, and favours no men more;
Honour and credit, yea and wisdome too:
But (loe what an ambitious head will doe)
Climing too hie, they got so low a fall,
They forfeited their honours lives and all.
Me thinks ere they in such an act should stur,
'Twere not amisse to thinke on *Æsops* Cur,
Who catching but to get a shaddow more,
Did lose the substance which he had before.
I might a while upon examples stand
Of former times; but that within this Land,
The present Age which I will onely view,
Can yeeld enough to prove my sayings true
And here, of many in this Kingdome showne,
I at this present will remember one;
And that shall be the late Ambitious plot,
The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not;
I meane the *Powder-treason*, an *Invention*,
Brought (had not God assisted) past prevention.
And yet, ere they could clime to their desire,
Ev'n when they were to mount but one step higher.

(*Let God be honour'd for't*) downe tumbled all,
And gave theſe Monſters a deſerved fall.
Which bleſt deliverance, if no happier ſong
Tune in our too-forgetfull eares ere long
(If heaven aſſiſt my purpoſe and the Times
Be but auſpicious to my homely *Rimes*)
I meane to ſing thereof, that after daies,
Seeing Gods love to us, may tell his praiſe;
And in ſuch colours paint that helliſh plot,
It ſhall not for ſome Ages be forgot:
But unto men unborne a *Treaſon* ſhow
More vile than ever any Age did know.
And let them ſee that Ruine and Perdition
Are the laſt periods to conclude Ambition.
But to that purpoſe I may labour ſpend,
And peradventure all to little end:
Men will not thinke thereon, but ſtill we ſee
So lofty minded in their actions be,
And with ſuch thirſt of titles have they ſought them,
As at deere rates they many times have bought them.
Some have ambitious heads, but cannot riſe,
Becauſe the want of meanes and friends denies
What they aſpire unto: whereat they vex,
And their unquiet ſoules oft times perplex
Beyond all reaſon. Oh ſtrange humor'd men!
Leave off this folly and grow wiſe agen.
Be with your ſtates content: for who doth know
If his deſire be for his good or no?
Yea ſure, one thinks; if I could but attaine
Such offices; or ſo much wealth to gaine
As this or that man hath, my wiſh were ended
And ſuch or ſuch a fault ſhould be amended.
With that thou haſt not yet how doſt thou know
Whether thou canſt be well content or no?

I tell thee this, though thou maist thinke it strang
With the estate tht minde doth also change:
And when in one thing thou hast thy desire,
Thou wilt not stay there but mount som what hig
And higher still, untill thou dost attaine
Vnto the top, or tumble downe againe.
Be wary then you that ambitious are,
And to restraine this madnesse have a care:
Else at the last 'twill certainely deceive you:
But you must have your *wils*, to which I leave you

Of FEARE.

SATYRE 10.

SEe you this *passion* here that followes next,
That shakes and lookes as with a fever vext?
This is the pale and trembling caitife, *Feare*,
Whose dastard humors I will make appeare.
Note him and know him; This is he that mars
All our delights on earth: 'tis he that bars
Man the right use of pleasure, and 'tis hee
That was at first ordain'd our plague to be.
Come not too neare him, you that look for rest,
Lest he insinuate into your brest:
For entred once, it doth the body num,
Makes it distemper'd or deform'd become,
And sometime with illusions grim and foule,
Doth startle and affright the very soule:
The cause of it (if I may trust my skill)
Is but a false opinion of some ill,

That

That's present or to come. It inly stings;
And for companions ever with it brings
Both *paine* and *Shame*: And diverse have I seen
That with this *passion* much abus'd have been.
Some men there are, whose feare so foolish proves
It many unto game and laughter moves.
One came in lately almost out of breath;
As if he hardly had escaped death,
What was his feare? Alas, I tell you hee,
Tooke a white poast some walking sprite to be;
Which strong surmise doth such impression take,
That though he since hath seen 'twas but a stake,
If on occasion, he be there be-nighted,
Hee's yet with presence of the place affrighted.
Another once I knew halfe staring mad,
And he had seene the Divell, that he had,
In an old house, sit cowring on a block,
When all at last prov'd but a Turky-cock.
Thus men oft feare when cause of feare is none,
Making themselves a jest for every one;
Yea, feare hath made a number so affraid,
That they have oft their dearest friends betraid:
For which cause onely I doe nere intend
To chose a coward to become my friend.
And if that women will advised be,
To make in this a Counsellor of me,
Let them admit no Coward in their love,
Lest their conclusions doe as hopelesse prove,
As that poore Lasses unto whom befell
This sad adventure which I meane to tell.
Not farre from hence there dwelt not long agoe,
As blithe a Girle as any one I know,
A Gentlewoman of so good a ranke,
Her favour seem'd t'have well deserved thanke.

And

And cauſe in face and dowry few did match her,
Many a Gallant tride his wit to catch her;
While being kept but narrowly at home,
She car'd not ſo ſhe might be gone, with whom.
And ſo, blind Fortune (that will ſeldome part
Her favours unto men of more deſert)
Brings to the houſe a fellow that in ſhow
Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not ſo.
Yet having opportunity he tries,
Gets her good will, and with his purchaſe flies.
But ere 'twas long, the parents miſt their daughter,
Rais'd all the towne and following cloſely after,
Were by meere chance unto an old houſe led,
Where this young couple were new gone to bed.
You that have ever in ſuch taking bin,
Judge what a caſe theſe naked folkes were in.
But what was done? The gallant left his prey,
And like a fearefull Coward ſlunke away.
Out on ſuch aſſes, how could he for ſhame
So leave a woman to beare all the blame?
And for the griefe ſhe ſuffers with her friends,
How can the villaine make the whore amends?
I know not: but for playing ſuch a part,
'Tis certaine he hath loſt the wenches heart:
And ſhe for climing to a cowards bed,
Hath loſt her credit with her Maiden-head.
Here's one effect of feare. And yet from hence
Springs alſo *Cruelty*, *Impatience*,
Breach of our promiſes, *with much Envying*;
That hurtfull and abhorred vice of *Lying*,
Murthers and *Treaſons*: nay, there's nought ſo baſe,
So full of *villanie*, *ſhame* or *diſgrace*,
The fearefull would not act withall his heart,
To free himſelfe from feare of death or ſmart.

Yea,

Yea, some would be contented very well
So they might scape death, to goe quick to hell.
Such is the nature of it that I've seen
Feare cause those evils that had else not been.
To some it sickneſſe brings and some beſide
E'en with the very feare of death have di'd:
And many of them have ſo carefull bin
To rid themſelves from feares that they were in;
That as the Ship which doth *Charybdis* ſhun,
They ranne on *Scylla*, and were quite undone.
The reaſon is they ſo amazed be
With apprehending dangers which they ſee
Purſuing of them, as they thinke not on
The other miſchiefes they may runne upon.
And evermore it is the Cowards error
To thinke the preſent danger ful'ſt of terrour.
The feare of evill more tormenteth ſome,
Than doth the thing they fear'd, when once 'tis come.
Men dread what is, what will be, and (alas!)
Many a thing that nere ſhall come to paſſe:
For if they only fear'd apparant things
(That likely-hood of ſome affrighting brings)
As troops of enemies, or theeves, or treaſon,
Pirats or ſtormes at ſea, there were ſome reaſon,
Or colour for it then, but they will quake
At fictions: at meere nothings, their hearts ake
At their owne fancies ſuperſtitions,
At tales of *Fairies* or of Viſions:
Yea, I have ſeene one melancholly ſad
Vpon ſome fooliſh dreame that he hath had.
Oh what meanes man that having miſchifes ſtore,
Muſt in his owne conceit needs make them more?
Thinks he thoſe will not grim enough appeare,
Vnleſſe he apprehend them firſt by feare?

Sure 'tis a plague the Divell did invent,
To worke in man a lasting discontent,
And taught it *Adam*; whereupon he said,
I saw my nakednesse and was affraid.
It is our weaknesse: yet I cannot see
A reason why we should so fearefull be.
May we not joy and be as merry still
With hope of good, as sad with feare of ill?
Sure I thinke yes; and will on hope so feed,
No ill shall feare me till tis come indeed:
For that which seemeth likeliest to betide me,
God in his mercy yet may put beside me.
And though much proofe had bred within my breast
That resolution yet, of all the rest
This last confirm'd it most. for the other day,
When the hard frost had stopt the Scullers way,
And left faire *Thames* with Ice so strongly archt
That on the melting pavement people march'd:
Amongst the rest one bolder than was fit,
All heedelesse of his way fell out of it,
Vpon a peece of Ice, which with a cracke,
Rent from the maine, and stopt his going backe:
This Icie fragment from the rest did swim,
And to the Bridge a prisoner carried him,
Where the spectators signes of pitty gave,
And had a will but not a power to save.
Which in his *passion* then conceiving well
Downe on his knees in that poore Arke he fell,
And lifting up his hands did him implore
That sav'd old *Ionas* without Saile or Oare.
And see Gods mercy: when he drew so neare,
No hope of safeguard seemed to appeare;
When he had there just three times whirled bin,
And that the Arch was like to suck him in,

Then

Then quite beyond all hope, e'en in a trice,
There thruſt-betweene a greater peece of Ice,
Which comming downe as if it ſcorn'd to ſtay,
Beat by the leſſer peece to give it way.
A while that ſtaid: yet he had beene faine,
When that was gone to take his turne againe,
But that, next God the people ſtood his friend,
And ſav'd him by a rope, that's ſome mans end.
Whereby I gather, we may ſometime now
Eſcape a miſchiefe though we ſee not how.
And in my minde this argument is cleare,
That we have as much cauſe to hope, as feare.
More trembling humors I might here unfold,
Which ſome will be unwilling ſhould be told
And therefore paſſe them. But I doe proteſt
This hurtfull Monſter I ſo much deteſt,
That I am much unwilling to omit
The leaſt occaſion of diſgracing it.
Yet doe I not allow their reſolution,
Who meerely of a helliſh conſtitution,
Have hearts obdurate, and ſo hard in evill,
They neither ſeeme affraid of God nor Devill.
Such I have noted too, but truly they
Are in as bad though in another way.
They prate and ſweare as if they could affright,
Or make Hobgoblin run away by night;
When queſtionleſſe as bold as they appeare,
They are perplexed with an inward feare:
Yea, I have knowne a trifle or a blaſt,
Hath made ſuch *Champions* oftentimes agaſt.
There is an honeſt *Feare* that hinders ſin,
Which hath of all good men allowed beene:
And there's a feare that keepes a Kingdomes ſtate
From ruine if it be not tane too late.

It is not *Servile feare* that ſlaviſh crime;
But rather 'tis a providence betime,
That makes men very heedfull to fore-thinke
Danger to come and not (as we doe) winke
At our owne nakednesſe; as without care
Who ſpide it; ſo our ſelves we ſee not bare.
This *Feare* it is that makes men to provide
Againſt a ſtorme, they may the better bide
The fury of it: this tis keepes off wrong.
And makes a Citie or a Kingdome ſtrong.
And I much doubt, the wanting of theſe feares
Will make us ſmart for't yet ere many yeares.
For ſince we are become a pretty number
Although we can but one another cumber,
Or ſerve to make a *Hubbub*; we ſuppoſe
There are no Nations dare to be our foes.
We thinke a wonderous *policy* we ſhew,
If once in foure yeares we doe take a *view*
Or count the number of our able men.
Flattering our ſelves therewith; as if that then
(Having ſo great and huge a multitude,
Though we were ne'er ſo inexpert and rude)
There were no cauſe of feare. But a Realmes might
Conſiſts not in the number that muſt fight;
As in their skill, and of good Souldiers ten
Will foile an hundred unexperienc'd men,
Such as are we. For 'tis a ſhame to ſpeake
How wonderfull unfitly, and how weake
This ignorance makes moſt of us; except
Whom brave *South-hamptons* government hath kept
In warlike order; I doe meane indeed
Our *Hampshire Ilanders*; of whom for need
A hundred Boies that ne'er had haire on chin,
Shall from five hundred of up-landiſh, win

Both *field* and *Towne*. Whereby it may appeare,
Good government, with profitable feare,
Within a few ſhort yeares ſo well will thrive,
One ſhall become to have the ods of five.
Thoſe therefore that are wiſe enough to tell
When they do any thing amiſſe, or well,
Still in this *Paſſion* doe obſerve a meane,
And not to *Feare*, or to *Preſumption* leane.

Of DESPAIRE.

SATYRE II.

NO more of *Feare*, for lo, his impious brat
Looks now to be admitted. This is that
We call *Deſpaire*: with gaſtly ſook he ſtands,
And *Poyſons*, *ropes*, or *poniards* fill his hands,
Still ready to do hurt: one ſtep (no more)
Reaches from hence unto damnatious dore.
This is that *Paſſion* giveth man inſtruction
To wreſt the *Scripture* to his own deſtruction:
And makes him think, while he on earth doth dwell,
He feels the tortures and the plagues of hell.
It makes men rave like Furies, *ſcritch* and *howle*,
With *exclamations* horrible and foule
More Monſter like than men. Onely damnation
Is in their mouthes; no mercy, no ſalvation,
Can they have hope of, but poſſeſſe a feare,
Whence monſtrous ſhapes and viſions do appeare
To their imaginations: and the pain
That they in ſoule and conſcience do ſuſtain,

All

All earthly tortures doth ſo much exceed,
As if they had within them hell indeed.
This is that laſt-worſt inſtrument of *Feare*,
Which our Grand-foe (and hells great Enginere)
Raiſeth againſt the fortreſſe of the heart:
But many times God fruſtrates quite his art.
For when he doth aſſaile the ſame (with truſt
He from their fortreſſe *faith* and *hope* ſhall thruſt)
It makes them unto *Chriſt* their Captain flie,
Leave to be too ſecure and fortifie.
God alſo makes this *paſſion* now and then
His ſcourge to laſh the proud preſumptuous man,
And tame the Reprobate, who by this rod
Is made ſometimes to feel there is a God.
By this ſtrange wonders brought to paſſe I've ſeen,
Thoſe humbled that have once the proudeſt been:
Yea, ſome I've known whoſe hearts have been ſo hard
They with no feare of judgment could be ſcar'd;
Yet after this hath ſeiz'd them, it hath made
Theſe daring ſpirits tremble at their ſhade.
Shake at meere apparitions; nay, at nought
But what hath being onely in their thought.
And in reſpect of what they were, no change
That ever I obſerved ſeems ſo ſtrange. (deare
Thoſe friends and pleaſures that once ſeem'd moſt
Moſt odious to them in ſuch fits appeare:
And greateſt comfort they do finde in them,
Whoſe waies and perſons they did moſt condemne.
Oh, what repentant lives ſome vow to live,
If God would but once more vouchſafe to give
Them health & hope again! then they would ſpend
Their lives and goods unto no other end
Save wholly for his glory: yet there's now
Some living that have quite forgot that vow.

God

God give them grace to look into their errour,
Or they will one day feele a double terrour.
But many in this agony hath nought
More than the way unto their ruine ſought;
And ſtill our buſie enemie the Devill,
Author and chiefe procurer of this evill
(Vnleſſe Gods mercie his black plots prevents)
Is ready to provide him *Inſtruments*,
But I ev'n quake to think what humours be
Attending on this helliſh maladie.
Which I had rather labour to eſchew,
Than to be overcurious here to ſhew.
Now, ſome do think this *paſſion* being taken,
Can very hardly be again forſaken:
For (far above all miſchiefs raging) *This*
The curſed traytor to our ſafety is;
And will not means permit us to apply
Ought that may bring us eaſe or remedy.
But there are courſes to prevent this ſinne;
And (though it be inſinuated in)
God that doth ever pitty our diſtreſſe,
Will not forſake us in our heavineſſe.
Nor can we ſay that he hath left us voide
Of help, for ought wherewith we are annoyd
Through Sathans guile. He pittieth our caſe,
And daily makes us offers of his grace,
If wee'll lay hold on't. For, how truely deare
We to the Father of all mercie are,
He ſhew'd in giving for a Sacrifice
His ſonne, to pay for our *iniquities*.
In whom (if unbeleeving make not blinde)
For every griefe of body and of minde,
There is a *Salve*. And every *Chriſtian* knows
(Or ſhould at leaſt) a *Sacred Spring*, whence flows

A precious liquor; whose rare vertue can
Cure ev'ry griefe of minde that torturcs *Man.*
But we must be advis'd how to apply
This med'cine rightly to our malady:
For some that have presumed on their skill,
Out of things good, have drawn effects as ill,
And so the *Sacred-Truth* is now and then
So wrested by the false conceits of men;
As thence they gather means to sooth their *passion*,
And make more obstinate their *Desperation*:
Which from your soules pray heaven to keep as farre
As is earths center from the highest starre.
But there's a two-fold *Desperation* reignes;
One sort is that which a distrust constrains
In things that do concern the soules *salvation*:
The horribleſt and fearefull'st *Desperation*:
But th'other is alone of earthly things,
And nothing so much disadvantage brings;
Yet like enough in little time to grow
Vertues main let, or utter overthrow.
For where it entrance gets, it makes men loth
To undertake great matters, cause through sloth
They do despaire to reach them. Yea, it breeds
A carelesnesse in man, and thence proceeds
Not a few *Treasons*; for one breach of Law
Brings many times offenders in such awe,
That in despaire of pardon for their ill,
They not alone hold out their errour still;
But being guilty of one crime before,
To scape the lash for that, adde twenty more:
And cause at first they thought themselves undone,
At last to desperate *Rebellion* runne.
Besides, there's some despairing of their cause,
Who being brought to triall by the lawes

For their offence are obſtinately mute:
And unto theſe (forſooth) ſome do impute
A manly reſolution; 'cauſe thereby
They carefull ſeem of their poſterity.
But ſure there is no wiſeman will commend
Him that ſo deſperately ſeekes his end,
Or thorow wilfulneſſe undoes himſelfe,
(Body and ſoul perhaps) to ſave his pelfe
To ſome *Survivours*; whereas if he bide
On hope, and ſtand contented to be tri'd
According to the Lawes, he may be clear'd,
And quitted of the danger he ſo fear'd,
As ſome have been. Beſides, When we endure
Any ſmall pain, if we deſpaire of cure,
Eaſe, or amends, 'twill make it ſeem to be
Almoſt unſufferable. But if we
Have any hope, the reſt we look to win,
Will mitigate the torture we are in.
His winter-toyle what Plough-man could ſuſtain
If he deſpaired of his harveſt-gain?
And the ſtrong'ſt army needs muſt faint and flie,
If it diſtruſt before of victorie.
But to conclude this; be it underſtood,
Deſpair's a thing that doth ſo little good,
As to this day I cannot yet obſerve
That purpoſe whereto man might make it ſerve,
Vnleſſe to help a troop of Cowards fight:
For, could a man lead them paſt hope of flight,
Where they ſhould ſee there were no remedie
But they muſt die, or get the victorie;
Deſpaire in that caſe might give them the day,
Who would have loſt it to have run away.

Of HOPE.

SATYRE 12.

THrice welcome *Hope*; the Devill keep home
Deſpaire and *Feare* are fitting for no other.
This is the *Paſſion* that of all the reſt
We have moſt reaſon to eſteem of beſt.
For if it be with good advice applide,
A ſalve it is God did himſelfe provide
To eaſe not onely every outward griefe;
But when the Soul wants comfort or releefe
It will redreſſe her pain; although it were
The ſhaking off that hideous Monſter, *Feare*.
This is a *Balme* ſo precious, had we power
To take it to our ſelves at ſuch an houre
When black *Deſpaire* doth pinch us; this indeed
Would ſo expell it, as we ſhould not need
The drugges of *Rome*: But what (alas!) can wee
Rightly apply, and not inſtructed be?
Vnleſſe ſome power aſſiſt us, it is true
Our nature ſo unapt is to purſue
The way it ſhould, that we do follow ſtill
The crooked'ſt paths, and loſe our ſelves in ill.
Hope is a bleſſing but we ſo abuſe it,
As to our hurt more than our good we uſe it.
Yea this, that was of all the *Paſſions* beſt,
We have as much corrupted as the reſt;

v'n that, on which our chiefeſt good depends,
And to our higheſt of contentment tends.
For we muſt note well that this *Paſſion's* double,
One *Hope* is certain, th'other full of trouble,
And moſt uncertain. Now the firſt attends
Things meere immortall, and alone depends
On th'expectation of the certain'ſt things,
With that perfection of true joy, which brings
No trouble with it. This, through *Faith* we gain;
And 'tis ſufficient to make any pain
Seem ſhort and eaſie. 'Tis the life of man,
And ſuch a comfort as no mortall can
Live if he want it. And yet ſometime this
Each way as idle as the other is.
For oftentimes we ſee the ſame is found
To be erected on no other ground
But ignorance, or meere ſecuritie.
Which ruine all who do on them relie.
Some praiſe their own deſerts, and on that ſand
Would fain have the divineſt *hope* to ſtand.
Which no contentment doubtleſſe can aſſure,
Nor without wav'ring to the end endure.
And if it do not, to ſmall end will be
That idle truſt and confidence which we
Can have elſewhere; ſince every other kinde
Of *Hope*, which I amongſt us men do finde,
Is of uncertain earthly things; and ſuch
As neither long endure, nor pleaſe us much.
Then the beſt likelihoods that may be ſhown,
And the ſtrong'ſt humane reaſons that are known,
Are nothing worth to ground a hope upon,
But in the turning of a hand, all's gone.
Were all the men on earth procured to
Some thing that lay in one mans power to doe.

And

And all were well resolv'd to see it done:
(Yea wer't but one daies work, and that begun)
Well might we hope that they would bring to pa
So small a thing as that; but yet (alas!)
None can assure so much, because none know
A warrant from above it shall be so.
And therefore though I wish that every man
Should take upon him the best hope he can
In all his outward actions, yet should he
Take care on honest grounds it builded be.
And therewith be so wel-prepared still,
That if his doubtfull hope do fall out ill,
He ne'er repine, but tak't as if the same
Had been expected long before it came.
And sith that *fickle-trust* did nought availe him,
Depend on the *true-hope* shall never faile him.
For what is plac'd on humane wit or strength,
Is vain, and most uncertain; 'cause at length
How-e'er it may seem sure, it may deceive him,
And when he hath most need of comfort leave him.
This *Hope* is now become the Patronesse,
And chiefe maintainer of mans wickednesse:
Ther's not a villany man doth intend,
Vnlesse that he have this to be his friend.
Hope egges him on, and with a thousand wiles
His much abused confidence beguiles.
Hope tells the theefe, if he will rob, he may
Have twenty means to hide himselfe away.
Hope doth entise the Prodigall to spend,
And will not let him thinke upon his end;
But doth perswade him, some good boty shall
Hap at the last to make amends for all.
And never ceaseth thus to beare him faire,
Till she undoes, and leaves him to despaire.

e ſoothes the Gameſter in his trifles vaine;
d dravvs the Pirate on with hope of gaine.
makes the Courtier into treaſon run;
Great-mens Followers ſerve till they're undone.
d for the preſent (having nought to give)
on reverſions all her ſervants live.
Novv every man unto this *hope* is led
ſundry other *paſſions* in him bred,
Love, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, or ſuch:
d true it is, in theſe our *hope* is much.
But oftentimes we into errours run
blindely on that we are quite undone,
ecauſe indeed we hopefully expect
ny ſuch things as we can ne'er effect;
nd give to our deſires a larger ſcope
han will admit of any likely *hope*.
o we our ſelves abuſe, and are diſgrac'd
ft-times with that, which wer't with *reaſon* plac'd
pon an honeſt and a certain ground,
Vould ſeldome be ſo vainly fruſtrate found.
ut Lovers *hopes*, and ſuch as are ſo bold
n every paultry trifle to lay hold,
Neither laſt long, nor for the time indeed
Can they one jot of true contentment breed.
Ambitious men, what e'er they do intend,
Have ſtill new hopes to bring their plots to end.
But they are all ſo built on ſuch weak props,
That e'er they be poſſeſſed of their *hopes*,
All overthrown we in a moment ſpie,
And they with their inventions ruin'd lie.
Into which miſchiefe he yet never fell
That knew but how to uſe this *paſſion* well.

---

of

Of COMPASSION.

SATYRE 13.

BVt as the former *Passion* was abus'd,
So this that follows is but hardly us'd.
Yet it is known a kinde and tender *Passion*,
In it own nature worthy commendation:
And if discretion guide it, well may be
Of neere alliance unto *Charitie*.
If not; it with the rest from vertue swerves,
And so with them alike reproofe deserves.
Which some will wonder at; such as suppose
A man through *pitty* cannot erre: yet those,
If they have any judgment of their own,
Shall say, *Compassion* may amisse be shown.
Or if you put no confidence in me,
Come to our Courts of *Iustice*, and there see
How shee's abus'd: there mark and you shall finde,
It makes the Iuror many times so blinde,
They see, but stumbling by do tread,
Beside the way their Evidences lead
There you may spie the reverend Iudge compeld
Through an effeminate tendernesse to yeeld
Vnto this melting *Passion*: Sometime by
A *personall* respect tune by the eye;
Sometime because th'offender (it may be)
Already hath sustain'd much miserie.

nd this think they is *Charitie* aright;
Through ignorance indeed) forgetting quite,
hil'ſt they an ill deſerved life prolong,
hercin they do not onely juſtice wrong;
t by their indiſcreet and fond Compaſsion,
nwiſely h zard e'en their own diſcretion.
Some through this pitty (when they much implore)
hough they unjuſtly favour him that's poore,
eeme they do not amiſſe, and why? they truſt,
Becauſe their meaning's good, their doing's juſt.
Some there are alſo, who would fain be deem'd
Viſe men, that have through weakneſſe miſ-eſteem'd
hoſe orders which for wandring rogues are made,
s though that begging were a lawfull trade;
hey pitty thoſe that juſtly puniſh'd be:
nd often erring in their Charitie,
hey boldly have accus'd the laws therefore,
s if their rigour injured the poore.
But he I feare whoſe judgment is ſo ſlender,
r hath a yeelding heart ſo fondly tender
o ſtoop unto this *paſſion*; neither ſpares
he lawes of God nor man; but oft times dares
ervert them both; ſuppoſing his intent
hall free him from deſerved puniſhment.
nd though that God himſelfe ſaies *Kill*, reply
Vith, *No, alas, 'tis pitty he ſhould die.*
nd for their weakneſſe merit equall check
Vith him that ſpar'd the King of *Amaleck*,
or verily, as vertuous as it ſhows,
foolish pitty quickly overthrows
warre an Army, and in peace a State:
nd this I'le ſtand to, 'Tis as bad as *Hate*:
or *that* and *bribes* to ſuch a power is grown,
ſtice and *conſcience* are quite overthrown.

Certain

Certain it is (and cannot be withstood)
That *pitty* sometimes hurts the Common-good.
Yea, God himselfe it many waies offends,
And therefore that man who indeed intends
To beare himselfe uprightly, ought to see
How far this *passion* may admitted be.
For seem how 'twill, all pitty is unfit,
Vnlesse Gods lws and mans do warrant it.
But I have seen a tender-hearted Asse
That's worth the laughing at, and doth surpasse
For foolish pitty (but he, he alone
Is hurtfull to himselfe, or else to none)
To such as he read but some Tragedie;
Or any peece of mournfull historie;
And if the matter which you do relate
Be sorrowfull or something passionate,
Though it were done a thousand yeares ago,
And in a Countrey he did never know,
Yet will he weep *(kinde-heart)* as if those men
Were of his friends, and the mischance but then
Before their eies in action: nay, unfold
Some new made tale that never yet was told,
So it be dolefull, and do represent
A strange and lamentable accident:
Although not onely (as I said before)
It be a matter meerly fein'd, but more,
Although he know it so, he cannot keep
His melting eyes from teares but he must weep.
Which is a weaknesse whence more mischiefs grow
Than any at first thinking would suppose.
I might touch Parents also in the City
That marre their children by their cockring pitty
If other *passions* call'd me not away.
And yet before I leave, thus much I'le say;

ant of rebuke elsewhere, and rods in Schools,
ath almost fill'd the land with *knaves* and *fools*.
Then you that think we need no *pitty* shun,
orsake the errour whereinto you run,
ith those Divines that admonitions spare,
r in reproving over-easie are;
ith many more of different degree,
t unto these I'le not o're-bitter be.
nd you that are, or you that would at least
e counted men, and beare within your breast
hat vertue which befitting manhood is,
un such base humours as fond *pitty* is.
or why should you be there-with over-born,
hen 'tis a *Passion* that now women scorn?

Of CRUELTIE.

SATYRE 14.

BVt here's another beares us further wide,
(If we embrace it) on the other side.
And therefore whilst we seek how to beware
f foolish *pitty*; we must have a care,
est this do over-run us: 'tis a thing
hose very name doth seem enough to bring
l men in their opinion to confesse,
'Tis an *inhumane hellish wickednesse*.
monstrous *Passion*, so unfit to rest,
harbour in a reasonable brest,
hat beasts; in whom it rather should remain,
, for the greatest part, the same refrain.

And yet as odious as it doth appeare,
Vnleſſe men look to their affections neare,
'Twill ſteal upon them, and they ſhall begin
Not onely to be quickly ſnar'd therein:
But (though at firſt they do abhorre it much)
The nature of this *Paſſion* ſtill is ſuch,
It will become delightfuller, and make
So deep impreſſion in the heart, and take
So ſure a root, 'twill hardly be diſplac'd,
Whilſt that the body by the ſoule is grac'd.
Though many doe ſuppoſe it may with eaſe
Be left or taken as each man ſhall pleaſe:
Such men are wide; and they are over-bold
And too much truſting to themſelves that hold
We need not this ſame *Paſſion* diſcommend;
Since nature of her ſelfe doth reprehend
So vile a fault. For thus, ſay they,
Our *Reaſon* never can ſo much decay
To make us our humanity defile
With any *Paſſion* that is known ſo vile.
Indeed, it is a monſtrous villany,
And moſt, I think, can rail at *Cruelty*:
Yet let none be ſecure for this is true,
Thoſe odious vices we do moſt eſchew,
Grow pleaſing by degrees. When *Hazael*
Was told what he ſhould do to *Iſrael*,
Full little thought he then his gentle heart
Should ever give conſent to act a part
Of ſuch a *Tragick Scene*; and yet we finde
He became after of another minde,
For mans intents and beſt affections be
Exceeding ſubject to uncertainty
What leaſt we think to doe (unleſſe each hower
We have remembrances) ſuch ſtate is our,

We often minde not. For which cauſe the Sire
Of that bold *Grecian King*, who did aſpire
To be the worlds third Monarch; knowing well
Himſelfe to be a man, miſtruſted ſtill
To what he might through humane frailty fall,
And therefore ſtill appointed one to call
Thus at his window (e'er the day began)
PHILIP, *Remember that thou art a man.*
And ſure as hatefull as this *paſſion* is,
To have ſome *cavcat* is not much amiſſe.
For though no ſuch things in our ſelves we ſpie,
A ſecret oftentimes 'twill lurking lie.
And when it breakes forth into any act,
With colour of ſome vertue hides the fact,
As juſtice, or the like: and then it will
Soe harden by degrees the heart in ill,
As that we ſhall not think we do amiſſe,
When as our *Cruelty* extreameſt is.
He deemes himſelfe no ſuch that without ſhame
Doth rob another of his honeſt name
By raiſing falſe reports; nor that hard lord,
Who to his tenant grudges to afford
What *law* and *conſcience* gives: nor he that takes
The common profit to himſelfe, and makes
His own good of it, when he knows thereby
Many a poore man's brought to beggery.
Theſe think with cruelty they do not deal,
What wrongs ſoe'er they do the Common-weal.
This vice ſo hardens them. The damn'd Vſurers,
And cat-throat Brokers, *Mammons* Treaſurers
Who by the ſmall uſe they of riches make,
(So for another ſeem their care to take)
Though not content with *Statute-vſury*,
A thouſand other polling tricks they trie;

Increaſing their lewd gains by *bribes* and *gifts*,
And many viler or more lawleſſe ſhifts:
Though they do make no conſcience what they do
So they may act it, and ſcape juſtice too,
Pinching poore Debtors, till their greedy hands
Have got poſſeſſion both of goods and lands,
Would not be *cruell* thought, although that this
Be as true *Cruelty* as any is.

And what are *Lawyers* that can brook to ſee
Chriſtians like beaſts that ſtill at variance be;
And when it lieth in their power to part them,
Do, for their own gain, unto diſcord hart them?
Or nouriſh ſtill the ſtrife by adding fuell
To diſcords flame? Truſt me, I think them cruel
What-e're they deem themſelves: and not alone
The mercileſſe offender; but each one,
Who when he doth perceive that there is need,
Is ſlack to do a charitable deed.
What may be thought of them whoſe chiefeſt cu
Is pampering the fleſh with curious fare;
Largely providing for the bodies good,
Whilſt the poore ſoule is hunger-ſtarv'd for food
Are not they cruell? Is it like that ſuch
Who can neglect their deareſt ſouls ſo much,
Are mercifull to others? You well ſay
Murder is cruelty. Then what are they
That by falſe doctrine, fraught with errours foule
Do murder, or do worſe than kill the ſoule?
Them to be guilty none can will deny.

But you will ſay, 'Tis not that *Cruelty*
You underſtood: As if you did ſuppoſe
None through this *Paſſion* did offend but thoſe
That ſeek for bloud. Indeed, that is the worſt,
And of all cruelty the moſt accurſt;

Which for no other purpos'd end is us'd,
But a meere longing to see things abus'd.
When 'tis at highest when men use to see
Or act some deed that's full of *Crueltie*;
Onely for that 'tis so; or 'cause their will
Findes devillish contentments in their ill.
Such was his humour, who (out of desire
To see how *Troy* burnt when it was on fire)
Caus'd *Rome* in many a place at once to flame;
And longing to behold from whence he came,
Ript up his mothers wombe. So in the height
Was also his that took so much delight
In seeing men extreamly tortured,
That he out of his bounty promised
A large reward to him that could invent
The cruell'st and unusuall'st punishment.
Which *Phalaris* demanding, was therefore
The first that made his brazen Bull to roare.
Such is theirs also whose unmanly natures
Can be the needlesse death of any creatures,
Or torture, or behold them pleasingly,
Whilst they abused and tormented die.
Trust me; bee't but a dog, nature denies,
And God forbids that we should tyrannize.
Much more on man: yet there is many a one
That to this hellish *passion* is so prone,
With boasts he glories in his mischiefes too,
And uncompell'd would make no more adoe
To murder till a Countrey were unman'd,
Than doth a School-boy with a walking wand
To lop down Thistles. But all such men be
Extreamly cruell in the high'st degree.
And though the first rehearsed be not so,
Yet thereto they may very quickly grow;

(Vnleſſe they have oft warning to beware)
Sith they already halfe-way entred are.
Eſpecially the greedy hungry Elfe,
That would for profit gladly damne himſelfe.
For *Avarice* doth harden ſo the heart,
In any miſchiefe he may beare a part:
No cruelty the *Covetous* refrains,
Murther nor Treaſon ſo he may have gains.
More I could ſay againſt this *paſſion* yet:
But would men of themſelves well ponder it,
A little meditation of their own
Might profit more than all that I have ſhown.
And therefore I will here conclude with this,
As he is bleſſed that meek-hearted is:
So on the Cruell *lightly doth attend,*
A heavy curſe, and a moſt fearfull end.

Of Ioy.

Satyre 15.

OF all the *paſſions* handled hitherto,
With this that follows I had leaſt to doe.
By ſome ſmall trials though that I have ha
I finde 'tis better far than being ſad:
And that no greater good on earth might be,
If it would laſt, and were from combrance free.
But that can never be, our ſtate is ſuch;
And *Deſtiny* moreover ſeems to grutch

O

Ought should be perfect in mortality,
Lest we should leave to seek Eternitie.
Never could any yet that *Ioy* obtain
On which there follow'd neither shame nor pain:
For he (no question) that's allowed most,
Doth dearely pay for what is quickly lost.
But sure the reason why mans *joy* so soon
Is chang'd to sorrow, is because there's none,
Or very few, that do their gladnesse found
Vpon a solide, firme, substantiall ground:
But on such subjects, as no marvell though,
It doth receive so quick an overthrow,
And brings so sharp a farewell. For one joyes
In Dogs, Apes, Monkies, or some such like toies;
And when they faile, (as how can they last long?)
Their mirth is finish'd, they must change their song.
Some in their *honour* all their *joy* do place;
And then if but a frown or some disgrace
Adde the least motion unto *Fortunes* wheele,
Sorrow takes place, and little *joy* they feele.
Take but away his substance, you destroy
The miserable Richmans onely *joy*.
And soon by sickneſſe that delight's defac'd,
Which man in beauty, or in strength hath plac'd.
Yea, the best *joy* in transitory things,
They being lost, at last a sorrow brings.
All men should therefore make a carefull choice
Of that wherein their meaning's to rejoyce,
And not affect things so extreamly vain,
As make them to repent their joy again.
Yet many do so settle their delight
On things unworthy, that they are e'en quite
Bereft of understanding when they see
They must of them again deprived be.

One foole hath loſt his Hawk to day, and he
Can neither eate, nor drink, nor merry be:
There was his onely *joy*, and now 'tis gone,
Without all doubt the Gentleman's undone.
Young Miſtreſſe *Vanity* is alſo ſad
Becauſe the Parrat's dead ſhe lately had.
Alas! and blame her not if that ſhe houle,
The Parrat was (I warrant) halfe her ſoule.
But weigh this you that have your better parts
Of an immortall fame, awake your hearts,
And from delight in droſſe and clay remove
Your *joyes*, to place them on the things above:
So ſhall you ſtill have reaſon to rejoyce,
And not with ſorrow thus repent your choyce.
This that you ſo much doat on is a toy
So far from meriting the name of *Ioy*,
That either 'tis not thorowly obtained;
Or if it be in ſuch a meaſure gained
As you would wiſh it, then you are no leſſe
Endanger'd by an over-joyfulneſſe.
For had you ſeen men that were calm'd at Sea,
And forc'd the leaſure of the windes to ſtay,
Halfe ſtarv'd for food, brought to ſome happy ſho
Where is of victualling with all things ſtore,
And there through hunger greedily begin
To glut their ſtomacks that have faſting bin,
With the long-wiſh'd-for cates; Lo, while they ea
They grow extreamly faint with wholſome meat:
And thorow weakneſſe by diſuſe of food,
That which was for their comfort and their good
Turnes to their bane. Right ſo it fares in this;
For he that long time in ſome ſorrow is,
And toſt upon the boiſtrous ſeas of care,
If for his comfort he be landed there

Who

Where *joy* abounds; his heart (where none hath bin
Full many a day before) receives it in
So out of measure, that it even makes
The soule unquiet; and thereby he takes
A surfeit: whose strong violence is such,
The body faints, or is endanger'd much.
Some of mine own acquaintance I have seen
That with this *Passion* have o'er-charged been
And at relating of some newes that's good,
Have almost senseleſſe and amazed stood:
Yea, been so ravish'd with the *joy* they took,
That they have for a time their lives forsook.
But neither can nor will I e'er commend
Such joy as this; for when we apprehend
That we delight in with too deep content,
God laies that on us for a punishment;
To shew what danger and uncertainty
Is in the best of earths felicity:
And that no *joy* can sweet or lasting prove,
Which from his speciall favour doth not move.
Somewhat still follows every other joy,
That doth with bitternesſe the sweet destroy:
And sure this may some reason of it be,
Men in their mirth are careleſſe to foresee
What ill may follow, and (beyond all measure)
Give way unto their false conceived pleasure.
Which hurtfull liberty they must restrain,
If they will any true contentment gain.
And I am of this minde, If every man
Would curb rebellious thoughts but what he can;
Armes of resistance he might better weeld,
And not so basely to this *Passion* yeeld.
Neither befits it Man that ought to be
At all times fenc'd with magnanimitie,

To ſuffer any miſchiefe to annoy
His minde, through either too much *care* or *joy*:
But ſo the one ſhould of the other borrow.
He might be ſad with mirth, and glad with ſorrow.
Thus I adviſe; and here my pen ſhall ſtay;
The reaſon is, I have no more to ſay:
But when with *joy* I am acquainted better,
I'le tell you more, or elſe remain your debter.

Of SORROW.

SATYR. 16.

OF this ſad *paſſion* I may knowledge take,
And well ſay ſomewhat for acquaintance ſak
'Tis a diſeaſe that doth poſſeſſe ſo many,
It neither doth forbeare nor favour any.
Come when it will an ill report it gains,
And every one of his hard uſage plains.
Then, tis beſide ſo troubleſome a gueſt:
None that do harbour it have any reſt:
And which is worſe, though he his hoſt diſeaſes,
'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleaſes.
And yet methinks if man would uſe his might,
He may aſſwage, if not out-weare it quite:
It is at leaſt his duty; for ſhould he
That muſt on earth th' Almighties Viceroy be?
Should he to whom the Soveraigne Lord hath giv
A countenance that ſhould behold the heaven?
With *Sorrows* viſage hide his manly grace,
And groveling turn to earth his blubber'd face?

Is't not a ſhame to ſee the man who ſaith,
That he a Chriſtian is, and ſeems t'have faith,
Should for misfortune without remedie,
Be paſſionate in ſuch extremity,
That childiſh teares not onely ſtain his face,
(Which may be born withall in many a caſe)
But alſo raves, growes furious; and extends
His griefe paſt reaſons limits? who commends
A man for that? Say, is it any leſſe,
Than to deny by deed what words profeſſe?
For who would think which ſees how he bewailes
The loſſe of breath that in a moment fails
That he beleeves, but rather thinks 'tis vain
To hope or truſt the fleſh ſhall riſe again?
Or that there were, as holy Scripture ſaith,
Any *reward for them that die in faith.*
It's a plain token of a miſ-beleefe,
When *Chriſtians* ſo o'er-whelm themſelves in griefe:
And therefore, though I do not diſcommend
The moderate bewailing of a friend;
I wiſh th'extream hereof men might deſpiſe,
Leſt their profeſſion they do ſcandalize.
Beſide, (though as I ſeem'd to ſay before)
Vnles't be common, 'tis no common ſore,
Becauſe it hurts but thoſe that entertain it,
Yet good it were if all men could refrain it.
For it not onely makes mans viſage be
Wried, deform'd and wrinkled as we ſee;
Himſelfe exiling from the common eye,
To vex and grieve alone he knowes not why;
But alſo brings diſeaſes with his death,
By the untimely ſtopping of his breath.
It makes his friends to loath his company,
And greatly hinders his commodity.

For

For who to deale in his affaires is fit,
Vnleſſe with good-will he attendeth it?
And howſoe'er it ſeeme; yet ſurely this,
As farre from vertue as bad pleaſure is:
For as through th'one we to much evill run,
So many good things the other leaves undone.
I wonder that this *Paſſion* ſhould touch
The hearts of men to make them grieve ſo much
As many doe for preſent miſeries?
Have they no feeling of felicities
That are to come? If that they be in paine,
Let hope give eaſe; it will not alwaies raine.
Calmes doe the rougheſt ſtormes that are attend,
And the longſt night that is, will have an end.
But 'tis ſtill bad thou ſaiſt: take't patiently,
An Age is nothing to Eternity.
Thy time's not here; envie not, though that ſome
Seeme to thee happy; their bad day's to come:
And if thou knewſt the griefe they muſt ſuſtaine,
Thou would'ſt not thinke ſo hardly of thy paine.
I muſt confeſſe, 'twas once a fault of mine
At every miſadventure to repine.
I ſought preferment and it fled me ſtill,
Whereat I griev'd, and thought my fortune ill.
I vext to ſee ſome in proſperity,
Deride and ſcoffe at my adverſity.
But ſince, advis'd and weighing in my minde
The courſe of things I ſoone began to finde
The vaineneſſe of them. Thoſe I ſaw of late
In bliſſe (as I thought) ſcorning my eſtate,
I ſee now ebbing and the once full tide
That overflow'd the lofty banks of pride,
Hath left them like the ſand-ſhore, bare and dry,
And almoſt in as poore a caſe as I.

Beſi

Besides I view'd my daies now gone and past,
And how my fortunes from the first to th'last
Were link'd together: I observ'd, I say,
Each chance and deed of mine, from day to day,
That memorie could keepe; yet found I none,
Not one thing in my life that was alone,
But still it either did depend on some
That was already past or to come.
Yea the most childish, idle, trifling thing,
That seemed no necessity to bring,
In that, hath the beginnings oft bin hid,
Of some the weightiest things that ere I did.
But chiefly to abate th'excessive joying
In worldly things, and to prevent th'annoying
Of any sorrow; this I noted thence,
And ever since have made it a defence
(For both these Passions) I have truly seene;
That those things wherewith I have joyed beene
Highly delighted and the dearest lov'd;
Even those same very things have often prov'd
My chiefest care. And I have found againe,
That which I deem'd my greatest losse or paine,
And wherewithall I have beene most annoi'd,
And should have deem'd a blessing to avoid;
That which my heart hath ask'd for: and wherein
I thought me most unhappy, that hath bin
The ground of my best joyes For which cause, I
Advise all men that are in miserie
To stand unmov'd. For why, they doe not know
Whether it be to them for good or no.
They ought not for to murmure or to pine
At any thing, shall please the power divine
To lay upon them, for my minde is this,
Each sorrow is an entrance into blisse.

And that the greateſt pleaſure we attaine,
Is but a ſigne of ſome enſuing paine.
But to be plainer; this our life's a toy,
That hath nought in it worth our *griefe* or *joy*.
But there are ſome baſe-minded dunghill Elves,
That ſorrow not for any but themſelves.
Or if they doe, tis onely for the loſſe
Of ſome old creſt-falne Iade: but that's a croſſe
Paſt bearing; be it but a rotten ſheepe,
Or two ſtale egges, they will ſuch yelling keepe
As if thereby had periſhed a brood
In which conſiſteth halfe the kingdomes good.
But I intreat them (ſince cares muſt befall)
They would be patient; Who can doe withall?
And alſo let them of much griefe beware:
For they have heard what dangers therein, are.
And every one almoſt can tell them, that
'Tis an old ſaying, *Care will kill a Cat.*
Then let them take heart: chiefly, ſith they ſee
None live but ſometime they muſt loſers be.
Which is an eaſe: for I have heard them tell,
With mates they care not if they goe to hell.
But in good earneſt now let us not run
Willingly hereinto as we have done.
Avoid it rather as a hurtfull foe,
That can effect nought but our overthrow.
And for the ſame receive into our breſt
An *honeſt mirth*, which is a better gueſt.
And whatſoe'er our former griefe hath bin
Let us ne'er ſorrow more but for our ſinne.
So with this *Paſſion* end the reſt will I,
Becauſe it ends not till our end is nigh.

TH

The Conclusion.

THus have I labour'd some effects to show,
That doe from mens abused Passions *flow:*
Which with examples of old ages past,
nd wisemens sayings I might more have grac'd:
ut that I am resolv'd to tie my Rimes
s much as may be to the present Times.
I also might amongst these here have told,
e bodies passions, as Hunger, Cold,
eat, Thirst, *and such like: but their force is seene,*
nd most men have sufficient carefull beene
ow to prevent them. They last not so long,
or are by much so violent and strong,
dangerous as these. But if men knew,
r with the eie of Reason *would o'er-view*
ese soule-bred maladies (as sure they ought)
ey would with greater diligence have sought
e cure of them, before the worst disease,
hat doth the body and no more displease.
t now the reason men disturbed are
r the most part with such prepostrous Care,
this; Through their corrupted judgement they
e only on things seene depend and stay.
hich being most apparant to the sense,
muffles up the weake intelligence,

And

And blinds her that shee hath no power to see
The better things that more subsisting be.
When if they could conceive but halfe so well
The soules estate they'd labour to expell
All those corruptions that may cause her woe,
And those fell Passions that molest her so.
But some men have in this opinion stood,
That every Passion's naturall and good.
Indeed Philosophers the same doe call,
A motion of the soule that's naturall.
And in some sort, we may not be affraid
To hold for truth as much as they have said.
But we must make a difference of it then;
And grant that two-fold passions are in men:
One sort unto the noblest things aspiring
And such as what is meerely good desiring,
Therein rejoyceth: moderate and weake
In operation. And the truth to speake,
We have it rather by Gods inspiration,
Than breed within us at our generation.
The other (as the effects thereof doe show)
Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow;
For, it is head strong, rash, insatiate,
Wonderous disordered and immoderate.
Of which kinde these are, whereof I have spoken,
And they are oft the cause mens sleepes are broken.
'Tis that, which makes them rave or grieve, or jo
So out of measure for a trifling toy.
Yea, that 'tis onely makes them oft so teastie;
Their friends seeme troublesome, their beds uneas
And lastly these are the occasions still
Of all misfortunes and of every ill.
Th'effects they doe produce we also see,
Contrary to our expectations be.

For he that hopes or lookes for to attaine
Great joy and pleasure, haps on griefe and paine.
But by what meanes may men these Passions kill?
Sure, not by the procuring of their will,
As some imagine. For first it may be
A thing that's not in possibility
For them to reach unto. But say it were,
Will the ambitious minded-man forbeare
To be ambitious if he once fulfill
His longing thoughts? No, he will rather still
Increase that Passion which at first he had,
Or fall into some other that's as bad.
For altering the condition or estate,
The soules vexation doth no more abate,
Than changing roomes or beds doth ease his paines
That hath a Fever: sith the cause remaines
Still in himselfe. But how and which way then
May these diseases be recur'd in men?
Why, by Philosophy, Counsell and Reason:
These being well appli'd in their due season,
May doe much good. Else seeke the cause whence rise
These hurtfull and pernitious maladies.
Let them consider that, and so they may
Put off th'effect by taking it away.
But if they cannot the occasions finde,
I tell them, tis a baseneſſe of the minde;
Or else a false opinion that's in some,
Of good or evill present or to come.
Respecting good things thus: They doe desire
And are too vehemently set on fire
With coveting what seemes so; or annoying
Themselves with an excessiue Over-joying
The obtaining. In regard of ill,
They are annelled with some sorrow still.

So that we see if men would goe about
To change their minds and drive that baſeneſſe
Through magnanimity (And note well this,
That Paſſion but ſome falſe opinion is,
Fram'd by the will and drawne by the direction
Of judgement that's corrupted by affection)
Me thinks they might by reaſons helpe confound
The former terrors that have tane ſuch ground
In their weake hearts and learne for to eſteeme
That which doth neither good nor evill ſeeme
(And in their ſoules ſuch perturbation wrought)
As things nor good nor ill; and that which ought
(Being unworthy) neither to moleſt,
Nor breed no paſſions in their carefull breſt.
By theſe, and other ſuch like meanes as theſe,
The wiſe Philoſophers in elder daies
Kept out thoſe furies. And 'twere now a ſhame
If that we Chriſtians could not doe the ſame;
Having beſides theſe helpes whereon they ſtaid,
A certaine promiſe of a better aide,
If wee'l but aske it. Let's demand it then,
To rid theſe evils from our ſoules agen.
If that wee feele them yet not ſtirring in us,
Let us preuent them ere by force they win us.
For 'tis more eaſie (every one doth know)
To keepe him out, than to expell a foe.
If any thinke I from my purpoſe ſwerve,
Cauſe my intent was chiefly to obſerve,
And not to Teach: let them not blame me tho;
For who can ſee his friends lie ſick, and know
Which way to cure them? But you'l ſay my skil
Cannot inſtruct you: yet may my good will
Be worth accepting: and that howſoever
Is not to be rejected altogether.

For, I have ſeene when in a knowne diſeaſe,
Doctors withall their Art could give no eaſe
To their weake patient; a poore Country dame
Hath with a home-made med'cine cur'd the ſame:
And why not I in this? Yes, Ile abide it;
Being well us'd, it helpes for I have tride it.
Thus much for that; but ſtill there doe remaine
Some other Obſervations to explaine:
I have not done; for I am further task't,
And there's more humors yet to be unmaskt,
Wherein becauſe I will not ſtep aſtray,
Nor ſwerve from Truth a jot beſide the way,
I'l ſay no more (leſt men ſhould ſeeme belide)
Than what my owne experience hath eſpide:
And then, if any frowne (as ſure they dare not)
So I ſpeake Truth let them frowne ſtill I care not.
But if my Muſe you ſhould ſo ſawcy finde,
Sometime to leave her notes and ſpeake her minde
As oft ſhe will when ſhe perchance doth ſee
How vaine, or weake, or fickle, moſt men be.
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of much good will
I beare to you and hatred unto ill.
Which when I ſee my purpos'd courſe I breake,
Becauſe indeed, I am compell'd to ſpeake.
Yet thinke not, though I ſome-where bitter be,
I count my ſelfe from all thoſe vices free:
Rather imagine 'tis to me well knowne,
That here with others faults I tell mine owne.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE

Vanity,
Inconſtancie,
Weakneſſe,
and
Preſumption
of Men.



LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger* for
Robert Allot. 1632.

PRECATIO.

THou that created ſt all things in a Weeke,
Great GOD (whoſe favour I do only ſeek)
E'en thou by whoſe deſired inſpirations
ndertooke to make theſe obſervations;
grant, I pray ſith thou haſt deign'd to show
y ſervant that which thouſands doe not know,
at this my noting of mans hum'rous Paſſion,
y worke within me ſome good alteration,
d make me ſo for mine owne follies ſorry,
at I may lead a life unto thy glory.
Let not ambition nor a foule deſire,
r hate, nor envy ſet my heart on fire:
venge, nor Choler, no nor Iealouſie;
d keepe me from Deſpaire and Cruelty,
d hope expell; and I beſeech thee bleſſe
ſoule from Feare and too much Heavineſſe.
give me ſpeciall grace to ſhun the vice
at is ſo common, beaſtly Avarice:
d grant me power I not only know,
flye thoſe evils that from paſſion flow.

Moreover,

Moreover now inspire my soule with art,
And grant me thy assistance to impart
The rest of mens ill Customes yet remaining,
And their vaine humors; that by my explaining,
They may perceive how odious I can make them,
Blush at the reading, and at last forsake them.
Yea let my muse in this, and things to come,
Sing to thy glory, Lord, or else be dumbe.

THE SECOND BOOKE;

Of the *Vanity*, *Inconſtancy*, *Weakneſſe* and *Preſumption* of *Men*.

Of VANITY.

SATYR. I.

MY *Muſe*, that now hath done the beſt ſhe can
To blaze corrupted *Paſſion* bred in man,
Goes further here, and meaneth to undoe
nother knot of ils hee's prone unto.
om which as out of the maine root there growes
ll whatſoever evill, *Mankind* knowes.
ith thouſands of bad humors; of which ſome
uch as to minde by obſervation come;
alſo ſuch as are the proper crimes
theſe ungodly and diſorder'd *times*)
e meanes to treat of. The chiefe heads be theſe,
onſider of them Reader if thou pleaſe.)

First, *wanton and light-headed Vanity,*
Next that, *Chamelion-like Inconſtancy;*
Then, *miſerable Weakeneſſe*; laſtly this,
Damned Preſumption, that ſo daring is.
But ere I doe begin this worke, that I
May ſpeake to purpoſe with ſincerity,
Lord, I beſeech thee helpe me to explaine,
And teach me to contemne the thing that's vaine.
I have begun in thee this my endeavour,
And conſtancy vouchſafe me to perſever:
My knowledge I confeſſe to be but weake,
Yet through thy Strength and Truth I hope to bre
Theſe mires of ſin, from which mankinde (kept u
Muſt be let looſe like beds of Eeles by thunder.
Then that I may mans pride the better ſee,
From all Preſumption Lord deliver me.
Likewiſe diſperſe thoſe foggie miſts of ſin,
That to my purpoſe have an hindrance bin:
And th'evill by thy wiſedome I perceive,
Lord let thy mercy give me grace to leave:
That being free my ſelfe, I may not coldly
Tax others faults, but reprehend them boldly.
So having for this good aſſiſtance prai'd,
My *Muſe* goes forward truſting to thine aide
To guide me through the wilderneſſe of ſin,
Great Vanities Survey: for being in
I ſee now 'tis an intricate Mæander,
In which (I feare) I ſhall confus'dly wander.
It is a Labyrinth ſo full of waies,
And ſeemes ſo endleſſe if my pen once ſtraies,
As doth the Fiſherman amazed ſtand,
That knoweth not which way to rowe to land
When all alone in ſome cloſe miſty day,
Farre from the *Haven* he hath loſt his way;

Kn

Knowing we may as well ſtrike up the maine,
As turne unto the wiſhed ſhore againe:
So I doe feare leſt this may carry me
Into an *Ocean* where no Sea-markes be.
Becauſe what way ſoere my courſe I bend,
There *Vanity* I ſee without all end.
Which hath not under her ſubjection gain'd
Such things alone as are on earth contain'd,
Or underneath the Orbs of Aire and Fire,
But reaches further and encroches higher:
According to his meaning who ſaid plaine,
That all things undern eath the Sun were vaine.
But now I thinke it may a queſtion be,
Whether the *Sun*, the *Moon* and *Stars* be free:
For ſometimes falſe predictions they impart,
Or are belied by abuſed Art.
But of man onely here my *Muſe* muſt tel's,
Who is by much more vaine than all things elſe.
For *Vanity* his reaſon over-ſwaies;
Not onely one ſome certaine Moneths and Daies,
But is at all times in him reſident,
As if it were his proper accident.
Neither doth age in which he groweth on,
Any thing leſſen the proportion
Of *Vanity* he had. But in the ſteed
Of ſome rejected follies there ſucceed
Others as bad. For we perceive when Boies
Begin to man (aſham'd of childiſh toyes)
They then leave off their former idle chat,
And fooliſh games; but what's the cauſe of that?
For being ill; no rather they contemne
Thoſe bad things, as not bad enough for them.
And as one poore plaies firſt for points and pins;
Once waxing rich, leaves that game and begins

To venter crownes, and ſo from day to day
Growes more and more aſham'd of ſlender play
As he growes abler: So, young men forſake
The rope-ripe tricks, that their firſt age did take
Chiefe pleaſure in; nor cauſe they wicked deem the
But being men, they thinke twill not beſeeme the
Then hounds and hawks and whores are their deli
Quarrels and Brawles doe fit their humors righ
Diſordred meetings, drunken Revellings,
Conſuming Dice, and laviſh Banquetings,
Proud coſtly Robes. This is the Youngmans vei
Which he that elder is diſlikes againe.
Not ſince ill neither: but becauſe his yeeres
Him unto other *Vanities* endeares.
As Selfe-conceipt, much care for worldly pelfe,
Heaping up what he neare enjoyes himſelfe.
Prone to Contentions, much deſiring ſtill,
Be it his weale or woe, to have his will.
Extreamly loving lies, and given to prate,
Yet making ſhew as if he both did hate.
Yea old men boaſt of what they did in youth,
Which none diſprooving, we muſt take for truth
And thouſands more (or elſe they are belide)
Each age is peſtred with; And yet beſide,
Vanities proper unto each degree,
Millions of thouſands I ſuppoſe there be.
Princes have theſe; They very baſely can
Suffer themſelves that have the rule of Man,
To be o'er-borne by villaines: ſo inſteed
Of Kings they ſtand, when they are ſlaves inde
By bloud and wrong a heavenly Crown they'l
T'aſſure their State here (often to a ſtranger.)
They quickly yeeld unto the batteries
Of ſlie inſinuating flatteries;

Moſt bountifull to fooles, too full of feare;
And farre too credulous of what they heare;
So given to pleaſure, as if in that thing
Conſiſted all the Office of a King.
But if herein my harmleſſe halting Rimes,
Were onely ti'd unto this Place and Times,
And ſhould of none but of my Soveraigne tell,
Spight of her heart ſhe could not ſpeake but well.
For I ſuppoſe (the Truth I muſt confeſſe)
That *Vanity* no Prince ere harbor'd leſſe
Than he hath done, unleſſe corrupted ſtories
Rob former ages of deſerved glories.
If any ſay, to ſooth I now deviſe,
His heart I know will tell his tongue he lies:
And did not I thinke true what here I ſing,
Juſtice I would not wrong to pleaſe the King.
Great men are vaine too, in much ſeeking fames;
With *Nimrod* and his mates; they raiſe their names
By building Babels. Yea and they ſuppoſe,
Honour conſiſts in titles and in ſhowes.
They *Thraſo*-like in Paraſites delight,
That doe in preſence claw, in abſence bite.
They uſe their pleaſures not as pleaſures now,
Or recreations as 'twere fit: but how?
'Tis all their care; their chiefe and only joy;
In ſatisfying which they doe imploy
Both wealth and wit and all. If they would take
Something in hand for recreations ſake,
They are with pleaſures ſo o'er-cloid we ſee,
It muſt be that which their affaires ſhould be:
O *wondrous* Vanity! And all their care
Is for rich raiment and the curious fare;
To pampring their fleſh when all is but in vaine,
For duſt it was and ſhall to duſt againe.

Then fith their evils we ſeeme not to ſee,
(In vaine) they thinke that they well thought of
Tuſh; men doe ſpare their lewdneſſe to repeat;
Why? cauſe th'are faultleſſe; No, becauſe th'are gre
But for their vices, though now none dare ſhow th
Vnleſſe they mend, another Age ſhall know them
And therefore if they count their Honours deare,
Let them be *good* as well as *great-men* here.
Let them leave *Vanity*, and not ſuppoſe
The world will ever blinded be with ſhowes.
For that great mighty *Peere* that died lately,
Ere while was mighty, powerfull and ſtately:
He was much croucht unto, and much implor'd;
Yea, almoſt, like a Demi-god ador'd.
He onely (as my ſelfe have heard ſome prate)
Was the upholder of the *Britanes* State.
And all the wit this Kingdome did containe,
Some thought was harbour'd in his little braine
And had he liv'd (if all be true men ſay)
He might have well beene *Pater Patriæ*.
But now (alas) hee's gone, and all his Fame
You ſee not able to preſerve his Name
From foule *reproch*: but each one breakes his m
Which ſhewes that though they winkt they were
In ſpight of all his *greatneſſe*, 'tis well known (b
That ſtore of rimes and libels now are ſown
In his diſgrace. But I here divers ſay.
That they are ſlanders. (Then the more knaves
That were the Authors) but if ſo it be
He were from thoſe vile imputations free;
If that his vertue's paid with ſuch a curſe,
What ſhall they look for, that are ten-times wo
Well Nobles; I'l the Court ere long ſurvay:
And if I finde among you ſuch as ſtray

hrough vanity or pride (unleſſe they be
ffences flowing from infirmity)
there be no man that dare tax you for't,
y *Muſe* ſhall doe it; e'en to make me ſport.
or though ſhe keepe but a plaine hobbling forme,
he ſhall have wit enough to make you ſtorme.
will not ſpare you thus, till death doth fet yee;
ut rub you whilſt you are alive to fret yee.
et doe not think I meane to blaze your ſhame
ſcattered libels that ſhall want a name:
lo, I hate that: I'l tell the ils you doe,
nd put my name for witneſſe thereunto.
hen 'tis but fetching me *ad Magiſtratum*,
nd laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum*:
hich though you prove not, rather yet than faile
ou were beſt hang or clap me in to Iaile.
o ſtay my tongue, ſo much you may doe to me,
nd that's the worſt I know that you can doe me.
But whither runs my over-ſawcy pen?
here's *vanity* beſides in Noblemen.
he Gentleman for ſome repute but vaine,
eyond his power often times doth ſtraine.
ur Yeomen too, that never Armes have borne,
o Gentilize it makes themſelves a ſcorne:
t their gaine's envy, with a greater charge;
ct of theſe fooles the Catalogue is large.
Then ere that leſſon be halfe taken forth,
hey muſt adde knight-hood, or 'tis nothing worth.
ony may get it, therefore many ſue it,
lthough with ſhame and beggery they rue it.
nd credit they expect in vaine thereby,
or it turnes rather to their infamy;
ecauſe it is beſtowed without deſerts:
nd yet in troth our Knights have done their parts:

For moſt have well deſerv'd it; but as how?
Bravely in Field; *e'en in a field at plow.*
But why looke we in meere humanity,
For that which ſavours not of vanity;
Sith Divine mattars cannot quite be free,
But with the ſame muſt oft corrupted be?
Divines ſtrive not ſo much how to impart
The trueſt doctrines; as to ſhew their art.
They grace their ſpeech, more with vaine words
Than with grave ſayings needfull and profound,
But 'tis a vaine thing, wondrous full of ſhame,
And in my judgement highly merits blame,
To paint o'er that, whoſe beauty's never fuller
Than when it ſhines forth in its proper colour.
Againe, on *Accidents* they arguing ſit,
And doe meane while the ſubſtance oft omit
Of moſt eſſentiall matters. And ſo they ſtand
(With many wrangling ſpirits in this Land)
Vpon ſuch idle queſtions as they know
'Tis no great matter on which ſide they goe:
And ſuch as beſt (in my conceit) befits
None but unquiet and ſeditious wits.
Here's my opinion: be they not the chiefe
Grounds of Religion, or the ſame *Beliefe*
Salvation comes by, that men goe about
By their new-fangledneſſe to bring in doubt.
So't be not that they touch (as ſure they dare not)
Let all the reſt goe which way twill, I care not.
Have not our Lawyers many vaine delaies,
Vnneceſſary *Writs* and idle ſtaies,
To lengthen out mens ſuits, when they might ſoy
The party faulty e'en with halfe that quoyle?
They'l for their fee relate ſome pretty Tale,
Like the wiſe ſtory of old *Iacket'h vale*,

hich (if they once have thorowly begun)
ndoes them quite that tarry til't be done,
cke Doe, Dicke Roe, with whom y'ad ne'er to doe,
hey'l bring to help your cause, and God knows who
nd for your benefit they can afford
any a fooliſh, ſenſeleſſe, idle word.
hich they I know will not account as vaine,
h that 'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.
Beſides, as I ſuppoſe their Lawes are pend
their old *Pedlers French*, unto this end
he Vulgar ſhould no farther knowledge reach,
han what ſhall pleaſe their Maſterſhips to teach:
elſe they have the ſelfe-ſame policie.
at mov'd thoſe Patrons of the Papacy
ho *Sacred Writ* in forraine tongues conceal'd
ſt that their knaviſh tricks ſhould be reveal'd.
t, can they not in our owne language finde
ords of ſufficient force t'expreſſe their minde?
at cannot be denied: but tis a trouble,
eaſie to counterfeit and double
a knowne tongue; when the other but a few
n underſtand, but that obſtreperous Crew.
Theſe make the Lawes almoſt to none effect;
eir courſes are ſo wondrous indirect.
them they favour they delaies can grant,
ough *Iuſtice* her due expedition want.
metimes upon one matter we may ſee.
at ſundry judgements ſhall pronounced be:
w there's a motion granted, next day croſt,
fee and labours to no purpoſe loſt:
d ſtill the Client ſhall be ſo deluded, (cluded
at when he hopes al's done, there's nought con-
y though we heare the utmoſt ſentence paſt,
ich by all courſe of Law ſhould be the laſt,

Why then I ſay (though all ſeeme wholy ended)
Yet may the *Execution* be ſuſpended:
And for ſome trifle to the poore mans terror,
Be cald in queſtion by a *Writ of Error.*
So that the right oft yeelds unto the ſtronger,
When poore mens purſes can hold out no longer.
Oh miſerable ſtate! What ſhould we ſay?
May not the *Country* thinke themſelves a prey
Theſe *Ravens* live on? May we not ſuppoſe
By their delaies, and ſome ſuch tricks as thoſe,
They practiſe onely how to cheat and gull;
And on our ruines fill their gorges full?
Yes queſtionleſſe, for they themſelves doe raiſe
Vnto this height on other mens decaies:
Not their owne vertues. Oh, though it be too l
Yet let me wiſh that we had kept the ſtate
And ſimple *Innocence* we once retain'd,
For then we had not of this ill complain'd;
Nor yet thoſe movers of ſedition knowne
(Now to a many-headed Monſter growne.)
But ſith that time is paſt we may complaine,
Yet muſt ne'er looke to ſee thoſe daies againe.
We have good Lawes, but they (too) ſeem in
Sith they according to each Lawyers braine
May be now wreſted to and fro, to make
The matter good that he doth undertake.
I'l ſay it plainely and yet not belie them;
There's few but *rich men* can have *juſtice* by th
And pray you judge if that Law be not vaine,
Which when it is enacted (to reſtraine
Some priviledge or cuſtome that hath ſtood
As a great hindrance to the publike *good*)
Should of its vertue be ſo ſlightly gull'd,
As by a licence to be diſanull'd.

Mor

Moreover there be some too much to blame,
: *pœnall Lawes* are onely made in vaine ;
ade in *terrorem tantum*, to affright,
nd not for execution of the right.
nd I may liken them unto those *l gs*
hat *Iupiter* threw downe to rule the *Frogs:*
t first they come forth with such thundring terror,
hat we doe tremble to commit an error:
t in a day or two they are so still,
r ought I see we may doe what we will:
nlesse that we be *poore*, or some despight us.
hen peradventure they'l go neere to fright us
twelve-moneth after. If so long they last,
venty to one then all the furie's past.
Did you but note it, you would much admire
see how strictly *Iustices* enquire
daies of sitting, what abuses raigne:
w those they threat, that slackly doe complaine;
w they will raile, and fume, and chafe, and storme,
if all evils they will quite reforme
thin a moment. But things *violent*
not you know be long time *permanent*.
r is their *zeale*, for surely (God amend it)
e twice-twelve houres will both begin and end it.
But why are they so earnest then? Oh know,
at the small springs within the dales below,
de gently on untill a Land-floud fils
ir empty channels from the higher hils,
d then they'l swell untill they can discharge
ir burthens in some plaine to runne at large:
these *low Magistrates* would gladly sleepe,
l their owne ease crooked channels keepe;
when that any streame of *Iustice* showers,
comes downe to them from the higher powers.

Then

Then peradventure they'l grow big a day,
And *Iuſtice* ſhall have courſe the neareſt way:
Then in a little ſpace ſhe muſt be faine
To run within their winding banks againe.
Some falſely have affirmed *Iuſtice* blinde,
Yet I am ſure ſhe knoweth where to finde
(If that ſhee be diſpoſed there to looke)
Who gives her day-workes by her counting-booke
Nay ſhe knowes Capon, Turkie, Gooſe and Swan,
And thee I warrant, from another man
What ere thou be. But whileſt ſhe ſees ſo plaine,
It is no wonder we have Lawes in vaine.
Alſo when *officers* doe undertake
Their charge at firſt, Lord, what a quoyle they mak
A *Drunkard* cannot with his capring feet
Cut out indentures as he walkes the ſtreet,
But hee's ſtraight ſtockt for it; or for his offence,
By fining to the poore he muſt diſpence.
Then thoſe perhaps that ſlackly doe frequent
Gods divine ſervice, ſomewhat ſhall be ſhent;
And many other goodly deeds they'l doe,
But theſe grow quickly weary of them too.
Againe, ſometimes comes out a *Proclamation*
Which threatens on the paine of Confiſcation,
That no *Recuſant* doe preſume to ſtay
Within ten miles oth' Court, from ſuch a day.
Yet ſure 'tis notwithſtanding meant that ſome
Should dayly to the *Preſence-chamber* come;
And ſhrowd within a furlong on't or two.
Some *Great-ones* may: and ſo I hope they doe.
And by their owne *Authority* no doubt.
May keepe the reſt from danger thereabout.
Piſh; they at ſuch a matter will but ſcoff,
Cauſe they know ſurely how to put it off.

Yet I'l not ſay it is in vaine, for why?
The peoples heads are ſet on worke thereby:
And 'tis moreover for our ſatisfaction,
Who elſe might thinke the *State* were out of action.
But oh you noble *English Senators*,
Our Kingdomes Guard, and Princes Counſellors,
How can you ſee your labours ſo miſus'd?
Or brooke to have your Soveraigne ſo abus'd;
Doe you ſuppoſe that it deſerves no blame,
To make a Scar-crow of the *Regall Name*?
And to erect it on ſome common ſtall,
There to be gaz'd on, to no end at all:
Reſpect it more and uſe it not for courſe
Or faſhions ſake, but ſhew it hath ſome force.
Pluck out thoſe vipers that for feare of harme
Their chilled ſpirits in your boſomes warme.
Perceive you not their ſtings? No danger feare yee;
Oh 'tis apparent let them not ſhrowd neare yee;
For if they doe, 'tis doubtleſſe the concluſion,
If God prevent not, will be your confuſion.
Yet all (for ought I ſee) ſhould ſtill remaine,
Were there not ſome, who (out of *zeale* to gaine
More than Religion, or their Countries weale)
Their ſcurvy baſe conditions to reveale,
In begging and in trifling of ſome few.
But they their owne corruptions rather ſhew
Than redreſſe any. More I here could utter
But I me thinks already heare ſome mutter,
As if I ſhould be ſure of *Romes great curſe*:
But then I'me ſure I ſhall be ne'er the worſe.
Yea, let them goe to *Rome*, curſe, ban and ſpare not;
I'l ſit at home and laugh; becauſe I care not.
But why do I of Lawes alone complaine,
Sith all man deales in, is in ſome ſort vaine?

Religion

Religion is with *Ceremonies* ſtuft,
And with vaine-glory and preſumption puft.
Now our Almes-deeds, and gifts of charity,
Are done for ſhew and with hypocriſie.
Yea, all's made *vaine*: for if you would but vie
Our *Vniverſities*, indeed 'tis true
There you may yet ſee, how that heretofore,
In better daies, have beene erected ſtore
Of *Palaces*; (which curious built are ſtill
A faire remembrance of the worke-mens skill)
Which, leſt that *knowledge* in the land ſhould fade,
Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,
That there the *Muſes* (ſhelter'd from the rages
Of former, preſent, and ſucceeding ages)
Might ſafely live, and not beholding be
To *Pyen* for his hoſpitality.
'Tis alſo true, there wants not to ſuſtaine
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertain
Such as deſire *knowledge*. There's enough;
The worthy *Founders* have provided ſo.
But of theſe profits why now make they ſtay?
Beſt ſell't, or let ſome Courtier beg't away.
For publike gifts ere turn'd to private uſes,
Faire Colledges are full of foule abuſes.
And their Revenues I account as vaine,
Becauſe they lazie *Dunces* do maintaine,
Who to themſelves doe claime the profits, by
Nothing but witleſſe Seniority.
Such as have *Beard* (with reverence be't ſpoken)
Of profound learning have not marke, nor token.
Good *Founders* dreaming not of theſe Abuſes,
Gave them at firſt to charitable uſes:
But we finde now all alter'd, and the due
Which ſhould by right upon deſert enſue,

Like ſhoocs in Court, is bought and ſold:
And places may be had, but how? for gold.
There as elſewhere they now are growne ſo bad,
Without *Quid dabis*, nothing can be had.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee what *Avarice* can doe.
But, are the *Muſes* taken with it too?
Oh no: for they eſteeme ſuch gaine a loſſe;
And their high ſpirits ſcorne ſuch earthly droſſe.
How then? There are ſome *Cormorants* crept in,
Who in their youth pretended to have bin
Addicted unto *knowledge*; when alas,
'Tis well ſeene ſince that all their purpoſe was
To ſnort in eaſe; augmenting ſtill their ſtore,
Till they grew wealthy and their houſes poore.
Foule *Droanes* whoſe voices muſt be hir'd with mony
Starving the bees while they devoure the hony.
But oh you birds of *Athens*, cleere your hals,
And drive thoſe lazie Hornets from your ſtals.
Through them it is men thinke you covetous,
They make your groves and walks grow ſcandalous.
But how will you diſcerne them? marry thus
Sith they have made themſelves notorious,
I'l point them out: And though their heads they ſhrowd
As *Venus* did *Æneas* in a cloud,
I'l ſo unmaske them; if their eares they ſhow,
You ſhall be able to ſay, There they goe.
Firſt note them, there are ſome by bribes and fees
Can ſoone paſſe thorow two or three degrees:
And if they ſue for ought are not deni'd it,
When better *Students* muſt be put beſide it.
Then there be others who their neſts to feather,
Can keepe an Office nineteene yeeres together,
Enforcing many unto penury,
To have therewith to feed their *luxury*.

Note

Note you not ſome at fifty winters ſtudy,
That have their wits ſo thin, and braines ſo muddy,
They muſt procure of other men to doe
Thoſe exerciſes they were cal'd unto?
And ſit there not of Dunces pretty ſtore
From Sun to Sun at every Tradeſmans dore?
Huge fat curmudgeons? Tell me (I thinke no)
Doe *commons* of three halfe-pence feed them ſo?
Or can ſuch puffes ſo Humberkin-like ſet,
Into a Pulpet once in ſeven yeere get?
Sure if they doe, their memories ſo weake,
When they come there they know not what to ſpeak
Nor are they halfe ſo fit if't came to proofe,
To ſerve for Paſtors as to hang at roofe.
It is no marvell then that blockiſh rout
Retaine their places and keepe better out;
For no good patron that doth conſcience make,
Will unto them the charge of ſoules betake,
Becauſe, if ſuch the flocke of *Chriſt* ſhould keepe,
No queſtion they would make but carrion ſheepe.
Then they muſt ſtay; yet in their ſtay they'l be
A plague unto the *Univerſitie*.
For over and above the miſchiefes nam'd,
The *Vice* for which the younger ſort is blam'd
They are moſt guilty of. For forc'd to tarry,
Through want, and by their lawes forbid to marry:
Thence ſprings it that the Townesmen are reputed,
Thus by a common voice to be *cornuted*.
For I have knowne that ſuch have daily beene
Where younger ſchollers never durſt be ſeene.
And all (unleſſe that they have eies like Moles)
May ſee thoſe Foxes uſe the Badgers holes.
Nor hath their lewdneſſe in the action ſtaid,
But on the place a fouler blemiſh laid.

Which

Which here indeed I doe forbeare to name,
Leſt it be to the place I love, a ſhame.
And for becauſe I feare ſome ſpitefull mate
May tax them with it who ſuch dealing hate,
Brought in by them, for who is ſo impure,
But he that liveth like an Epicure?
Oh *Muſes*, ſeeke in time to roote theſe weeds,
That marre your gardens and corrupt your ſeeds.
And you that are appointed Viſitors,
Who ought to have bene ſtrict inquiſitors,
To ſearch the foule abuſes of theſe times
And ſee them puniſh'd; Oh let theſe my rimes
Move you to helpe reforme this villanie;
Or let the hate of damned perjurie
Stir up your zeal theſe evils to reſtraine,
If not for love of good for feare of paine.
Which elſe (though you ſet light as at your heele)
As ſure as God is juſt your ſoules ſhall feele.
Doe you not ſee now, all the wondrous coſt
Of worthy *Benefactors* vainly loſt?
The Lands, Revenues, Cuſtoms, Charters, Rents
Which they have left for divers good intents,
Vainely imploi'd? See the *Student* poore
For whom it was ordain'd, ſtands at the doore
And may not enter; whilſt the golden *Aſſe*
Is quietly admitted in to paſſe.
And ſhroud himſelfe within thoſe ſacred *gates*,
Which were't not for commoditie, he hates.
You ſacred *Genii* that did once attend
Thoſe well devoted *patrons* to their end;
Although your bodies be entomb'd in clay,
Since you ſurvive (becauſe you live for aye)
Looke downe on your abuſed gifts, and ſee
What ods twixt th'uſe and your goodmeanings be.

Come

Come and behold, how the laborious sits
Sharing some hungry Commons, scarce two bits;
(And that but when a double *gauday* haps,
Full glad alas at other times with scraps)
While that the *lazie Dunce* on dainties feeds.
Oh come (I say) if you respect your deeds,
And fright them with some ghastly visions then
They may have more remorse for their offence.
If I could take on me some hideous forme,
I'de either make them their bad lives reforme,
Or feare them quick to hell. But I am vaine,
To call for your assistance or complaine,
Because I doubt this fault will ne'er be mended
Vntill all evill with the world be ended.
Learning is vaine too; or so made at least,
Consider it, I speake it not in jest:
Doe we not see that those who have consum'd
Halfe a mans age in Schooles, and have assum'd
Degrees of Art, and hourely ov'erlooke
Many a leafe, many a wisemans booke,
Still study to know, fellowes that can,
As they themselves thinke put downe any man
That dares of *prædicables* to dispute,
Yea, such as can too if need be, refute
Knowne truths; and that in *Metaphysicall*,
Much more I think, in matters *Naturall*
Seeme greatly read, doe we not see, I say?
That these from study being tane away
For some imployments in the Publike-weale,
Are such as it might shame them to reveale
Their simple cariage, sooner they'l speak Treason,
Than any thing that shall be law or reason.
Aske their opinion but of this or that,
They'l tell a tale they scarcely know of what:

nd at the laſt, you muſt be well appaid,
ith *This the Poet*, or *This Tully ſaid*.
other mens opinions ſhall be ſhowne,
t very ſeldome any of their owne.
What is't to heare up a great multitude
words and ſayings like a *Chaos* rude?
o ſay a Latine Diſticke out of *Cato*,
ite *Ariſtotle* or ſome peece of *Plato*,
nd divers more, yet like a blockiſh Elfe,
able to ſay nought at all himſelfe?
s if it were all well, and he had plaid it,
he can once ſay, *Such a man hath ſaid it*.
Then by their actions who gather can
hey have more knowledge than another man;
th they doe worſe abſurdities commit
han thoſe that ſeeme their *juniors* in wit?
s if they thought it were enough to know,
nd not with knowledge unto practiſe go.
hoſe may be learned, and of learning prate;
t for affaires of Country or of State,
my conceipt they are as farre unfit
s fooles and madmen that have loſt their wit:
nd notwithſtanding all their ſtudious paine,
count their Learning and their Knowledge vaine.
But thinke not that I *Knowledge* fruitleſſe deem,
r count thoſe men who in the *Academe*
oe ſpend their times, unfitting men to deale
bout imployments of the Common-weale.
o; for I ever this account did make,
hat there are thoſe know beſt to undertake
reat Offices; and ſurely ſuch as have
oth knowledge and deſert: yet ſhall they ſave
ut their owne credits. Th'other who are known
o have no gifts of nature of their own,

For

For all their knowledge gotten in the Schooles,
Are worse by much ods than unlearned Fooles.
Now thou that wouldst know rightly these
Goe but a while and talke with *Coriate*,
And thou wilt soone be able to maintaine,
And say with me, that *Learning's some-where v*
Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
Where now *despised-vertue* should have grace,
She were *vaine* too, and those that lov'd her best,
Were to be counted *vaine* above the rest.
For they be sure of all these worldly crosses,
That whosoever gaine, their's must be the losses,
Iustice is wanting so: for if that men
Commit an ill the Law gives smart; but when
They doe performe a vertuous deed (tis hard)
There's no Law here that gives them a reward.
Nay, if a man by wrong suspition be
Brought into any wofull misery,
If he be rackt and tortur'd so, that Death
May pleasure him by stopping of his breath:
And if at last by proofes it doth appeare:
That he of the suspected crime is cleare,
Onely he may his life by that meanes save;
But shall no other satisfaction have.
Yea, and he must be glad and well content
He hath his life for being *innocent*:
Where of he would full glad have ridden bin,
To scape the torments they had plung'd him in.
'Tis meere *Injustice*. And I say againe,
In this Age to be good it were in vaine.
But that it one day shall rewarded be
By heavens *Chiefe-Iustice*, with Eternity.
I will not here endeavour to reveale,
The vaine Trades crept into our common-weale

nely I say (and so I thinke will any,)
ould lesse there were for such there be too many.
But I must needs declare their vanity
ho build their treasure and felicity
n things meere frivolous as *honour*, *streng'h*,
leasure and *wealth* and *beauty*; which at length,
ea in short time must fade. High *Titles* plac'd
ithout desert are not alone disgrac'd,
nd lose that reputation of their owne;
ut shame them too, on whom they are bestowne.
What's *Nobleneſſe* of birth but meerely *vaine*?
nleſſe that in the *linage* there remaine
ome noble qualities, which in them bred,
hey have deriv'd from predeceſſors dead?
What's *honour*, but e'en *ſmoke* and idle *fame*?
thing consisting onely in a *name*;
hich if you take away then you take all,
or *Alexanders* glory was not small:
et were he nameleſſe, what would then remaine,
is honourable Titles to retaine,
th that his best part from the earth is fled,
nd th'other, though remaining here, now dead?
Then if that *honour* no advantage bring
o soule nor body, but doth wholly cling
nto the name who care or paines would take,
If he be wise) a *Trophie* vaine to make
nto the same, which may enjoyed be
y many thousand other men; whilst he
ots. And which three mens *vertues* (I'l maintaine)
race not so much, as one mans *vice* shall staine?
Were't onely for a name that men did well,
nd strove in *vertues* others to excell,
hat good had *Simon* the *Apoſtle* gain'd
ore than the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd?

And

And how ſhould we give each of them his fame,
Who living, being two, had but one name?
Were outward honour all that vertue got,
He were a wiſe man that eſteem'd it not.
But ſhee's the bodies comfort till it die,
And ſoules companion to eternity.
Vulgar Repute; what is thereby acquir'd?
Why is't ſo glorious, and ſo much deſir'd?
But I doe chiefly marvell what they ment,
That have preferr'd it before their owne content.
I hold it *vaine* and wondrous frivolous,
Extreamely fooliſh and ridiculous,
That any man ſhould ſtand in greater feare
What he doth unto other men appeare
Than to himſelfe; or ſtrive ſo much (poore Elfe)
To ſeeme to other *Gods*; when to themſelves,
Th'are worſe than *divels*. Why, I ſay, ſhould they
With vaine repute be ſo much born away?
And why boaſt men of ſtrength that laſt no longer
And ſeeing the bruit creatures are farre ſtronger?
A woman may bind *Sampſon* with her charmes,
And little *David* ſlay a man at armes;
For God doth make (as holy Scriptures ſpeake),
Strong things to be confounded by the weake.
Then ſome are *vaine* in pleaſures; like to him
Who for becauſe he in delights would ſwim,
(In theſe our daies) to pleaſe his beſtiall ſenſes,
Made twenty hundred crownes one nights expence.
I onely doe forbeare to tell his name,
Leſt he ſhould hap to vaunt upon the ſame.
But why in *Beauty* ſhould men glory ſo;
As well we may perceive there's many do;
Sith 'tis no better than a fading flower,
That flouriſhes and withers in an hower?

t would not ſave the good King *Davids* ſonne,
rom being juſtly by his foes undone:
Nay there's ſcarce any that enjoy the ſame
Can keepe unto themſelves an honeſt Name.
We ſee moreover men vaine-glorious grow,
n *building* and *apparell*; all's for ſhew;
And yet the *Prince* that's gorgious in array,
Muſt lie as naked as his *Groome* in clay.
And though that men to build ſo curious be,
How worthy of contempt it is we ſee,
n that th'*arch-King* of heaven, earth and all,
Was very well contented with a *Stall*.
What minde are they in, who ſuppoſe to raiſe
y ſuch a *vanity* an endleſſe praiſe?
When as they daily ſee by obſervation,
Time utterly decaies the ſtrong'ſt *Foundation*.
Where are thoſe wonderous high *Pyramides*,
That were admired at in former daies?
And of thoſe huge *Coloſſi* what remaines?
(Which to erect now were an endleſſe paines)
Nothing almoſt; no ſcarce his name that ſpent
The paine and coſt of ſuch a *Monument*:
f that be ſo, how much more *vanity*
s it to hope for Fames eternity, (mending
y ſuch ſlight trifles whoſe ground-worke needs
efore the roofe be brought unto an ending?
Again, ſome thinke how ere their lives they ſpend,
et if they can attaine to in the end
glorious *Funerall* and be interr'd
With idle pompe and ſhow, or be preferr'd
a bald *Sermon* for ſome one good deed
hey did the Common-wealth, for their own need:
r by their owne, or friends procurement have
n their unworthy ſcarce-deſerved grave

A goodly *Epitaph*; they thinke al's well.
Alas poore silly men! what can they tell
How long 'twill stand before't be razed downe
But say it bide a while; what faire renowne
Can in a peece of *Carved Marble* be?
What can a gilded *Tombe* then profit thee?
Preserve thy fame, I know it cannot passe
The wondrous *heape* that once erected was,
And yet e'en at this present doth remaine
Not farre from *Sarum* on the *Westerne* plaine.
Yet who can say directly (or what story
Doth absolutely mention) for whose glory
That first was founded? or by whom? or why?
And if a deed of such great wonder die.
Dost thou suppose by a few carved stones,
(Scarcely enough to cover o'er thy bones)
To be *immortall* if thou long to live
After thy death, let noble vertue give
And adde that living glory to thy name.
Let her sound forth the trumpet of thy fame,
And it shall last. For she knowes how to place it
Where *Time* nor *Envy* shall have power to race it
I say, endeavour to be vertuous here,
So shall thy sacred *memory* be deere
To those that live; and whilst thy body lies
Entomb'd on earth, thy soule shall mount the skies
But if in pleasure thou hast lived long,
And tooke delight in seeking bloud and wrong
When that the *evill day* shall come to end thee,
The curse of the oppressed shall attend thee,
Thy soule shall pray for't, and the selfesame grave
Thou for thy *honour* didst suppose to have,
Shall be thy shame; for those that travell by it,
Shall often curse it, yea deride, defie it;

nd to each other say, *There doth he lye,*
hat acted such or such a villany.
Then why should gay clothes be delighted in,
h they are but a badge of our first sin?
nd yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions
e borrow now adaies from other Nations.
Some we have seene in Irish trouzes goe,
nd they must make it with a codpeece too,
me (as the fashion they best like) have chose
he spruce diminutive neat *French-mans* hose.
Another lik't it once but now he chops,
at fashion for the drunken *Switzers slops*.
nd cause sometimes the fashions we disdaine
f *Italy*, *France*, *Netherland* and *Spaine*,
eele fetch them farther off. For by your leaves,
e have *Morisco* gownes, *Barbarian* sleeves,
lonian shooes, with divers far-fetcht trifles,
ch as the wandring *English* Gallant rifles
range Countries for. Besides our Taylors know
ow best to set apparrell out for show.
either shall be gathered stitcht or lac'd,
se plaited, printed, jagd, or cut and rac'd,
any way according to your will,
r wee have now adaies learn'd much *vain* skill.
But note you, when these gue-gawes once be made,
nd that this cunning Master of his Trade
ust bring it home. For, there lies all the jest,
see when the poore slave hath done his best
o mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
can set right what Nature crooked made)
hen he hath fitted to his power, and trickt,
hom he would please, when he hath brusht & pickt
n till he sweat againe: Yet (though he spies
ce any fault) *You rogue, the Gallant* cries,

A plague confound thee; looke here how this sits;
Zounds, 'tis a mile too wide, where were thy wits?
See, this is halfe too long, that halfe too short,
'Sblood I could find in heart to knocke thee for't.
Then for the faults behind he lookes in Glasse:
Strait raves againe; and cals his Taylor Asse,
Villaine, and all the Court-like names he can,
Why I'l be judg'd (saies he) *here by my man,*
If my left shoulder seeme yet, in his sight,
For all this bumbast, halfe so big's the right.
How is he serv'd? This day he should have
With such a Lord or Lady into *Kent*;
To *Hampton-Court* to morrow comes the Quee
And there should he with certaine friends have
Villaine (he cries) goe instantly and mend it:
And see with all the speed you can, you send it:
Or by his sword the *Gallant* sweares, he will
Make thee to wait twice twelve-months with th
If ere he pay thee. Then the other takes it,
Carries it home againe, turnes, rubs and shak
Lets it lie still an houre or so, and then
As if 'twere alter'd, beares it back againe;
Then 'tis so fit, our *Gallant* cannot tell,
That ere he had apparell made so well.
Ere while saies he, faith I was angr'd sore,
Why couldst thou not have done it thus afore?
With many gentle speeches in amends,
And so these two, *vaine fooles*, grow quickly f
What shall I say of our superfluous fare?
Our beastly *veine*, and to excessive care
To please the belly? We, that once did feed
On homely roots and hearbs, doe now exce
The *Persian* Kings for dainties. In those C
A man would thinke they liv'd with Hay an

he *Diet* they are growne unto of late;
cels the Feasts that men of high estate
d in times past. For, there's both flesh and fish;
ith many a dainty new deviſed diſh.
r bread, they can compare with Lord and Knight;
ey have both, raveld, manchet, browne and white,
fineſt Wheat. Their drinks, are good and ſtale:
perry, Cider, Mead, Methoglin, Ale,
Beere they have abundantly. But then
his muſt not ſerve the richer ſort of men.
ey with all ſorts of forraigne *Wines* are ſped;
eir cellars are oft fraught with *White* and *Red*,
't *French, Italian, Spaniſh*, if they crave it:
y, *Grecian* or *Canarian*, they may have it.
te, *Pument, Vervage* (if they doe deſire)
Romney, Baſtard, Capricke, Oſey, Tire,
uſcadell, Malmſey, Clarey; what they will,
th head and belly each may have their fill.
Then if their ſtomacks doe diſdaine to eate
efe, *Mutton, Lambe*, or ſuch like Butchers meat:
that they cannot feed of *Capon, Swan,*
ucke, Gooſe, or common houſhould Poultry; then
heir ſtore-houſe will not very often faile,
o yeeld them *partrich, Pheſant, Plover, Quailes*,
any dainty fowle that may delight
heir gluttonous, and beaſtly appetite.
they are pampred whilſt the pooreman ſtarves.
t there's not all; for *Cuſtards, Tarts, Conſerves*,
uſt follow too; And yet they are no let
or *Suckets, March-panes*, nor for *Marmalet*;
ile, *Florentines, ſweet Sugar-meates and ſpices*,
(With many other idle fond devices)
ch as I cannot name, nor care to know.
d then beſides, the taſte, this made for ſhow.

For they muſt have it colour'd, gilded, printed,
With ſhapes of beaſts and fowles: cut, pincht, inde
So idlely, that in my conceit 'tis plaine,
They are both fooliſh and exceeding vaine.
And howſoe'er they of religion boaſt,
Their *belly* is the *God* they honour moſt.
But ſee whereto this daintineſſe hath brought
The time hath beene that if a *Famine* caught us,
And left us neither ſheepe, nor Oxe, nor Corne,
Yet unto ſuch a diet were we borne,
(Were we not in our Townes kept in by th' Foe
The woods and fields had yeelded us enough
To content Nature: And then in our needs
Had we found either *leaves*, or *graſſe*, or *weeds*
We could have liv'd as now there doth and can
With good contentment many an Iriſh man.
But in this age if onely *wheat* doe riſe
To any extraordinary prize:
Or if we have but *cheeſe* or *butter* ſcant,
(Though almoſt nothing elſe that is, we want)
Yord how we murmur, grumble, fret and pine,
A ſi fwe would upbraide the Powers Divine!
Tea, daily to provoke God, as the *Iewes*
Did in the wilderneſſe is now no newes.
But you that are ſo like to ſterve in plenties,
Becauſe you are a little barr'd your dainties:
Leave off your *Luxurie*, let me intreat;
Or there will come a *Famine* ſhall be great;
When ſoule nor body neither ſhall have food,
Or any thing to comfort them that's good.
We talke of ſcarcity: yet here there came
No want this twenty ages worth the name
Of *Famine*, but our gentle God hath bin
Exceeding merciſull unto our ſin.

Wheat at ten shillings, makes no dearth of bread,
Like theirs where once (we read) an Asses head
Cost fourescore silver peeces: Doves dung
Was highly priz'd: and Mothers eate their young.
Where *Famine* raign'd. Pray in the like we fall not
If we can fast with *Ninivie* we shall not.
But truly much I feare the same; unlesse,
We doe leave off our gluttonous excesse.
For though we quaffe and swill much time away,
Yet three set-meales will scarce suffice a day
To satisfie our last; whereas but one
Suffic'd our Predecessors, sometime none
Were a worke too tedious here to quote
The sundry *Vanities* that we may note
Spring from this *Greedinesse*. As our *Long sitting*,
A custome, rather, in my minde, befitting
Pagans and Epicures, than honest men,
But 'tis a use now common growne. And then,
This Foolery we have: We nothing deeme
That merits our desiring, or esteeme,
Save that which we have either dearely bought,
Or far-away from forraigne kingdomes brought.
Yea notwithstanding here in this our Land,
Those things be better and more neere at hand;
Yet we out of an idle humour are
So much more pleased with all forraine ware
Than with our owne that we the same detest;
And this our vaineneſse doth not onely rest
In meats and in apparell; but 'tis shown
In many things we least affect our owne.
Our home-made cloth, is now too course a ware,
For *Chyna* and for *Indian* stuffs we are.
For *Turkey Grow-graines Chamblets*, silken *Rash*,
And such like new devised forraine trash.

Yea, though our native Country-men excell
In any Trade, we like them not so well
As we doe Strangers: and (in very deed)
I thinke for vaine inventions they exceed.
And then moreover; when we doe not want
Any good wholesome, Hearb, or Fruit, or Plant
That may be necessary, fit or good,
Either to serve for Physick or for food,
Yet, those we sleight, as if we did abhor them,
And send to seeke in other Kingdomes for them.
So, while we onely make our use of them;
Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.
(Oh *Vanity*) our Country yeelds enough,
What need we *Grecian* or *Arabian* stuffe?
Why send we for them to those Countries thus?
'Twas planted there for them, and not for us.
What though it helpe them of diseases there?
The Climate, yea, and our complexions are
So different (for ought that I can gather,)
Here 't may not helpe our griefes, but poyson's rather.
That *Opium* which a *Turk* in safety will
Devoure at once, two *Englishmen* would kill.
And as I've heard experienc'd men to say,
That which will salve their wounds within a day
Who of the farthest *Easterne Countries* be,
Will not re-cure an *Englishman* in three.
Then sure if we should use that med'cine here,
It would not helpe nor cure us in a yeere.
Trust me; I think, this over-much respecting
Of forraigne drugs, and foolishly neglecting
Our native simples, is the cause that we
So little better for our Physick be.
Some in their writings praise *Tobacco* much:
Perhaps the vertue of it may be such

As they have ſaid; where firſt the ſimple grew.
But, if it be re-planted here a new,
From it owne ſoile where Natures hand did place it;
I dare not with thoſe properties to grace it
Which there it had: Nor can the *vertue* bide,
When 'tis tranſported to our Region drí'd.
Yet, 'tis almoſt a wonder to behold,
How generally now both young and old
Suck on that *Fo raine weed*. For ſo they uſe it,
Or rather (to ſpeake right) ſo they abuſe it,
In too oft taking; that a man would thinke
It were more needfull than their meat or drink:
But what's their reaſon? Doe not aske them why,
For neither can they tell you that, nor I:
Vnleſſe't be this: So they have ſeene ſome doe:
And therefore they forſooth muſt uſe it too.
Nay wonder not: The Sun lights not a Nation
That more affecteth apiſh imitation,
Than doe we Engliſh. Should we ſome man ſee
To weare his doublet where his hoſe ſhould be,
Pluck gloves on's feet, and put his hands in's ſhooes,
Or weare his Rings or Iewels on his toes;
And come ſo tired to our Engliſh Court,
Attended in ſome ſtrange prepoſt'rous ſort.
Some of our Courtiers would make much ado,
But they would get into that faſhion too.
For they ſo idle are that if they ſee
Thoſe that with Rhume a little troubled be,
Weare on their faces a round Maſtick patch,
Their fondneſſe I perceive is apt to catch
That for a faſhion. Nay, we cannot name
That thing ſo full of Barbariſme and ſhame
That they'l not imitate. Witneſſe this *ſmoake*,
Which, though at firſt it was enough to *choake*

Or ſtifle up the ſenſe; though twere unpleaſing
In taſt and ſavour; oftentimes diſeaſing
The takers bodies. Yet, like men halfe mad,
(Not knowing neither what effect it had)
Onely becauſe a rude and ſavage Nation (faſhi
Took't for ſome unknowne need, they'l make
Alas, what profit *England* at thy need
Haſt thou attain'd to, by this *Indian weed?*
What hath it lengthen'd life, or maintain'd health,
Or hath it brought thee more increaſe of wealth?
It dries ſuperfluous moiſture, doth't indeed?
Tane with diſcretion it may ſtand in need:
And ſurely it deſerves to be excus'd,
Being with honeſt moderation us'd.
But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,
That firſt did tak't in way of *Complement.*
For now it is as common at each meeting,
As *how'd yee*, or *God ſave yee*, for a greeting.
Hee's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,
Burnt pipes, *Tobacco* and his *tinder-box.*
And there, there be ſome who ſcarce abide it,
Yet alwaies will for company provide it:
With whom (though they alone the ſame eſchew)
They'l take it ill they ſpet and cough and ſpue.
Me thinks they may as well ſith this they'l doe,
At all their meetings take purgations too.
There's not a Tinker, Cobler, Shepheard now,
Or raſcall Ragamuffin that knowes how,
In a blinde Alehouſe to carouſe a pot,
Or ſwagger kindly, if he have it not.
You ſhall have ſome among them will not ſticke
To ſweare that they are for *Tobacco* ſick;
When by their raged out-ſides you would gather
It were for want of bread or victuals rather.

nd so I tak't. But now if you deny
h' affecting forraigne drugs, a *vanity*,
et you I hope will grant (because 'tis plaine)
he using of *Tobacco* thus is vaine:
meane in those that daily sit and smoake
lehouse and Taverne, till the windowes roake.
nd you must yeeld that we now justly *sumus*
en as the old verse sayes, *flos, fœnum, fumus.*
Some vainly much *Acquaintance* seeke to get,
nd often in a Strangers cause will sweat:
et these, where their best services are due,
o much their charity will scarsely shew.
The love of men some labour to attaine,
nd they have just the travell for their paine.
or what's the favour or the love of *Men?*
thing long getting and soone lost agen.
im I have knowne whose company hath seem'd
n the appearance to be so esteem'd
y many that in shew he hath appear'd
o be more nearely to their soules indear'd
han their owne bloud. And surely for the time,
But that *Inconstancie*'s a humane crime)
e hath beene so: For when he hath departed,
s if his absence inwardly had smarted,
ut of their eies full oft against their will,
have seene sorrow look and teares to trill.
nd yet againe hath my Experience seene
he selfe-same Man that hath so made of beene,
ven of those men he hath beene so respected,
fter some absence, either much neglected,
holly forgotten or they so estranged,
s if their love and good conceit were changed.
Which having found, weighed well the end,
nd thought them vaine that on the like depend.

Alſo, me thinks it makes me pretty ſport
To note the *vaineneſſe* of the greater ſort:
How full of *congees, courteſies* and *greetings*,
Embracements, and kind words they are at meeting
And oft what *memorandums* paſt betweene,
Of great good turnes, that nere perhaps have been
What *commendations* and *Ioyes* there be,
For one anothers good proſperity;
When howſoever they their malice ſmother,
They care not what becomes of one another.
To ſee me well, hee's glad at heart one cries,
When 'tis well knowne, that in his heart he lies.
Another bids me welcome to my face,
When he would leave my preſence for my place.
Yea, and to ſweare it too, he will not tremble,
Although he knowes I know he doth diſſemble.
Which in my judgement is a vanity
Too full of ſhameleſſe groſſe abſurdity;
And I much wonder men delight to ſpend
Time that's ſo precious, to ſo little end,
As to conſum't in idle complement,
And not ſo much as to a good intent:
Crouching and *kneeling*, when each *peaſant* knows
Much courteſie, much craft, the Proverb goes.
A quality beſeeming men I deeme't,
Ay to be courteous and I much eſteem't:
Yet ſure, without good meaning 'tis unfit,
And extreame *vaine* when men are cloyd with it.
When ſome mans *Table*'s furniſhed with ſtore,
Of dainties that a *Prince* can have no more,
Hee'l bid you welcome, *though that by your cheare*
It doth not (as hee'l ſay himſelfe) *appeare*:
And yet he ſees and knowes well that his *Board*
Have what the Water, Earth and Ayre affords:

With *pray ye eate, I drink t'yee, nay be merry,*
And such like words; I oft have beene as weary
To *thanke*, to *pledge*, and say *I doe not spare*,
As ere was *Sommers* of his trotting Mare.
I often have obserued in our Feasts,
Vanity which each free minde detests;
And this it is; when any one intends
For merriment to entertaine his friends,
And for them all things needfull doth prepare,
That they may well perceive they welcome are;
He marres the bounty of his loving feast
By his ill chusing some untastefull guest.
For so it often haps he doth invite
Some lofty *States-man* or proud neighboring-Knight
Who marres their freedome by his expectation
Of more than necessary obseruation.
And he must be a slaue unto that guest,
Contenting him, though he displease the rest.
This folly is: Were I as he; my Board
Should never entertaine the Knight or Lord
In way of feasting, that allow'd not *mee*
To be as merry and as blith as *hee*:
Or that through his disdaine would think amisse
To beare some jests of mine, as I beare his:
For who but fools would while their guest is baiting
Stand with bare-heads, like Ale-house keepers waiting
(As if they were some strangers wanted chearing)
In their owne houses, while they domineering
Say what they list. Be therefore rul'd by me,
Bid none but equals if you'l merry be.
At least let them be such as can abide,
To lay *Superiority* aside.
Moreover (if they have the providence
To bid their friends and keep their Mar-feasts thence)

They

They are too lavish and doe much devise,
How the they appetite may best suffice.
But 'tis a signe their understanding's small
That can afford them no discourse at all,
It shewes a shallow pate and muddy braine,
When men have nothing else to entertaine
Their friends withall, but *whiffes of smoke*, or dri
Or *curious fare*; as if that they did think
They could not shew their honest love unlesse
They did abound in Gluttonons excesse.
But there be many greedy-guts indeed,
That will finde fault unlesse their Cates exceed.
Such *Socrates* shewes how to answer best;
Who having for his friends prepar'd a feast,
And hearing one to discommend his store,
Told him directly, Friend, there needs no more:
For be they vertuous, here's enough for such;
If otherwise (quoth he) there is too much.
A fitter answer we can never find
For such nice Gluttons; differing in mind
From certaine deare and learned Friends of mine;
Whom when I late requested had to dine
Or sup with we one night would not agree,
Vnlesse I dresse what they appointed me,
I will, said I, and not a bit beside:
Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to provide
One dish, no more. (We love not him that crams
And let our *second course* be *Epigrams*.
So much they found with more good mirth & lau
Than those that had their dainties and their quaffi
Who can declare what *vanity* man shewes
In hearing and reporting *idle newes*?
The foolish tales and lies, that he doth faine,
Are more than any numbers can contain.

And now I think on that same *lying-evill*,
(A mischiefe first invented by the *Devill*)
I cannot chuse but greatly wonder why
Men should delight so in that *Vanity*.
It is not onely vicious and base,
But also doth their credits quite deface.
And *Truth* out of their mouthes is mis-esteem'd,
Because, oft lying, they are lyers deem'd.
I mean not any falshoods to maintain,
No though they be Officious or for gain.
Yet worse do like them, who their wits do bend
To coyn new tales unto no other end
But to provide the company some talk,
And cause they love to heare their own tongues Walk.
Some I have known (judge of their *vanity*)
That have told tales to their own infamie,
And yet untrue, 'tis like they have small care
Of others credits, when they will not spare
To wrong themselves. Another crew beside
Among these Lyars I have also spide,
Who (as it may appeare) did like so well
Strange news and matters past beleefe to tell,
That notwithstanding they do surely know
It makes not onely modest eares to glow,
But that 'tis known they lie, yet still they dare
Gainst *Truth, their own, & all mens knowledge* sweare
Yea, when they may as well, and speak as right,
Swear that each man is blinde, and all crows white.
Which is a daring and a lew'd offence,
Sprung from a brazen, hellish impudence.
Then there's a number too, that do suppose,
All that beyond their *little reason* growes
Is surely false; And vainly do uphold,
That all reports which *Travellers* unfold

Of forreigne Lands are lies, becauſe they ſee
No ſuch ſtrange things in their own Pariſh be;
If that I may not tearme ſuch fellows *vain*,
Ile ſay they're *dull*, and of a *ſhallow brain*:
And him I count no wiſe man that imparts
To men of ſuch baſe miſconceiving hearts
Any rare matter, for their bruitiſh wit
Will very quickly wrong both him and it.
For thus the ſaying goes, and I hold it ſo,
Ignorance onely is true wiſdomes foe.
Then thou art *vain* that wilt vouchſafe to ſpend
Thy breath with witleſſe people to contend
In weighty matters; when it is well known
They'l like of no opinions but their own:
Ever diſabling what thou didſt recite,
Yea, notwithſtanding it be ne'er ſo right.
And be their own caſe falſe, and all amiſſe,
They'l prove it true, How? Thus, *Becauſe it is.*
So if there be no more *wiſe-men* in place,
Thou bear'ſt the ſhame, and they'l have all the gra
And yet the miſchiefe hath not there an end:
For tell me, you that ever did contend
With ſuch; is not their wayward diſputation
A meer confuſion, and a ſtrong vexation?
I know 'tis ſo, for I my ſelfe have tride it,
And ſince that time could never yet abide it.
But let thoſe follow *vanity* together
With *purblinde ignorance*; and Ile ſend thither
To keep them company thoſe that take pleaſure
In tedious diſcourſe; they be at leaſure:
And thoſe that love to heare their own tongues wall
Still ſeeking opportunity of talk,
Shall not ſtay from them. Yet I have beheld
More *vanities* which muſt not be conceal'd:

As fooliſh *wiſhes*. Many a ſilly Aſſe
Covets thoſe things that cannot come to paſſe.
Another, that in wiſhing is as heedleſſe,
Deſires ſome trifling babies which are needleſſe.
Nay I have heard without regard or ſhame
Such beaſtly wiſhes as I bluſh to name.
What damn'd infernall curſes can each brother
In every angry fit wiſh one another? (yee,
When ſuch as theſe their jeſting words they'l make
A pox, a peſtilence, and a *Murraine* take yee.
Which if the Lord ſhould in his juſtice ſend them,
Their own *vain wiſhes* would e're long time end them.
Some free-born men I have obſerved too,
Who are thought wiſe, yet very *vainly* doe.
Theſe, as if they lack'd troubles of their own,
For other men are ſlaves and drudges grown.
I tax not ſuch as honeſtly have ſtood
In the maintaining a poore neighbours good;
But rather thoſe who are ſo out of meaſure
Enur'd to be for other men at leaſure,
That they can finde almoſt no time to be
Employd about their own commoditie.
Others there are more knaviſh, and as *vain*,
Who ſeeming careſull of anothers gain,
Intrude themſelves into their actions; when
'Tis not for any good they wiſh the men,
But for this cauſe, and ſure for nothing more,
In each mans Boat they love to have an Oare.
'Tis good to look to their affaires; but yet
I hold it for a *vain* thing and unfit
We ſhould be vexed with ſuch extream care
In following them, as many times we are:
For, unto me it ſeems, the *greateſt part*,
Take buſineſſe not in hand now, but in heart.

What

What mean our wealthy *Vſurers* to hoord
More up for others than they can afford
Vnto themſelves? Whereas they do not know
Whether it ſhall be for a friend or foe,
Sure ſuch me thinks ſhould be deſervedly.
Recorded for their ſottiſh *vanity*.
Now, as the moſt of wealth too-well do deem,
So others make thereof too-ſmall eſteem,
As of a thing whoſe uſe were of no weight,
But both are led away with vain conceit.
Then ſome mans care is, that when this life en
He dying, may be buried with his friends;
As if he fear'd his foes had not forgotten
To do him miſchiefe though their bones were rot
Others extreamly are diſtempered,
To think what men will do when they are dead;
And vainly ſit (more wit God one day ſend)
Lamenting what they know not how to mend.
For worthleſſe matters ſome are wondrous ſad:
Whom if I call not *vain*, I muſt terme mad.
If that their noſes bleed ſome certain drops,
And then again upon the ſudden ſtops:
Or if the babling fowl we call a *Iay*,
A *Squirrell*, or a *Hare* but croſſe the way:
Or if the ſalt fall towards them at table,
Or any ſuch like ſuperſtitious bable,
Their mirth is ſpoil'd, becauſe they hold it true
That ſome miſchance muſt thereupon enſue.
But I do know no little numbers be
Seduced with this fooliſh *vanitie*.
And queſtionleſſe although I diſcommend it,
There want not ſome that ſtoutly will defend it:
But all their proofe is onely this I know,
By daily triall they do finde it ſo,

Indee

deed 'tis true, God often by permiſſion,
o ſee if they will truſt to ſuperſtition
ore than to him, doth willingly ſupply
hat they ſo look'd for by their *Augurie*.
Then ſome to be eſteemed men of ſtate,
f nothing but the *Court* affaires do prate
they but come amongſt us Countrey-men,
ord, what *Magnificoes* they will be then!
ea, though they blow but the Kings *Organ-bellows*,
e muſt ſuppoſe them Earls and Barons fellows
elſe we wrong them. 'Twas my chance to light
a friends houſe, where one of theſe that night
ook up his lodging; at the firſt I deem'd him
man of ſome great place, and ſo eſteem'd him;
nd he took me for ſome ſoft Countrey gull,
hinking my wit (as 'tis indeed) but dull.
ut I perceiv'd his pride, I muſt confeſſe,
nd ſeem'd as if I had a great deale leſſe.
made him more fine *Congees* by a ſcore,
han e're he had at *Court* in's life before,
he *worship* and the *honour* too I gave him,
ut from the charge of either I dare ſave him.
et my high termes ſo pleas'd the *Courtiers* vein,
hat up he rips the newes of *France* and *Spain*,
f *Germany*, of *Denmark*, and of *Sweed*;
nd he had French ſtore, therefore I took heed.
hen next he tells me all their life at Court,
elates S. *Georges* ſhowes, and *Chriſtmas* ſport,
ith ſuch like talk; which I in ſhew deſir'd,
nd (as I ne'er had ſeen't before) admir'd:
hich he perceiving falleth to deviſe
ore ſtrange reports, and tells me ſundry lies,
hich ſtill I wondred at; and in his talk
noted, though his tongue did ever walk

He

He never ſpake of others than the beſt:
For Earls, and Lords, and Ladies were the leaſt
I heard him mentioning; when ſure the foole
Is but ſome ſervant to the Groom 'oth ſtoole.
But howſoever for this once he paſſes,
To ſhew the nature of his fellow-Aſſes.
I am afraid 'twill be to little end,
If I ſhould words and precious leaſure ſpend
To tell our *Gallants* what *vain* frivolous
Diſcourſe they have, and how ridiculous
They are at meetings. I have been for laughter
Often beholding to them a week after.
And truſt me, Ile not give a *Cue* ſo ſoon
To ſee an Ape, a Monkey, or Baboon
Play his forc'd tricks; as I would give a Teſter,
To come and view them and their Apiſh geſture,
When they are either frolike in their Cans,
Or courting of their light-heel'd Curtezans.
They think themſelves fine men (I know they
What will they give me and Ile think ſo too?
And yet I ſhall not ſure, do what I can,
They have ſo little in them that is man
For my *few yeares* have noted many fruits
Producted in fine ſilks and ſatten ſuites
Worth obſervation: I could now recite
Their brave behaviour in their Miſtreſſe ſight:
But ſure they'l ne'er endur't, they cannot do't,
Yet if I liſt now I could force them to't.
But lo I ſpare them, th'are beholding to me,
And may (perhaps) as great a favour do me.
But faith I may not, nor I cannot hold:
To keep in all their *vanities* untold,
At leaſt one humorous trick I muſt not miſſe,
Which lately I obſerv'd, and that was this;

Two *Lads* of late diſpoſed to be merry,
Met at a town not far from *Canturbury*.
Where though their buſineſſe ſcarce would let them ſtay,
They'd frolike out a night and then away.
So there they ſupt and ſlept; where I let paſſe
To tell their mirth in what good-faſhion 'twas:
But as I heard, the pariſh-clock ſtrook one
Before their merry-mad-conceits were done:
And then they went to bed, where I dare ſay
They'd more devotion to go ſleep than pray.
Next morn th'one waking ſuddenly upſtart,
And lightly girt out ſuch a boiſtrous——
It wak'd his fellow, who ſurpriz'd with wonder,
Leapt up amaz'd, and ſwore he heard it thunder.
Now whether ſtorme there were or no, 'twas ſed,
The Chamberpot o're-flow'd and drown'd the bed.
But, having pray'd a *curſe* or two, th'one riſes,
Then of his buſineſſe with himſelfe deviſes,
And thereupon doth like a carefull *man*,
Sweare he will thence with all the ſpeed he can.
Come pretbee riſe (quoth he) *and let's be gon*,
Yes, yes (quoth th'other) *I will come anon.*
Zounds hark, I think the clock ſtriks eight. Why when?
Oh, ſoon enough to break my faſt by ten.
Then *Chamberlain*, one call's aloud, *do'ſt heare*,
Come, bring us up a double-jug of Beer.
So either having drunk a good carouſe,
Down come the *Gallants* to diſcharge the houſe.
But taking leave, oh, what d'ye think they miſt?
Their *Hoſteſſe* (pretty woman) muſt be kiſt.
Then up ſhee's call'd, and in her night attire,
Down claps ſhe on a ſtoole before the fire;
Where having bid her welcome from her neſt,
Come ſay (quoth one) *what wine is't you like beſt?*

Truely

Truely (quoth she) *I use to drink no wine,*
Yet your best mornings-draught is Muskadine.
With that the Drawer's call'd to fill a quart,
(Oh! 'tis a wholsome liquor next the heart.)
And having drunk it whilst their heads were steady
They bad the Hostler make their horses ready:
Nay (quoth the Hostesse) *what needs all this haste?*
In faith you shall not go till dinner's past?
I have a dish prepared for the nones,
A rich Potato-Pie, and Marrow-bones;
Tea, and a bit which Gallants, I protest
I will not part with unto every guest.
With that the *Punies* lay aside their cloaks,
The glasses walk, and the Tobacco smoaks,
Till dinner comes, with which when they are fra
To get on horse-back by and by 'tis naught.
As having supp'd, 'tis good to walk a mile,
So after dinner men must sit a while.
But what? will they sit idle? 'twere a shame,
Reach them the Tables, they must play a game;
Yet, set them by again, for now I think
They know not when to leave: they'll rather drink
A health or two to some especiall friend,
And then i faith they mean to make an end.
Then one calls, *Drawer*: he cries, *What d'yee lack*
Rogue, bring us up a Gallon more of Sack.
When that's turn'd up, *Zounds* one wil drink no mo
But bids the Hostler bring his horse to dore:
The fellow might perform it without stay,
For why? they had been bridl'd up all day.
Then like good husbands without any words,
Again they buckled on their cloaks and swords;
But stepping out of dore their Hostesse meets them,
And with a full-fill'd boule demurely greets them.

The

This was her *pinte*, but they'll give her the tother,
Which drew the third down, and the third another
Vntill these *Gallants* felt their heads so addle,
Their bodies scarce could sit upright i'th saddle.
Then more to settle their unsteady brain,
They fell to their Tobacco once again:
At which they suck'd so long, they thought no more
On the poore jades which they left ty'd at dore:
Till that the Sunne declin'd unto the West.
Then starting up, th'one swore he thought 'twere best
That they went thence; and to his fellow said,
Come, we shall be benighted I'me afraid.
What if we be (quoth tother) *by this light,*
I know the time when I have rid all night:
By twelve a clock Il'e be at home, I vow,
Yet Hostesse, by this kisse, I'le sup with you.
And so they did; but after Supper th'one
Hastens the other that they may be gone.
Nay, be advised (quoth his copesmate) *harke,*
Let's stay all night, for it grows pestlence dark.
I marry (quoth the Host) *perswaded be,*
There's many murthers now, I promise yee.
Ile bid my servants to shut up the gate,
No guests shall go out of my house so late.
No surely (quoth their Hostesse) *by Saint* Anne
You may be mischief t; stay and save a man.
Well, they'l be rul'd for once; but sweare they'l go
The following morning ere the Cock do crow:
In troth at farthest, e're the day gives light.
Then, having kist their Hostesse over-night,
To bed againe these roysting Youngsters went,
Forgetting whereto they before were bent.
But when the *Morn* her turne again did take,
And that it grew high time for them to wake;

Then

Then up they buſtled, and began to lay
The fault from one th'other of their ſtay.
For this (the firſt ſaid) *we may thank your ſloth*;
(But I think therein they were guilty both)
Nay (quoth the other) *might you have your will,*
You'd drink Tabrcco and be quaffing ſtill.
Who I (quoth he) *I weigh it not two chips:*
I could not get you from my Hoſteſſe lips.
You do me wrong (ſaith th'other) *for I ſweare*
I ſeldome touch'd them: but you ſtill hung there.
To beare the burthen he grew diſcontent,
And ſwore he would not drink before he went.
But call'd; *Our horſes Oſtler, and our wands,*
And, Sirrah Tapſter, water for our hands.
Yet (quoth the other) *thou'lt be rul'd I think,*
Prethee let m'intreat thee now to drink
Before thou wash; Our fathers that were wiſe,
Were wont to ſay, 'Twas wholeſome for the eyes.
Well; if he drink, a draught ſhall be the moſt,
That muſt be ſpiced with a nut-brown toſt.
And then 'twere good they had a bit beſide,
For they conſidered they had far to ride.
So he that would not drink a-late for haſte,
Is now content to ſtay and break his faſt.
Which e'er 'twere ended, up their *Hoſt* was got;
And then the Drunkard needs muſt have his pot,
And ſo he had: but I commend my Cozen,
The Cuckolds one Can, coſt the fools a dozen.
But then perceiving they began to ſtay,
Quoth GUTS, *My Bullies, hark ye, what d'yee*
Can you this morning on a raſher feed?
Oh, yes, ſay they, that's kingly meat indeed.
They ask'd it, and they had it, but this cheere
Quickly drew down a dozen more of Beere:

Which being drunk they had got out of towne,
But that their Hosteſſe newly was come down;
With whom they ſpent e'er they could get away,
A kiſſing and in quaffing halfe that day.
And five times, as I heard, they took the paine
To get on horſeback, and come off again.
But at the laſt, juſt as the clock ſtrooke two,
They were the ſixt time horſt with much adoe.
But then (as 'tis the *Drunkards* uſe) they ſate
Tipling ſome hower and a halfe at gate:
So that the night drew on apace, and then
Thither came riding other Gentlemen, (ſhown,
And ment to lodge there. They had friendſhip
Th'other were ſtale gueſts, and their money nown:
Their honeſt Hoſt for all their large expence,
And former kindeneſſe quickly got him thence.
Yea, their ſweet Hosteſſe that ſo worthy deem'd them
Slunk out of ſight, as if ſhe nought eſteem'd them.
And as moſt will that meet with ſuch a crew,
Left them old *Guls*, to enterleague with new;
Who at their parting purpos'd to have kiſt her,
But were ſo drunken that they never miſt her.
For there they quaft ſo long they did not know
Which way, nor whither, nor yet when to go;
That ſome ſuppoſe, yea, and they think ſo ſtill,
Their horſes brought them thence againſt their will.
For, if ſo be their beaſts had wanted wit
To come themſelves, the fools had been there yet.
If you 'twas made by read with diſcontent,
You are too blame; none knows by whō twas meant:
There is no cauſe you ſhould diſlike my *rime*,
That learns you wit againſt another time.
When others are thus vain, could you forbeare it,
And note the follies in't, you would forſweare it,

And

And so that those who thus you entertain,
Will flout and use the next as well for gain,
Now what do you unto these Gallants say?
Were they not pretty witty ones, I pray?
It may be they will frown at this to see't,
And I am very sorry for't: but yet
One *humour* more which I have noted vain,
Here to be told of they must not disdain.
It may annoy them if they do not mend it,
Yea notwithstanding they so much defend it.
'Tis this; They too much of their valour vaunt,
And so extreamly for vain-glory haunt,
That to procure themselves a valiant name,
Or peradventure one halfe houres fame,
They'l hazard life and limb, yea, soule and all,
Rather than in their bravery they'l let fall
A *vain repute*. Oh silly senseless men!
What will the breath of fame availe you, when
You lie in dust, and moulded up in clay?
Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day
In some poore Village where your bodies lie:
To all the earth besides your fame shall die.
And it may be whereas you look for glorie,
You shall but serve to make more long the story
Of hair-brain'd fools; & such (how e'er some
Men that have understanding will esteem you.

But yet there is a crew that much annoyes
The Common-weal, some call them *Roaring-boys*
London doth harbour many at this time,
And now I think their Order's in the prime
And flourishing estate. Divers are proud
To bee of that base brotherhood allow'd.
And reason too: For why? they are indeed
No common fellows, for they all exceed:

They do ſo, but in what things are they think ye?
In *villany*, for theſe be they will drink ye,
From morn till night, from night till morn again;
Emptying themſelves like Conduits, and remain
Ready for more ſtill. Earth drinks not the ſhowers
Fter than their infernall throats devours
Wine and ſtrong liquors. Theſe be they will ſweare
As if they would the veile of heaven teare,
And compell God to heare their blaſphemy.
Theſe are the Patrons of all *villany*;
Whores Champions: *deceit* and *trecherie*,
With the moſt lothſome vice of *lechery*
In all their practice. Thunder when it roars,
Joyn'd with the raging waves that beat the ſhoars
Together with the windes moſt rude intruſion,
Make not a noyſe more full of mad confuſion
Than do theſe Hell-hounds where they uſe to houſe,
And make their moſt uncivill *Rendevouze:*
For a more godleſſe crew there cannot well
Be pick'd out of the boundleſſe pit of Hell.
Yet theſe baſe ſlaves (whoſe lewdneſſe I confeſſe
I cannot finde words able to expreſſe)
Are Great-mens darlings; (as ſome underſtand)
The abſoluteſt *Gallants* in this land,
And onely men of Spirit of our time;
But this opinion's but a vulgar crime;
For they which underſtanding have, ſee plain,
That theſe, and all their favourites are vain:
And ſure 'twere good if ſuch were forc'd to give
A ſtrict account by whom and how they live.
Thus have I brought to light as well's I can
Some of the *vanities* I finde in Man.
But I do feare in taking ſo much pain,
I have but ſhown my ſelfe to be moſt vain;

Becauſe I have ſpent time and reprehended
That which will ne'er the ſooner be amended,
But yet there's hope it may; and therefore I
Say thus much more, that this foule *Vanitie*
Conſiſteth not alone in *words* and *works*,
It hath tane root within, and alſo lurks
About the heart: and if it there be ſought,
I know it alſo may be found in *thought*.
And that is it makes one man ſit and plot
What is by trafficke with *Virginia* got;
What it may coſt to furniſh him a Fleet
That ſhall with all the Spaniſh Navy meet;
Or how he may by art or practice finde
A nearer paſſage to the *Eaſtern-Inde*,
When as perhaps (poore foole) beſides his coat,
He is not worth a *Portſmouth* paſſage boat:
Nor never means to travell ſo much Sea,
As from *Hith-ferry* to *South-hampton-key*.
Another Woodcock is as fondly vain,
And to no purpoſe doth moleſt his brain,
To ſtudy if he were a Nobleman,
What kinde of cariage would befit him then.
How, and in what ſet words he would complain
Of the Abuſes that he now ſees reigne:
Where he would make his place of reſidence,
How he would keep his houſe with providence,
And yet what plenty daily at his doore
Should be diſtributed unto the poore.
What certain ſheep and oxen ſhould be ſlain,
And what proviſion weekly to maintain
His Lordly port. How many Servingmen
He meant to keep; and peradventure then
What pleaſure he wil have, what hawks, what ho
What game he will preſerve about his grounds.

Or elſe he falls to caſt what profits cleare
His gifts and bribes will come to in a yeare;
How hee'l put off his hat, cauſe people then
Shall ſay, he is a courteous Nobleman.
Then upon this again he falls to plot,
How when that he the peoples love hath got,
If that the King and all his kindred die,
And if none may be found that will ſupply
The Regall office, the reſpect they beare him
Vnto that Princely dignity may reare him.
Then doth his thoughts on that eſtate ſo feed,
That he forgetteth what he is indeed.
And if a man could hit ſo juſt a time,
To come upon him when his thought's in prime,
And give him unawares a ſudden knock,
Conceit his underſtanding ſo would lock,
That I ſuppoſe (becauſe it ſtands with reaſon)
He would go neare to ſtart, and call out *Treaſon*:
For oftentimes mens hearts are ſo annoy'd
With thoſe vain thoughts wherein they are imploy'd,
That for a time they ſo forgetfull grow,
As what they are or where they do not know.
But now, ſith you may ſee there doth remain
Nothing in man but in ſome ſort is *vain*;
And ſith I muſt be driven to confeſſe,
His vanities are great and numberleſſe,
Ile go no farther in this large *Survay*,
For feare diſcourſe ſhould carry me away:
And peradventure ſo I may become
Leſſe pleaſing and more tedious unto ſome.
Which to avoid, though I no end eſpie,
Yet here I end to treat of *Vanity*.

Of INCONSTANCIE.

SATYRE 2.

YET there's another propertie in Men
That means to ſet my *Muſe* to work agen;
Inconſtancie: and that no other is,
(Vnleſſe I underſtand the ſame amiſſe)
But an unſetled humour of the minde,
Which ſo unſtable is, it cannot finde
By any ſtudy that Opinion
Which long it dares to be reſolved on:
'Tis meere *irreſolution*, and *eſtranging*
From what is purpos'd by a fickle changing.
But ſith this vice I threaten to detect,
Women I know will earneſtly expect
To be ſore rail'd on. But Ile gently uſe them,
Becauſe I ſee their conſciences accuſe them,
And notwithſtanding they deſerve much blame,
Yet I'le not ſpeak of ought unto their ſhame.
So they will think I mean them alſo, when
I treat of the inconſtancie of *Men*:
And though their faults I ſeem not to upbraid,
'Cauſe nothing is directly of them ſaid,
Yet they I hope will ne'er the more diſdain
To be thought fickle, proud, and weak, and vain.
But now for Man; whereas I did complain,
He both in Deed, and Word, and Thought was
So I in this (I ſee) the like may doe,
Sith he in all theſe is *inconſtant* too.

is a wondrous thing me thinks to see
w variable all his actions be;
labours now, and's altogether set
on the world, how he much wealth may get;
on a sudden (then he thinks to mend it)
e's in an humour and a course to spend it:
Sometime he is consenting with the Devill,
d ready to doe any act that's evill.
hich he (perhaps) repenting, some divine
heavenly matter doth his thoughts refine,
that he is resolv'd to spend that day
reading what Gods holy Prophets say;
hich in his minde it may be worketh so,
leaves it and will to a Sermon go;
t by the way a Bill he doth espie,
hich shews there's acted some new Comedy;
hen thither he is full and wholly bent,
here's nothing that shall hinder his intent.
t e'er he to the Theater can come,
heares perhaps the sounding of a Drum;
hereat he leaves both Stage-play and Devotion,
d will (forsooth) go see some idle motion.
er hee gets in his rowling wandring eyes
hold some Fencer prest to play his prize,
ith, then there is no remedy hee'll see't.
t e'er he can get halfe-way o'er the street,
me very neare acquaintance doth salute him,
ho for a miser would perhaps repute him,
nlesse he kindely offer to bestow
he wine, or Beere at least, before he goe:
ell then, he will; but while they do devise
hat Wine to have, perhaps they heare the cries
nd howling which the eager Mastiffes make,
hen they behold a Bull or Beare at stake;

Oh, on a ſudden then they will be gone,
They'l ſee that firſt, and come and drink anon.
But juſt as he out of the Taverne peeps,
Some gallant *Laſſe* along before him ſweeps;
Whoſe youthfull brow adorn'd with beauty trim
And lovely making doth ſo raviſh him,
That as if he were bound her to attend,
He leaves Play, Fencer, Wine, Bull, Dogs, and Fri
By which we ſee his minde is alwaies varying,
And ſeldome conſtant on one object tarrying.
But ſtill that thing with moſt deſire is ſought,
Which is preſented laſt unto his thought.
One while he likes beſt of the Country-ſport
Anon prefers the pleaſure of the Court.
Another his mind's travelling to *Spain*,
Then unto *France*, and hither ſtraight again.
Now he thinks highly of a ſingle life,
And hates the marriage bed, as full of ſtrife:
And yet e'en in the turning of a hand,
Hee's glad to make a joynture of his land,
And woo with much entreaty to obtain
That wife which he did but of late diſdain.
One while he zealouſly profeſſeth *Chriſt*,
Another while becomes an *Atheiſt*.
In *Turkey* he will *Mahomet* adore,
Among the curſed *Pagans* can implore
A *Carved ſtone*; in *Rome* he hath profeſt
The worſhip of the *Antichriſtian beaſt*;
And yet in *England* here with us he grants
No ſound *Religion* but the *Proteſtants*.
And not alone according to the place,
Can theſe *Camelions* alter thus their caſe;
But for a ſhift themſelves they do apply,
To anſwer both the Time and Company.

Gallants shall finde them formall, *Youngmen* wilde,
Plain-men shall think them simple, *Old-men* milde.
And for the time with *Edward* they will be,
(I'le warrant) *Protestants* as well as he.
And when his Sister *Mary* comes to reigne,
They can be *Papists* easily again.
Nay, I do feare me, though we have had teaching,
And almost threescore yeares the *Gospels* preaching,
(*Vnconstant* mankinde is so prone to ill,
And to be changing hath so good a will)
Too many both of old men and of youth,
Might soon be drawn for lies to leave the truth.
Lets note it, and it will be strange to see
What contradictions in our actions be:
Sometime that man we doe with *Trophies* raise:
Whom we did but a while before dispraise;
Nor can we alway in one *Passion* keep,
But often for one thing rejoyce and weep.
Is't not a signe of humane ficklenesse,
And a true note of our unsetledneſſe,
When not alone some one, or two, or few,
But a great number, a selected Crew,
Pick'd out of all estates, and they the wisest,
The understanding'st, yea, and the precisest
Of a whole Empire, that when these (I say)
Have argued *pro & con* from day to day,
From week to week, to have (perhaps) enacted
One Law or Statute, yet when all 's compacted,
And every thing seems clearly done and ended,
Then to have something in't to be amended?
Yea, and when this is done, and the Records
Fram'd in the plain'st and most effectuall words,
T'expresse their meaning, and they think it plain;
Yet at next reading 'tis dislik'd again?

This yeare they make a law, repeal't the next,
Then re-inact it, and then change the text;
Either by taking from, or adding to,
And so they have an endlesse work to doe.
But some may tell me that thus stands the case,
They must have both respect to *time* and *place*,
And that no Law devis'd by humane wit,
Can be for ev'ry place and season fit.
All which I yeeld for truth indeed, but then
Wee must confesse a misery in men,
That they (*Camelion*-like) must have a minde,
With every object unto change inclin'd.
I might speak of the changes which I see
In mens externall fortunes also be:
For this day he hath friends, to morrow none:
Now he hath wealth, and in an houre 'tis gone.
Some in their youth there be have all things store,
And yet do often live till they are poore.
Again, there's some in youth at beggers states,
Become in age to be great Potentates.
Some are of Kings made slaves, and Kings again,
Whilst others with the contrary complain.
For poore *Eumenes*, of a Potters sonne,
By fickle Fortunes help a kingdome won;
Who for him such a diet did provide,
That shortly after he of hunger dy'd,
I many such examples might infer,
But that would waste more time and make me erre
From my intent, who purpose to relate,
The ficklenesse of Man, not his estate.
Moreover, hee's a creature knows not how
To do an act which he shall long allow,
Or well himselfe approve. He cannot tell
What he would have, nor what he would not, wee

Or peradventure he is now content
To doe what he will in an houre repent.
He does and undoes what he did before,
Is discontented, and with no man more
Than with himselfe. In word hee's fickle too,
For he will promise what hee'll never doe.
If that he tell me he will be in *Pauls*,
Ile go look for him in the *Temple-Halls*;
For soonest to that place resort doth hee,
Whereas he saies or sweares he will not be.
Oh! had there been in words a constant trust,
I needed not t'have done as now I must;
I should have had no cause to have bewail'd
That which I once thought would have never fail'd:
But sith 'tis thus, at nothing more I grieve,
Than that *unconstant* words made me beleeve.
Were promises worth trust, what needed then
Such written contracts betweeh Man and Man?
And wherefore should they make so much adoe
To have *hands*, *seales*, and *witnesse thereunto?*
Unlesse it be for proofes to make it plain,
Their words are both inconstant, false, and vain.
To morrow he will earnestly gain-say
What stoutly is affirm'd by him to day:
Yea, truely hee's so wavering and unjust,
That scarce a word of his deserveth trust,
But as a creature of all good forlorn,
Sweares what's deny'd, and straight denies what's (sworn.
That I suppose himselfe he doth but mock,
And is more changing than a Weather-cock.
For e'en the thought that's liklieſt to remain,
Another that's unlike puts out again.
Meer appetite (not reason) guides him still,
Which makes him so *inconstant* in his *will*.

Had he a ſuit at firſt made but of leather,
And cloathes enough to keep away the weather,
'Twere all his wiſh; well, ſo much let us grant,
And ten to one he ſomething elſe will want;
But ſwears that he for more would never care,
Than to be able to have cloth to weare;
Which if he get, then would he very fain
Reach to have ſilks, for cloath he thinks too pl
And ſo his wiſhes ſeldome would have ſtay,
Vntill that he hath wiſh'd for all he may.
But though from this infirmity there's no man
That I can well except, it is ſo common;
Yet ſurely I moſt properly may cal't,
Or tearm't to be the common peoples fault.
Think not I wrong them, for if it may not be
A fault ſo to digreſſe, you ſoon ſhould ſee
Their nature and condition; but I hate it:
And here in this place I will now relate it.
Let therefore none condemne me if I break
My courſe awhile; for I of them will ſpeak;
Something, I ſay, my *Muſe* of them muſt tell,
She cannot beare it any farther well.
And yet expect not all, for Ile but ſhew
Of many hundred-thouſand-faults a few.
And to be briefe: The vulgar are as rude,
A ſtrange-inconſtant-hare-braind multitude:
Born to and fro with every idle *paſſion*;
And by Opinion led beſide all faſhion.
For novelty they hunt, and to a Song,
Or idle tale they'l liſten all day long.
Good things ſoon tyre them, and they ever try,
To all reports how they may adde a lie,
Like that of *Scoggins Crows*: and with them ſtill
Cuſtome hath born moſt ſway, and ever will.

r good or bad what their forefathers do,
hey are resolv'd to put in practise too.
They are seditious, and so given to range
their opinions, that they thirst for change.
r if their Countrey be turmoyl'd with war,
hey think that peace is more commodious farre,
they be quiet, they would very fain
gin to set the warres abroach again.
well remember when an *Irish* Presse
ad made a Parish but a man the lesse,
ord, what a hurly-burly there was then!
hese warres (say they) hath cost us many a man,
he Countrey is impoverish'd by't, and we
ob'd of our husbands and our children be;
ith many sad complainings: But now peace
ath made *Bellona's* bloudy anger cease,
heir ever-discontented natures grutch,
nd think this happy peace we have, too much,
ea, and their wiledomes beares us now in hand,
hat it is war that doth enrich the land.
But what are these? not men of any merit,
hat speak it from a bold and daring spirit,
ut lightly some faint-hearted braving Momes
hat rather had be hang'd at their own homes
han for the welfare of their Countrey stay
he brunt of one pitch'd-battell but a day:
r such as would distraught with feare become,
o heare the thundring of a martiall Drum.
hey cannot keep a mean (a naughty crime),
or never are contented with the time;
ut better like the state they have been in,
lthough the present hath the better bin.
'en as the Iews that loathing *Manna* fain
ould be in Ægypt at their flesh again,

Though

Though they were there in bondage. So do these
Wiſh for the world as in *Queen Maries* dayes,
With all the blindneſſe and the trumpery
That was expel'd the Land with Popery.
Why? things were cheap, and 'twas a goodly me
When we had foure and twenty egges a penny:
But ſure they ate them ſtale for want of wit,
And that hath made them addle-headed yet.
Then this (moreover) I have in them ſeen,
They alwaies to the good have envious been.
Milde men they reckon fools, and do uphold
Him to be valiant that is over-bold:
When he with wiſemen is and ever was
Counted no better than a deſperate Aſſe.
He that doth truſt unto their love ſhall finde
'Tis more unconſtant than the wavering winde:
Which ſince my time a man that many knew,
Relying on it, at his death found true.
Then they have oft unthankfully withſtood
Thoſe that have labour'd for the Common good.
And, being baſely minded, evermore
Seek leſſe the *publike* than the *private* ſtore.
Moreover, ſuch a *Prince* as yet was never,
Of whom the people could ſpeak well of ever.
Nor can a man a *Governour* invent them,
How good ſoever that ſhould long content them.
Their *honeſty* as I do plainly finde,
Is not the diſpoſition of their minde;
But they are forc'd unto the ſame through feare:
As in thoſe *villaines* it may well appeare,
Who having found ſome vile ungodly cauſe,
If there be any means to wreſt the Lawes
By *tricks* or *ſhifts* to make the matter go
As they would have it; all is well enough:

Althou

Although the wrong and injury they proffer,
Be too apparant for a *Iew* to offer.
They know not *Iuſtice*; and oft cauſeleſſe *hate*:
Or where they ſhould not, are *compaſſionate*.
As at an Execution I have ſeene,
Where malefactors have rewarded beene,
According to deſert; before they know,
If the accuſed guilty be or no:
They on report, this haſty cenſure give;
He is a villaine, and unfit to live:
But when that he is once arraign'd and found
Guilty by law, and worthily led bound
Vnto the Scaffold, then they doe relent
And pitty his deſerved puniſhment.
Thoſe that will now brave gallant men be deem'd;
And with the common people be eſteem'd,
Let them turne Hackſters as they walke the ſtreet,
Quarrell and fight with every one they meet,
Learne a Welſh ſong to ſcoffe the Britiſh bloud,
Or breake a jeſt on Scotchmen that's as good:
Or if they would that fools ſhould highly prize them,
They ſhould be Iugglers if I might adviſe them:
But if they want ſuch feats to make them glorious,
By making Ballads they ſhall grow notorious.
Yet this is nothing, if they looke for fame,
And meane to have an everlaſting name
Amongſt the Vulgar, let them ſeeke for gaine
With *Ward* the Pirat, on the boiſterous Maine;
Or elſe well-mounted keepe themſelves on land,
And bid our wealthy Travellers to ſtand
Emptying their full-cram'd-bags: for they'l not ſtick
To ſpeake in honour ſtill of *Cutting-dick*.
But ſome may tell me, though that it be ſuch,
It doth not goe againſt their conſcience much:

And though there's boldneſſe ſhowne in ſuch a caſe,
Yet Tyburne is a ſurvy dying-place:
No, 'tis their credit; for the people then,
Will ſay, *'Tis pitty, they were proper men,*
And with a thouſand ſuch like humors naught,
I doe perceive the *common-people* fraught.
Then by the opinion of ſome it ſeemes,
How much the Vulgar ſort of men eſteemes
Of *Art* and *Learning*. Certaine neighbouring ſwains
(That think none wiſe menbut whoſe wiſdome gains
Where *knowledge* be it morall or divine,
Is valued as an Orient Pearle with Swine)
Meeting me in an Evening in my walke.
Being gone paſt me, thus began to talke:
Firſt an old Chuffe whoſe roofe I dare be bold,
Hath Bacon hangs in't above five yeeres old,
Said, that's his ſonne that's owner of the grounds
That on theſe pleaſant Beechy Mountaine bounds;
D'ye marke me neighbours? This ſame yong ma
(Had a bin my zon, chad a hang'd him rather) with
Aſſoone as he perceiv'd the little woole
Could creepe about the houſe, putten to ſchoole:
Whither he went not now and then a ſpurt,
As't had been good to keepe him from the dart;
Nor yet at leaſure times (that's my zonnes ſtint)
Vor then indeed there had bin reaſon in't:
But for continuance, and beyond all zeſſe
A held him too't ſix daies a weeke no leſſe;
That, by *S. Anne*, it was a great preſumption
It brought him not his end with a conſumption.
And then beſides he was not ſo content,
To putten there whereas our childers went,
(To learne the Horne-book and the Abcee through)
No that he thought not learning halfe enough,

But we muſt ſeeke the Country all about,
Where he might finde a better teacher out.
And then he buyes him (*now a pips befall it*)
A vlapping booke: (I know not what they call it)
Tis Latine all; and thus begins: *In ſpeech*,
And that's in Engliſh, *Boy, beware your breech.*
One day my *Dick* a leafe on't with him brought,
(Which he out of his fellowes booke had raught)
And to his mother and my ſelfe did reade it:
But we indeed did ſo extreamely dread it,
We gave him charge no more thereon to looke,
For veare it had beene of a *conjuring booke.*
But if you thinke I jeſt, goe aske my Wife,
If ere ſhe heard ſuch gibberiſh in her life.
But when he *yong* had cond the ſame by heart,
And of a meny moe the better part;
He went to *Oxford*, where he did remaine
Some certaine yeeres, whence hee's return'd again.
Now who can tell (it in my ſtomacke ſticks)
And I doe veare he hath ſome *Oxford* tricks:
But if't be zo, would he had ne'er come hither,
For we ſhall ſtill be ſure of bluſtering weather.
To what end elſe is all his fathers coſt?
Th'ones charges, and the tothers labour's loſt.
I warrant he ſo long a learning went,
That he almoſt a brothers portion ſpent;
And now it nought availes him: By this Holly
I thinke all learning in the world a folly;
And them I take to be the verieſt vooles,
That all their lifetime doe frequent the Schooles.
Goe aske him now, and ſee if all his wits
Can tell you when a *Barley ſeaſon* hits;
When *Meddowes* muſt be left to ſpring, when mown;
When *Wheat*, or *Tares*, or *Rye*, or *Peaſe* be ſown:

He

He knowes it not; nor when 'tis meet to *fold*,
How to manure the ground that's *wet* and *cold*:
What Lands are fit for *Pasture*, what for *Corne*,
Or how to hearten what is over-worne.
Nay he scarce knowes a *Gelding* from a *Mare*,
A *Barrow* from a *Sow*, nor takes he care
Of such like things as these. He knowes not whe
There be a difference twixt the *Ewe* and *Wether*.
Can he resolve you (No, nor many more)
If *Cowes* doe want their upper teeth before?
Nay, I durst pawne a groat he cannot tell
How many legs a *Sheepe* hath very well.
Is't not a wiseman thinke yee? By the Masse
Cham glad at heart my sonne's not such an asse:
Why he can tell already all this geare,
As well almost as any of us here.
And neighbours, yet I'l tell you more; my
Hath very pretty skill in *Arsemetrick*:
Can cast account, write's name, and *Dunces* daun
Tought him to spell the hardest words ith Sau
And yet the Boy I'l warrant you knowes how
As well as you or I, to hold the Plow:
And this I noted in the Vrchen ever,
Bid him to take a booke he had as lether
All day have drawne a Harrow; truth is so,
I like'd it well although I made no show;
For to my comfort I did plainely see,
That he hereafter would not bookish be.
Then when that having nought at home to do
I sometime forc'd him to the Schoole to goe,
You would have griev'd in heart to heare him wh
And then how glad he was to keepe the swine,
I yet remember; and what tricks the Mome
Would have invented to but stay at home,

u wonld have wondred. But 'tis ſuch another,
has a wit for all the world like's Mother.
t once a moneth although it grieves him then,
e'l looke you in a book doe what ye can:
hat *Mother*, *Siſter*, *Brother*, all we foure
n ſcarce perſwade him from't in halfe an houre.
t oft I thinke he does it more of ſpight
o anger us, than any true delight:
r why? his Mother thinks as others doe,
nd I am halfe of that opinion too)
though a little learning be not bad,
hoſe that are bookiſh are the ſooneſt mad.
d therefore, ſith much wit makes vooles of many,
ll take an order, mine ſhall ne'er have any.
Byr Lady, you'r the wiſer (*quoth the reſt*)
e courſe you take in our conceit's the beſt:
ur zonne may live in any place i'th land
his indnſtrious and laborious hand;
hilſt he (but that his Parents are his ſtay)
th not the meanes to keepe himſelfe a day.
s ſtudy to our ſight no pleaſure gives,
r meanes, nor profit, and thereby he lives
little thing the better, none needs doubt it,
might have beene a happier man without it:
though he now can ſpeake a little better,
s not words you know will free the debter. (be
Thus ſome, whoſe ſpeeches ſhew well what they
want of matter fell to talke of me:
whom, though ſomething they have ſaid be true,
ſith in ſtead of giving *Art* her due,
ey have diſgrac'd it. Notwithſtanding, I
e not the knowledge that theſe Dolts envy,
can ſo much without incurring blame,
take unto my ſelfe a Schollers name:

Yet

Yet now my reputation here to ſave,
(Sith I muſt make account of what I have)
Ile let you know though they ſo lightly deeme
What gaine's in knowledge, and how I eſteeme
As often as I call to minde the bliſſe,
That in my little *knowledge* heaped is;
The many comforts, of all which the leaſt
More joyes my heart than can be well expreſt:
How happy then thinke I, are they whoſe ſoules
More wiſedome by a thouſand part inroules;
Whoſe underſtanding hearts are ſo divine,
They can perceive a *million* more than mine?
Such have content indeed. And who that's Man
And ſhould know reaſon, is ſo ſenſeleſſe then
To ſpurne at *Knowledge*, *Art* or *Learning*, whe
That onely ſhowes they are the race of Men?
And what may I then of theſe peaſants deeme,
Which doe of wiſedome make ſo ſmall eſteeme;
But that, indeed, ſuch *blockiſh*, *ſenſeleſſe logs*,
Sprang from thoſe *Clownes Latona* turn'd to *fr*
Alas! Suppoſe they nothing can be got
By precious ſtones, 'cauſe Swine eſteeme them n
Or doe they thinke becauſe they cannot uſe it,
That thoſe that may have *Knowledge*, will refu
Well, if their ſhallow coxcombes can contain
A reaſon when 'tis told them; I'l explaine
How that ſame little *knowledge* I have got,
Much pleaſures me (though they perceive it not,)
For firſt thereby, though none can here attaine
For to renew their firſt eſtate againe,
A part revives (although it be but ſmall)
Of that I loſt by my firſt Fathers fall.
And makes me *man*; which was before (at leaſt)
As hapleſſe, if not more, than is the beaſt.

hat reaſon wants : for his condition ſtill,
maines according to his Makers will.
hey never dreame of that. And then by this,
inde what *godly* and what *evill* is :
hat knowing both, I may the beſt enſue ;
ndas I ought, the worſer part eſchew.
hen I have learn'd to count that droſſe but vaine,
or which ſuch *Boores* conſume themſelves with pain
can endure all diſcontentments, croſſes,
e *Ioviall* in my want and ſmile at loſſes ;
eepe under Paſſions, ſtop thoſe inſurrections,
ais'd in my *Microcoſmus* by affections,
e nothing grieved for adverſity,
lor ne'er the prouder for proſperity.
low to reſpect my Friends I partly know,
nd in like manner how to uſe my Foe.
can ſee others lay their Soules to pawne,
ooke upon Great-men, and yet ſcorne to fawne ;
m ſtill content ; and dare whilſt God gives grace,
'en looke my grimmeſt fortunes in the face.
feare mens cenſures as the char-coale ſparks,
r as I doe a toothleſſe Dog that barks ;
The one frights children, th'other threats to burne ;
But ſparkes will die, and brawling Curres returne.
Yea, I have learn'd that ſtill my care ſhall be
A ruſh for him that cares a ſtraw for me. (ſures ;
Now what would men have more ? Are theſe no plea-
Or doe they not deſerve the name of treaſures ?
Sure yes ; and he that hath good *learning* ſtore,
Shall finde theſe in't, beſides a thouſand more.
O ! but our *Chuffs* thinke theſe delights but courſe,
If we compare them to their Hobby-horſe :
And they beleeve not any pleaſure can
Make them ſo merry as Maid-marian.

Nor

Nor is the Lawyer prouder of his fee,
Than theſe will of a Cuckooe Lordſhip be:
Though their ſweet Ladies make them father that
Some other at their *Whitſon-Ales* begat.
But he whoſe carriage is of ſo good note,
To be thought worthy of their lords fooles coat,
That's a great credit; for becauſe that he
Is ever thought the wiſeſt man to be.
But, as there's vertue where the Divel's preciſeſt,
So ther's much knowledge where a foole's the wiſeſt.
But what meane I? let earth content theſe Mo
And their high'ſt pleaſure be their Summer-pole
Round which I leave their Maſterſhips to dance,
And much good doe't them, with their *ignorance*.
So this I hope will well enough declare
How rude theſe *vulgar* ſort of people are.
But here upon there's ſome may queſtion make
Whether I onely for the *vulgar* take
Such men as theſe. To whom I anſwer, no;
For let them hereby underſtand and know,
I doe not meane theſe meaner ſort alone
Tradeſmen or Labourers; but every one,
Be he Eſquire, Knight, Baron, Earle, or more,
For if he have not learn'd of Vertues lore,
But followes *vulgar* Paſſions; then e'en he,
Amongſt the *vulgar* ſhall for one man be
And that poore Groom whom he thinks ſhold
Shall for his *vertue* be preferr'd before him:
For though the world doe ſuch men much deſpiſe,
They ſeeme moſt noble in a wiſe-mans eies.
And notwithſtanding ſome doe nobleſt deeme
Such as are ſprung of great and high eſteeme,
And thoſe to whom the Country doth afford
The title of a Marqueſſe or a Lord,

Thou

Though 'twere atchieved by their fathers merit,
And they themselves men of a dunghill spirit;
Cowards or fooles, (and such as ever be
Prating or boasting of their pedegree)
When they are nothing but a blot or shame,
Unto the noble house from whence they came:
Yet these (I say) unlesse that they have wit,
To guide the Common-wealth, as it is fit
They should; and as their good fore-fathers did
How ere their faults may seeme by greatnesse hid;
They shall appeare; and that poore Yeomans sonne,
Whose proper vertue hath true honour wonne;
Preferred be; for though Nobility
That comes by birth hath most antiquity;
And though the greater sort, befooled shall,
That new enobled man, an upstart call,
Yet, him most honour I, whose nobleneſſe
By *vertue* comes; yea such mens worthineſſe
Most ancient is. For that is just the same,
By which all Great-men first obtain'd their fame.
I therefore hope 'twill not offend the Court,
That I count some therewith the Vulgar sort,
And outset others though men thinke me bold,
That this opinion I presume to hold.
But shall I care what others thinke or say?
There is a path besides the beaten way;
Yea and a safer. For here's *Christs instruction*,
The broadest way leads soonest to *Destruction*.
And truly no opinions deceive
Sooner than those the Vulgar sort receive:
And therefore, he that would indeed be wise,
Must learne their rude conditions to despise,
And shun their presence; for we have beene taught,
Diseases in a presse are quickly caught.

Now

Now *Satyr*, leave them till another time,
And spare to scourge the Vulgar with thy Rime:
If any thinke thou hast digrest too long,
They may passe over this, and doe no wrong.
But in my former matter to proceed;
Who (being of mans Race) is so much freed
From fickleneſſe, that he is sure to find
Himselfe to morrow in that very mind
Hee's in to day? though he not onely know
No reason wherefore he should not be so,
But also though he plainly doe perceive
Much cause he should not that opinion leave.
If no man finde it so, who justly can
Be forced to relye, or trust in Man;
Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amisse,
That by himselfe, himselfe deceived is:
Who is so sottish as to build Salvation
On such a feeble tottering foundation
As Man? Who is't that having a respect
To his soules safety, will so much neglect
That precious assurance, as to lay
His confidence on that false peece of clay,
Which being fickle, merits farre lesse trust,
Than letters written in the sand or dust:
Doe they not see those they have soundest deem'd,
And for their constantst Writers long esteem'd,
All wavering in assertions? yea, but looke,
And you shall finde in one and the same booke,
Such contradiction in opinion,
As shewes their thoughts are scarce at union.
Where finde you him that dares be absolute,
Or alwaies in his sayings resolute?
There's none; I by mine owne experience speake
Who have a feeling that we men are weake:

Where

hereon much muſing makes me inly mourne,
nd grieve almoſt that I a man was borne.
Yet hereupon I doe deſire that no man,
ould gather that I long to be a woman.)
Alas! how often had I good intendments
nd with my whol hart vow'd & ſwore amendments;
ea purpos'd that, where in I once thought never
Inconſtancy ſhould let me to perſever?
nd yet for all my purpoſe and my vow,
am oft altered ere my ſelfe knowes how.
But therefore, ſith it is not I alone,
r any certaine number that is knowne,
o be unſtable, but e'en all that be;
th none (I ſay) is from this frailty free,
et us confeſſe it all, and all implore
ur *nere-repenting God that evermore*
emaines the ſame, we may be (as we ought)
ore certaine both in *word* and *deed* and *thought*:
hat he will keepe us from *Inconſtancie*,
ea, from all damned, levvd *Apoſtacie*;
nd howſoever our affections change
nd we in ſlight opinions hap to range;
et, pray his *Truth* in us be ſo ingraved,
hat biding to the end we may be ſaved.

Of WEAKNESSE.

SATYR. 3.

BVt, oh looke here; for I have ſurely found
The *maine* chiefe *roote*, the very ſpring & gr
Of our *Inconſtancie* It is not *chance*
That ſo diſables our perſeverance;
But a baſe *Weakeneſſe*: which to tearme aright,
Is meerely a privation of our might,
Or a detraction from that little power
Which should be in thoſe limbs and minds of our
We boaſt of ſtrength; but tell me, can our daies
Afford a *Milo*, or a *Hercules*?
Can all the world (and that is large enough)
A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* ſhow?
Have we a Champion ſtrong enough to wield
His Buckler? or Sir *Aiax* ſeven-fold Shield?
I thinke we have not: (but I durſt ſo grant,
There be ſome living ſhall with *Ajax* vaunt.)
Nay, now in theſe daies it is doubted much,
Whether that any former age had ſuch
As theſe fore-nam'd; but indeed our faith
Binds us to credit, that as Scripture ſaith;
There was a *Sampſon*, who could fright whole h
And rent downe *Gaza's* barred gates and poſts,
Whoſe mighty Armes unarm'd could bring to
E'en with a rotten Iaw-bone of an Aſſe,

thousands ruine; and yet 'twill be long
e he shall thereby proove that man is strong.
r first, the strength he seem'd to have was knowne
o be the *Spirit of God*, and not his own:
nd then his proper weaknesse did appeare,
When after his brave act he had wel-neare
eene dead for thirst, whereas if he in spight
f Nature had beene able, by his might
ut of that little Bony-rocke to wring,
o quench his present thirst, some flowing spring
s did a *stronger one*: or if his power
ould have compel'd the melting *clouds* to showre
r present need such plenteous drops of raine
e might have had no reason to complaine,
crave more aide; Sure then we might at length,
ppose that men had in themselves a strength,
t ne'r till then. Hee's mighty that can make
e *Heavens*, *Earth* and *Hell*, with's breath to shake
at in his Spheare the Suns swift course can stop,
nd *Atlas* with his burthen under-prop,
that with ease this Massie Globe can rowle,
nd wrap up heaven like a parchment scrowle;
that for no disease nor paine will droope,
or unto any plague infernall stoope:
that can meate and drinke and sleepe refraine,
hath the power to die and rise againe;
e's strong indeed; but he that can but teare
rend in two a Lion or a Beare,
doe some such like act, and then goe lie
himselfe ore-come by some infirmitie,
were with vaunts he seemes his deeds to grace;
is both miserable, weake and base.
What creature is there borne so weake as Man,
nd so unable? tell me he that can.

Or (if that they could numbred be by any)
Count his diſeaſes, and what hath ſo many?
Or elſe what creature is there, if he be
In bone and fleſh of the ſame quantity,
So fraile as Man? or that can worſe ſuſtaine
Hunger, or thirſt, or cold, or heate, or paine?
Sure none; and yet in Hiſtories we find,
Till *Luxury* had weakned thus mankiud,
They were much ſtronger; could endure the he
Travell a long time without drinke or meat:
And their beſt dainty was no coſtlier thing,
Than a wilde roote, or water from the ſpring.
With which ſmall commons Nature was content
Yea, in our climate people naked went;
And yet no queſtion felt as little cold,
As we wrapt up in halfe a dozen fold.
They had no waſt-coats; night-caps for their he
Nor downy pillowes, nor ſoft feather-beds:
They ſcorn'd as much to have ſuch things about t
As we in this Age ſcorne to be without them.
Their heads ſome ſtone bare up: their brawny
With eaſe the hardneſſe of the earth abides.
Gluttonous fare that ſo the palate pleaſes,
Nere fild their bodies full of foule diſeaſes;
Nor any pleaſing liquors with exceſſe,
Made them grow weak through beaſtly drunk
No luſt-provoking meats made them unchaſte,
Nor unto carnall copulation haſte.
For I am in the mind they ne'er requir'd it,
Till Nature, come to her full ſtrength deſi'd
And that is it alone which made them be
More ſtout, more ſtrong, and braver men than
It was a noble care in them indeed. But how
Are we become ſuch Dwarfes and Pigmies no

ow are our limbs ſo weake and feeble growne?
think I need not tell it, 'tis well knowne;
ice *tender breeding*, which we well might ſpare,
uch *drunkenneſſe* and our *luxurious fare*?
hich addes not ſtrength, as ſome doe vainely ſay,
t rather takes both ſtrength and health away.
et chiefly this ſame *imbecility*.
omes by too ſoon and frequent *venery*.
A beardleſſe boy now cannot keepe his bed,
nleſſe that he be of his night-geere ſped,
nd many Giglets I have married ſeene,
e they (forſooth) could reach *eleventeene*.
y 'tis no wonder we are growne ſo weake,
r now they'r matching brats ere they can ſpeake:
nd though we yet ſay that the men are ſtronger,
et he (I thinke) that lives but ſo much longer,
e revolution of an Age to ſee,
ill ſay that men the weaker veſſels be.
t now our ſtrength of body, which indeed,
eſerves no more reſpect than doth a Reed,
not the ſtrength of which I meant to ſpeake.
r we are yet another way too weake.
ur minds have loſt their Magnanimity,
nd are ſo feeble through infirmity;
hat either to be reſolute we care not,
elſe becauſe of ſome baſe *feare* we dare not.
Where can we almoſt finde a man ſo hardy,
ho through his weakeneſſe is not ſometime tardy,
o ſpeake the truth? or to declare his minde,
hough he doe many juſt occaſions finde?
e'l winke at's friends offence, and paſſe it blindly,
eſt (peradventure) he ſhould take't unkindly.
nd if it be a Great man that offends,
ew are but him that boldly reprehends,

And I'l admire him. Nay, wee'l rather now
Bend our endeavour, and our ſtudy how
To ſooth and fawne; or to their lewdneſſe tell
That all they doe (be't ne'er ſo bad) is well.
Their very lookes and preſence we ſo feare,
As if that they ſome monſtrous *Cyclops* were;
Which makes them worſe. But howſoere they
Vnto their *might*, I'l tell them (for I muſt)
Although they threaten and can ſlanders make
Of juſt reproofes my heart ſhall never quake
T'informe their Honors, thus 'tis cenſur'd by
If they be Great ones, *Tanto majus crimen:*
One knowes the truth, but dares not to defend
Becauſe he heares another diſcommend it;
Yea divers follow Vertues waies but coldly,
Becauſe they dare not doe a good thing boldly:
And doe we not perceive that many a man
Fearing to be entituled, *Puritan*,
Simply neglects the meanes of his ſalvation,
Much hazarding thereby his ſoules damnation?
Some cannot well endure this or that;
Others diſtemper'd with I know not what,
Shew an exceeding frailty: few can brooke
With any patience that men ſhould looke
Into their actions; and though they ſhould love
They rather hate them for't that doe reprove th
Is there a man ſo ſtrong that he forbeares
Choler or Envy, when by chance he heares
Himſelfe revil'd, reproached and diſgrac'd?
If there be ſuch an one, he ſhall be plac'd
Amongſt the *Worthies*, with the formoſt three
For in my judgement none more worthy be
To have renowne for ſtrength than thoſe that
On their rebellious Paſſions play the man.

This *Weakeneſſe* I doe alſo finde in men,
hey know not their owne happineſſe till then
hen they have loſt it: and they doe eſteeme
en for their wealth and doe them bleſſed deeme
at are moſt rich; ſuppoſing no man more
curſed or unhappy than the poore.
Some baſely do condemne each ſtrange report
be untrue, becauſe it doth not ſort
ith their weake reaſons. Some againe will be
oniſhed at every novelty:
too much wondering doth diſcover plaine,
here ignorance and frailty doth remaine.
Is it not *weakeneſſe*, when ſome petty loſſes,
me hindrance in preferment, or ſuch croſſes,
ll make men grieve? Is it not *weakeneſſe*, when
verſity ſhall ſo diſquiet men,
at they ſhould not with patience ſuſtaine,
under-goe a little croſſe and paine?
s, queſtionleſſe it is; for were they ſtrong,
ey would ſo arme themſelves gainſt grief & wrong
at no diſaſtrous or ill hap ſhould fright them,
ough fortune did the worſt ſhe can to ſlight them:
or would they thoſe as the unworthieſt deeme,
whom Dame Fortune doth moſt frowward ſeeme;
rather ſuch as all their lifetime be
quiet ſtate, and from diſturbance free:
the oft gives what their baſe longing craves,
cauſe ſhe ſcornes to vexe dejected ſlaves.
I have knowne *brave-men*, brave at leaſt in ſhow
nd in this Age now that is brave enow)
at in appearance for brave Champions paſt,
d yet have baſely yeelded at the laſt.
eſides, there's many who thought ſcorn to droope
Fortunes power, have beene made to ſtoope,

And with diſcredit ſhamefully left undone
What they with honour at the firſt begun:
And their weake hearts (which frailty I much
Dejected, have growne baſe with their eſtate:
Whereas (me thinks) the mind ſhould never be
Subject to Fortunes frownes nor tyranny.
But here through *weaknes* ſome offence may
That I of Fortune ſhould recitall make:
For they by Fortune ſay there's nothing done
But all things ars both ended and begun
By Gods appointment. I confeſſe indeed
That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed,
In the reſpect of whom, I cannot ſay
Ought comes by chance: reſpecting us, I may.
So they are anſwer'd: but how can men be
So over-borne with this infirmity:
As thoſe who are in every matter led
By Paraſites and Apes: *Where is their head?*
I meane their will, their reaſon and their ſenſe
What is become of their intelligence?
How iſt that they have ſuch a partiall eare,
They can judge nothing true, but what they he
Come from the tongue of ſome ſlie Sycophant
But for beeauſe they ſtrength of judgement w
Thoſe that themſelves to flatteries inure,
I have perceived baſely to endure
Too plainely to be ſoothed, mockt and flouted,
Made coxcombs to their faces; yet not doubte
That they were highly reverenc'd, reſpected,
And by thoſe fawning Paraſites affected.
And why forſooth? they often here them pra
In commendation of their happy ſtate:
Yes, and they tell them that they vertuous be,
Wiſe, courteous, ſtrong, and beautifull to ſee:

When if the eie of reaſon were not lockt,
They plainely might perceive that they were mockt,
For what is't elſe when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions that had never any?
This frailty alſo merits to be blam'd,
When fearefull of reproach we are aſham'd
Our ignorance in thoſe things to explain,
Wherein 'twere fit more knowledge to attain.
'Tis weakneſſe alſo when a bargaine's bought,
Then to diſpraiſe the penniworth, as nought,
And tell what might have been, or fondly prate
Of counſell when he ſees it is too late.
Nor is it any leſſe to ſeeke to ſtay
Him that we know doth haſten on his way;
Or be importunate for that which will
Be nothing for our good, yet others ill.
Alſo to be affraid for to gain-ſay
What men doe know untrue: or to delay
The right of any matter to declare;
Becauſe they feare they unbeleeved are:
For notwithſtanding *Truth* doth oft bring blame,
It may be freely ſpoken without ſhame.
Divers more waies, of which I needs muſt ſpeake,
There's many men doe ſhew themſelves but weake.
In ſome but lately I obſerved this,
And muſt needs ſay, their nature evill is:
If friends to them have any kindneſſe ſhowne,
Or entertainments willingly beſtowne,
That they confeſſe they are indebted for it:
Yet ſuch is their condition (I abhorre it)
If then thoſe friends do hap to take the pain,
To come ſometime and viſite them again
In meere good will, becauſe theſe great ones ſee
They cannot then ſo well provided be

To bid them welcome as their loves require,
(Though more than love, their loves did ne'er de
A fooliſh ſhame ſo blinds them, that they ſhal
(For giving them too much) have nought at all:
Yea, for becauſe they want exceſſive fare,
Or ſome ſuch things, for which their friends n
(Though by their will it otherwiſe had beene)
They neither will be knowne at home, nor ſeene:
Which doth not onely ſhew impiety,
But hindereth love, and barres ſocietie.

Yet now the greateſt weakeneſſe that I finde
To be in man, is ignorance of minde:
It makes a poore man, hee's ſcarce good for ough
If rich men have it, they are worſe than nought.
For having riches ſtore and wanting might
Or ſtrength of minde to uſe the ſame aright,
'Tis Arrogancies and Ambitions fuel,
It makes them Covetous, Inconſtant, Cruell,
Intemperate, Vnjuſt and wondrous heady:
Yea, in their actions rude, and ſo unſteady
They cannot follow any ſound direction
But are ſtill carried with a wild affection:
This is their nature; (it is quickly noted)
If they to honour be by hap promoted,
Then they grow inſolent beyond all reaſon,
Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treaſon,
Or any villany that followes thoſe
Who doe the ſumme of happineſſe repoſe
In worldly glory. But if Fortune frowne,
And from her fickle wheele once caſt them dow
Then their dejected hearts againe grew baſe,
They are impatient of their preſent caſe,
Rave or run mad, and can doe nought poore Elve
Vnleſſe it be goe hang or drowne themſelves.

Moreo

Moreover, the ſame weakeneſſe that proceeds
From ignorance this miſchiefe alſo breeds;
It makes men well conceited of their will,
Which they will follow be it ne'er ſo ill:
And they thinke all things needs muſt fall out bad
Wherein their wiſe adviſe muſt not be had.
But here's the hell; to them all counſell's vain,
Cauſe they all others wiſedome do diſdain,
And wholly on their own deviſes reſt,
As men perſwaded that their owne are beſt.
But, as all ſuch are weake, e'en ſo I ſay
As every one that raſhly doth repay
Vengeance in anger: Or that's male-content
Oft, or oft moved and impatient;
Or thoſe that judge of counſels by th'event;
Or that perſwade themſelves, if their intent
Be good and honeſt that it doth not skill
Although the matter of it ſelfe be ill;
Which were it true, then *David* might complaine,
That *Vzzah* for his good intent was ſlaine.
Others againe thinke ſuperſtitious Rites
To be the ſervice wherein God delights:
But ſith I'me forc'd my minde of them to ſpeake,
I muſt needs ſay their judgements are but weake.
The like I muſt of them who diſ-eſteeme
All former cuſtomes, and doe onely deeme
Their owne praiſe-worthy: As alſo ſuch as doe
Thinke thoſe things beſt they cannot reach unto;
Yet in the Vulgar this weake humor's bred:
They'l ſooner be with idle cuſtomes led,
Or fond opinions (ſuch as they have ſtore)
Than learne of reaſon or of Vertues lore.
We thinke that we are ſtrong; but what alas
Is there that our great might can bring to paſſe?

Sith though we thereto bend e'en all our will,
We neither can be good nor wholly ill.
God gives us needfull blessings for to use them;
Which wanting power to doe, we oft abuse them.
Some hold them wise and vertuous that possesse
An Heremitall solitarinesse:
But it proceeds from *Imbicility*;
And for because through *Non-ability*,
Those things they cannot well indure to doe,
Which they indeed should be inur'd unto.
Besides they wrong their Country and their Frie
For Man (saith *Tully*'s) borne to other ends
Than for to please himselfe: a part to have
The Common-wealth doth look; and Parents cl
A part; so doe his friends. Then deales he well,
That closely mew'd up in a careless Cell
Keepes all himselfe? and for a little ease,
Can in his conscience find to rob all these?
I say he's weak, and so again I must;
But adde withall, he's slothfull and unjust.
Then as he's vain that precious time doth spe
In fond and idle pleasure to no end:
So are those weake that with contempt disdain
All pleasure and delight on earth as vain;
And though they would be zealous thought, &
I shall but count them foolishly precise:
For man hath cares and pleasures mixt withall
Are needfull; yea, both just and naturall.
We are no *Angels*, that our recreation
Consist should only in meere contemplation:
But we have bodies too, of whose due pleasure,
The soules must find some times to be at leasure,
For to participate. But in this kind,
Though some find fault we are not much behin

For if that worthy Poets did not teach
A way beyond their dull conceited reach,
I think their ſhallow wiſdomes would eſpie,
A Parable did differ from a Lie.
Yea, if their judgement be not quite bereft;
Or if that they had any reaſon left,
The precious Truthes within their Fables wrapt,
Had not upon ſo rude a cenſure hapt.
But though that kinde of teaching ſome diſpraiſe,
As there's few good things lik't of now adaies:
Yet I dare ſay, becauſe the Scriptures ſhow it,
The beſt e'er taught on earth taught like a Poet:
And whereas Poets now are counted baſe,
And in this worthleſſe age in much diſgrace;
I of the cauſe cannot refrain to ſpeak;
And this it is; Mens judgements are grown weak,
They know not true deſert; for if they did,
Their well-deſervings could not ſo be hid.
And ſure if there be any doth deſpiſe
Such as they are, it is cauſe he envies
Their worthineſſe, and is a ſecret foe
To every one that truely learnes to know:
For of all ſorts of men, her's my beliefe,
The Poet is moſt worthy and the chiefe.
His Science is the abſolut'ſt and beſt,
And deſerves honour above all the reſt;
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inſpir'd into the heart
By *Divine* meanes; and I do muſe men dare
Twixt it and their profeſſions make compare.
For why ſhould he that's but Philoſopher,
Geometrician, or Aſtrologer,
Phyſitian, Lawyer, Rhetorician,
Hiſtorian, Arithmetician,

Or ſome ſuch like; why ſhould he (having found
The means but by one art to be renown'd)
Compare with him that claims to have a part
And intereſt almoſt in every Art?
And if that men may adde unto their name,
By one of theſe an everlaſting fame,
How much more ſhould it unto them befall,
That have not onely one of theſe, but all,
As Poets have? For do but ſearch their works
And you ſhall finde within their writtngs lurks
All *knowledge*; if they undertake
Of Divine matters any ſpeech to make,
You'l think them Doctors. If they need to tell
The courſe of Starres, they ſeem for to excell
Great *Ptolomey*; intend they to perſwade,
You'l think that they were Rhetoricians made.
What *Law*, what *Phyſick*, or what *Hiſtory*
Can theſe not treat of? Nay, what Myſterie
Are they not learn'd in? If of Trades they write,
Have they not all their tearmes and words as right
As if they had ſerv'd an Apprentiſhip?
Can they not name all tools for Workmanſhip?
We ſee 'tis true. If once he treat of Warres,
Of cruell bloudy fraies, of wounds, of ſcarres;
Why then he ſpeaks ſo like a Souldier there,
That he hath been begot in armes thou'lt ſweare.
Again, he writes ſo like a Navigator,
As if he had ſerv'd *Neptune* in the water;
And thou would'ſt think he might of travell make
As great a volume as our famous *Drake*.
Old *Proteus* and *Vertumnus* are but Apes
Compar'd to theſe for ſhifting of their ſhapes;
There is no humorous Paſſion ſo ſtrange,
To which they cannot in a moment change:

Note but their *Dramaticks* and you shall see
They'l speak for every sex, for each degree,
And in all causes; as if they had been
In every thing, or at least all things seen.
If need be they can like a Lawyer prate,
Or talk more gravely like a man of State; (ware,
They'l have a Tradesmans tongue to praise their
And counterfeit him right (but they'l not swear.)
The curiousst Physitians (if they please)
Shall not coyne words to give their Patient ease
So well as they; and if occasion urge,
They'l Choler, yea and Melancholy purge,
Onely with Charmes and words; and yet it shall
Be honest means, and meerely naturall:
Are they dispos'd to gossip't like a woman,
They'l shew their tricks so right, that almost no man
But would so think them: Virgins that are purest,
And Matrons that make shew to be demurest,
Speak not so like chast *Cynthia* as they can,
Nor *Newbery* so like a Curtezan.
They'l give words either fitting for a Clown,
Or such as shall not unbeseem a Crown.
In shew they will be cholerick, ambitious,
Desperate, jealous, mad, or envious;
In sorrow, or in any Passion be;
But yet remain still from all Passions free:
For they have onely to this end exprest them,
That men may see them plainer, and detest them.
But some will say that these have on the Stage
So painted out the *vices* of this Age,
That it not onely tells that they have bin
Experienc'd in every kinde of sin;
But that it also doth corrupt and show
How men should act those sinnes they did not know.

Oh

Oh hatefull saying! not pronounc'd by chan
But spew'd out of malicious ignorance.
Weigh it, and you will either think these weak,
Or say that they do out of envy speak.
Can none declare th'effect of Drunkennesse,
Vnlesse they used such like beastlinesse?
Are all men ignorant what comes by Lust,
Excepting those that were themselves unjust?
Or think they no man can describe a sin,
But that which he himselfe hath wallowed in?
If they suppose so, I no cause can tell,
But they may also boldly say as well
They are Apprentises to every Trade,
Of which they finde they have descriptions made
Or else because they see them write those things
That do belong to Rule, best say th'are Kings:
As though that sacred *Poesie* inspir'd
No other knowledge than might be acquir'd
By the dull outward sense; yes, this is she
That shows us not alone all things that be,
But by her power laies before our view,
Such wondrous things as Nature never knew.
And then whereas they say that men are worse
By reading that these write, 'tis their own curse;
For, is the flower faulty cause we see
The loathsome Spider, and the painfull Bee
Make divers use on't? No, it is the same
Vnto the Spider, though she cannot frame
Like sweetnesse as the Bee thence. But indeed
I must confesse that this bad age doth breed
Too many that without respect presume
This worthy title on them to assume,
And undeserv'd; base fellows, whom meer time
Hath made sufficient to bring forth a Rime.

A Curtain Iigge, a Libell, or a Ballet,
For Fidlers or ſome Rogues with ſtaffe and wallet
To ſing at doores: men onely wiſe enough,
Out of ſome rotten-old-worm-eaten ſtuffe
To patch up a bald witleſſe Comedy,
And trim it here and there with ribauldry
Learn'd at a Bawdy-houſe? I ſay there's ſuch,
And they can never be diſgrac'd too much.
For though the name of *Poet* ſuch abuſes,
Yet they are enemies to all the *Muſes*,
And dare not ſort with them for feare they will
Tumble them headlong down *Parnaſſus* hill.
Why then ſhould their uſurping of it, wrong
That title which doth not to them belong?
And wherefore ſhould the ſhame of this lewd crew
Betide them unto whom true honour's due?
It ſhall not, for how ere they uſe the name,
Their works will ſhew how they do merit fame;
And though it be diſgrac'd through ignorance,
The generous will *Poeſie* advance,
As the moſt antique Science that is found,
And that which hath been the firſt root and ground
Of every Art; yea, that which onely brings
Content, and hath been the delight of Kings.
Great IAMES our King both loves and lives a Poet,
(His books now extant do directly ſhow it)
And that ſhall adde unto his worthy name
A better glory, and a greater fame
Than *Britains Monarchie*; for few but he
(I think) will both a King and Poet be;
And for the laſt, although ſome fools debaſe it,
I me in the minde that *Angells* do imbrace it:
And though God giv't here but in part to ſome,
All ſhall have't perfect in the World to come.

This

This in defence of *Poesie* to say
I am compell'd, because that at this day
Weaknesse and *Ignorance* have wrong'd it sore:
But what need any man therein speak more
Than *Divine Sidney* hath already done?
For whom (though he deceas'd e'er I begun)
I have oft sighed and bewaild my fate,
That brought me forth so many yeares too late
To view that *Worthy*; And now think not you
Oh *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Iohnson*, *Chapman*, how
I long to see you, with your fellow Peers,
Sylvester matchlesse, glory of these yeares:
I hitherto have onely heard your fames,
And know you yet but by your Works and Names
The little time I on the earth have spent,
Would not allow me any more content:
I long to know you better, that's the truth,
I am in hope you'l not disdain my Youth:
For know, you *Muses-Darlings*, Ile not crave
A fellowship amongst you for to have:
Oh no; for though my ever-willing heart
Hath vow'd to love and praise You and your Art,
And though that I your stile do now assume,
I do not, nor I will not so presume;
I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet*;
It is not yet deserv'd by me, I know it:
Grant me I may but on your *Muses* tend,
And be enrol'd their Servant, or their Friend;
And if desert hereafter worthy make me,
Then for a Fellow (if it please you) take me.
But yet I must not here give off to speak,
To tell men wherein I have found them weak,
And chiefly those which cannot brook to heare
Mention of death, but with much griefe and feare:

For many are not able once to take
That thought into them, but their Soules will quake.
Poore feeble ſpirits, would you ne'er away,
But dwell for ever in a piece of clay?
What finde you here wherein you do delight,
Or what's to ſeeing that is worth the ſight?
What? do the heavens thy endeavours bleſſe,
And wouldſt thou therefore live ſtill to poſſeſſe
The joy thou haſt? Seek't not; perhaps to morrow
Thou'lt wiſh t'have di'd to day to ſcape the ſorrow
Thou then ſhalt ſee: for ſhame take ſtronger hearts,
And adde more courage to your better parts:
For death's not to be fear'd, ſith 'tis a friend
That of your ſorrowvs makes a gentle end.
But here a quality I call to minde,
That I amongſt the common people finde;
This 'tis, a weak one too; When they perceive
A Friend ne'er death, and ready for to leave
This wretched life; and if they heare him ſay
Some parting words, as if he might not ſtay,
Nay, ſay not ſo (theſe Comforters reply)
Take heart, your time's not come, ye ſhall not die:
What man, and grace of God you ſhall be ſtronger,
And live no doubt yet many a fair day longer;
Think not on death; With many ſuch like words,
Such as their underſtanding beſt affords:
But where is now become this peoples wit?
What do their knowvledges eſteem more fit
Than death to think on? chiefly vyhen men be
About to put off their mortalitie.
Me thinks they rather ſhould perſvvade them then
Feareleſſe to be reſolv'd to die like men:
For, vvant of ſuch a reſolution ſtings
At point of death; and dreadfull horrour brings

E'en

E'en to the Soule; cause wanting preparation,
She lies despairing of her own salvation.
Yea, and moreover this full well know I
He that's at any time afraid to die,
Is in weak case; and whatsoe'er he saith,
Hath but a wavering and a feeble faith.
But what need I go further to relate
The frailty I have seen in Mans estate?
Sith this I have already said makes cleare,
That of all creatures God hath placed here,
(Provided we respect them in their kinde)
Wee cannot any more unable finde;
For of our selves we have not power to speak,
No, nor to frame a thought, we are so weak.
Against our bodies every thing prevailes,
And oft our knowledge and our judgement fails:
Yea, if that one mans strength were now no lesse
Than all men do in generall possesse;
Or if he had attain'd to ten times more
Than all Gods creatures joyn'd in one before;
Yet would his power be ev'n then so small.
When he stands surest hee's but sure to fall.
'Tis onely *weaknesse* that doth make us droop
And unto crosses and diseases stoop;
That makes us vain, inconstant, and unsure,
Vnable any good things to endure:
It brings us to the servile base subjection
Of all loose passion and untam'd affection:
It leads us and compells us oft to stray
Both beside truth, and out of Reasons way:
And lastly wee, and that because of this,
Either do nothing, or do all amisse.
Which being so we may with *David* then
Confesse that we are rather *Wormes* than *Men*.

Of PRESUMPTION.

SATYR. 4.

Oh heedlesse *Muse*, thou no advisement tak'st;
Wast not of *Men* that last of all thou spak'st?
It was; and of the *weakenesse* too of *Men*:
Come then with shame now and deni't agen:
Recant; for so the matter thou did'st handle,
Thou maist be curst for't with *bell*, *book*, and *candle*.
Is mankinde weak? Who then can by their powers
Into the aire hurle Palaces and Towers?
And with one blast e'en in a moment make
Whole Kingdomes and brave Monarchies to shake?
Or what are they that dare for to aspire
Into Gods seat, and if it might be, higher:
That forgive sinnes as fast as men can doe them,
And make *Iehovah* be beholding to them?
I've heard of such; What are they? would I wist;
They can make Saints (they say) of whom they list:
And being made, above the stars can seat them,
Yea, with their own hands make their gods, & eat thē
Ha? Are they men? how dar'st thou then to speak
Such blasphemy, to say, *Mankinde is weak*?
I tell thee this, *Muse*, either man is strong,
And through thy babling thou hast done him wrong;
Or else beyond his limits he doth erre,
And for *Presumption* puts down *Lucifer*.

Is't

Is't ſo? Nay then I prethee *Muſe* go on,
And let us heare of his *preſumption*:
For I do know, cauſe I have heard him vaunt,
That hee's a Creature proud and arrogant:
And it may be he is not of ſuch might
As he makes ſhew for; but uſurps ſome's right.
That's goes indeed: For though he be ſo baſe,
So weak, and in ſuch miſerable caſe,
That I want words of a ſufficient worth
To paint his moſt abhorred vildeneſſe forth;
Yet ſuch is alſo his deteſted pride,
That I ſuppoſe the Devill is beli'd
By every man that ſhall affirme or ſay
He is more proud. For do but mark I pray
This Creature *Man*: Did *Natures* powerfull K
(*GOD*, that of *nothing* framed every thing)
Mould out of Clay a piece which he had rent
E'en from the Earth, the baſeſt Element?
And whereas he might have been made a *Thrall*,
Yea, and the very *Vnderling* of all;
That God with title of *Chiefe-Ruler* grac'd him
And as a Steward over all things plac'd him:
Gave him a pleaſant Garden for to till,
And leave to eate of ev'ry Tree at will;
Onely of *one* indeed he did deny him,
And peradventure of that one to try him.
But ſee his inſolence, though God did threat
Death if he eate, and though that God was gre
And ſo exceeding juſt, that he well knew
All that he threatned doubtleſſe would enſue:
Thogh God were ſtrong, & could, had man bin
(Poor clay-bred worm) have ſtampt him into p
Yet (notwithſtanding all this ſame) did he
Preſume to taſte of that *Forbidden-tree*.

A rash beginning, but he sped so ill,
yee think he held on this presumption still?
o heare he had left that offence 'twere news:
nt *Cain* and *Nimrod*, *Pharaoh* and the *Iewes*
iew'd it continued; and grew much more,
ther than lesser than it was before.
iz in his murder and his proud reply;
imrod, in that he dar'd to build so high;
araoh, by boldly tempting God, to show
s sundry plagues to Ægypts overthrow:
d many waies the last. But what need I
cite examples of Antiquity?
thus to tax old ages of that crime,
h there was ne'er a more presumptuous time
an this that's now. What dare not men to do,
hey have any list or minde thereto?
eir fellow-creatures they do much contemne,
unting that all things were ordain'd for them;
, both the gladsome daies, and quiet nights,
, Moon, and Heaven, with those glorious lights,
ich so bespangle that fair azure roofe:
ey think were onely made for their behoofe:
enas, alas, their power and weak command,
not extend so far as to withstand
e least Stars force; o're them and their estate,
ne, Moon, and Starres too do predominate.
efore our Fall indeed we did excell
other Creatures that on earth did dwell;
now I think the very worst that be,
just as much to boast upon as wee,
Soul's defil'd; And therefore if in Sense
lace our worth and chiefe preheminence,
known that there be divers creatures then
have the upper hand; for they passe men:

And though we ſtill preſume upon't, 'tis vain
To challenge our old Soveraignty again:
For when that we from our obedience fell,
All things againſt us alſo did rebell;
Lions, and Beares, and Tygers ſought our bloud,
The barren earth deni'd to yeeld us food:
The clouds rain'd plagues, and yet dare we go on,
We take ſuch pleaſure in *preſumption*.

But for becauſe there's ſome do ſcarcely know
How we do in that fault offend, Ile ſhow:
Firſt, when that they new worſhippings invent,
And cannot hold themſelves ſo well content
With that which God doth in his Word ordain,
As with inventions of their own weak brain;
It ſeems they think their fancies to fulfill,
Would pleaſe him better than to have his will.

Next, I do reckon them that over-bold
Gods ſacred Legend have at will controld;
And maugre his grand curſe, ſome places chang'd,
Added to ſome; and ſome again eſtrang'd.

Then thoſe great Maſters I preſumptuous deem
That of their knowledge do ſo well eſteem:
They will force others as the Papiſts do
For to allow of their opinions too;
Yea, though it be a meer imagination,
That neither hath good ground, nor juſt foundation.

Some will be prying, though they are forbid
Into thoſe ſecrets God meant ſhould be hidden.
So do ſome Students in Aſtrologie,
Though they can make a faire Apologie.
And ſo do thoſe that very vainly trie
To finde our fortunes by their Palmiſtrie:
Theſe do preſume, but much more ſuch as ſay,
At this or that time comes the judgment-day.

Or such as ask, or dare for to relate
What GOD was doing e'er he did create
Heaven and Earth: or where he did abide,
How and by whom he then was glorifi'd.
But those that into such deep secrets winde,
A slender profit in their labour finde;
For to make known how highly they offend,
A desperate madnesse is oft times their end.
Yet such their nature is, they'll not beware,
But to be prying further still they dare:
For sure that longing can no way be staid:
Which well the Poet seem'd to know, who said;
Man, what he is forbidden, still desires,
And what he is deni'd of most requires.
Rather than many will a man gain-say,
They dare make bold with Gods they think they may;
Because it seems they deem him not so strong,
Or so well able to revenge a wrong.
Some such great power to themselves assume,
And on their own strength do so much presume,
They seldome do for Gods assistance crave;
As if it were a needlesse thing to have
Which is the cause that often the conclusion
Proves their own shame, their hindrance, & confusion
In praying men *presume*, unlesse they be
With every one in love and charitie:
Or if in their Petitions they desire
Such things as are unlawfull to require.
Death's their reward we know, that break the laws;
Not neither that, nor yet damnations awe
Keeps us from sinne: a thousand God-heads more
Than *one* we make, and dare for to adore
Our own hand-works: the Sabbath we disdain,
And dreadlesse take the Name of God in vain.

If but by his Lords hand an *Irish* ſweare,
To violate that oath he ſtands in feare;
Leſt him both of his lands and goods he ſpoile,
For making him the inſtrument of guile:
And yet dare we (poore worms) before his face,
(Reſpecting whom, the greateſt Lords are baſe)
Both ſweare, and forſweare, uſing that great Name
At pleaſure, without any feare of blame.
Why ſhould not we as well ſuppoſe that he
Who in our hearts would have no fraud to be;
Will miſerable, poore, and naked leave us,
Yea, of thoſe bleſſings and eſtates bereave us
We now hold of him, if we thus contemne,
And ſtill abuſe his ſacred Name, and him?
But men ſecure in wickedneſſe perſiſt,
As if they could pleaſe God with what they liſt:
If they can, *Lord have mercy on them*, ſay,
And mumble ſome few praiers once a day,
There needs no more: nay ſurely, there be ſuch,
That think it is enough, if not too much.
But what's the reaſon? God made all the man,
Why ſhould he have but part allow'd him then?
He in their ſervice nothing doth delight,
Vnleſſe it be with all their ſtrength and might,
With their whole heart and ſoule, and that way
As he appoints them in his Word to do.
Some men there are who hope by honeſty,
By their Almes-deeds and works of Charitie
To win Gods favour, and ſo to obtain
Salvation by it, but their hope's in vain.
Others there are, who for becauſe th' have ſo
For to beleeve 'tis true the Scripture ſaith,
With they have knowledge in Religion,
And make thereof a ſtrict profeſſion,

Or do obſerve the outward worſhip duly.
Do think that therein they have pleas'd God truly.
Now theſe are juſt as far as th'other wide,
For they Gods worſhip do by halves divide;
And for his due which is e'en all the heart,
Do dare preſume to offer him a part.
But th'one muſt know he will not pleaſed be
With a Religion that wants honeſtie:
And th'other that as little good will doe,
His honeſt ſhews without Religion too.
If this be ſo (as ſo it is indeed)
Howthen will thoſe preſumptuous fellows ſpeed
Who think (forſooth) becauſe that once a yeare
They can afford the poore ſome ſlender cheere,
Obſerve their Countrey feaſts, or Common doles,
And entertain their Chriſtmas Waſſaile-bowles
Or elſe becauſe that for the Churches good,
They in defence of *Hock-tide* cuſtome ſtood,
Whitſon-Ale, or ſome ſuch goodly motion,
The better to procure Youngmens devotion?
What will they do, I ſay, that think to pleaſe
Their mighty God with ſuch vain things as theſe?
Are very ill; for though that they can mone,
And ſay that Love and Charitie is gone,
As old folks do, becauſe their banquettings,
Their ancient Drunken Summer-revellings,
Are out of date, though they can ſay, through teachings
And ſince the Goſpell hath had open preaching,
Men are grown worſe; though they can ſoon eſpie
A little mote in their own neighbours eye;
Yea, though that they their *Pater-noſter* can,
And call their honeſt neighbour *Puritan*;
How e'er they in their own conceits may ſmile,
Be ſure they are *preſumptuous, weak*, and *vile*.

Alſo in this abominable time,
It is amongſt us now a common crime,
To flout and ſcoffe at thoſe which we eſpie
Willing to ſhake off humane *Vanity*;
And thoſe that gladly do themſelves enforce
Vnto a ſtrict and more religious courſe
Than moſt men do; although they truly know
No men are able to pay halfe they owe
Vnto their God; (as though their wiſdomes thought
He might be ſerved better than he ought)
They count preciſe and curious more than needs,
They try their ſayings, and weigh all their deeds:
A thouſand things that they well do, ſhall be
Sleightly paſt over, as if none did ſee:
But one thing ill done (though the beſt does ill)
They ſhall be certain for to heare of ſtill;
Yea, notwithſtanding they can daily ſmother
Millions of ten-times-greater faults in other.
Who are ſo hated, or ſo often blam'd?
Or ſo revil'd, or ſcorn'd, or ſo miſnam'd?
To whom do we now our contentions lay?
Who are ſo much term'd *Puritans* as they
That feare God moſt? But 'tis no marvell men
Preſume ſo much to wrong his children, when
As if they fear'd not his revengefull rod,
They can blaſpheme, and dare to anger God.
Now by theſe words to ſome men it may ſeem
That I have *Puritanes* in high eſteem;
Indeed, if by that name you underſtand
Thoſe whom the vulgar *Atheiſts* of this land
Do daily terme ſo; that is ſuch as are
Fore-named here; and have the greateſt care
To know and pleaſe their Maker: then 'tis true
I love them well, for love to ſuch is due:

But if you mean, *The busie-headed sect,*
The hollow crew, the counterfeit Elect:
Our Dogmatists, and ever-wrangling spirits,
That do as well contemne good works as merits:
If you mean those that make their care seem great
To get soules food, when 'tis for bodies meat;
Or those, all whose religion doth depend
On this, *That they know how to discommend*
A May-game, or a Summer-pole defie,
Or shake the head, or else turn up the eye:
If you mean those, howsoever they appear,
This I say of them, (would they all might heare)
Though in a zealous habite they do wander,
Yet they are Gods foes and the Churches slander;
And though they humble be in shew to many,
They are as haughty every way as any.

What need I here the lewd presumptions tell
Of *Papists* in these daies? 'tis known too well.
For them thereof each Peasant now convinces,
In things as well concerning God as Princes.

Others I finde too that do dare presume,
The office of a Teacher to assume,
And being blinde themselves and gone astray,
Take on them to shew other men the way.

Yea, some there be who have small gifts of spirit,
No kinde of knowledge, and as little merit,
That with the world have made a firm conjunction,
Yet dare to undergoe the sacred function
Of Christ his Pastor. Yea, such is their daring,
That (neither for their Charge nor Duty caring)
Instead of giving good and sound instruction,
They lead themselves and others to destruction.

We read that *Ieremie* and *Moses* both,
To undertake this charge were wondrous loth.

(The greatneſſe of the ſame ſo much appall'd the
Yea, though that God himſelfe directly call'd the
But our brave Clarks, as if they did condemne
The too much baſhfull backwardneſſe of them;
Or elſe as if themſelves they abler thought;
Thoſe Divine callings have not onely ſought
Without reſpect of their ability,
A Chriſtian Conſcience or civilitie;
But being of old *Simon Magus* tribe,
Purchaſe it often with a hatefull bribe;
Which ſhewes that they ſuch places do deſire,
Not for the good of others, but their hire.
But *Patrons*, feare ye neither God nor Hell?
Dare ye the Churches patrimony ſell
For filthy lucre, in deſpight of Law
Sacred or humane? *Pedants*, dare ye? Haw!
Dare ye buy't of them? By Gods help, unleſſe
This villanie e'er long have ſome redreſſe,
Ile finde a means, or elſe let me have blame,
To bring ſome ſmart, or elſe eternall ſhame
Vpon you for't; It may be you do ſent it,
But all your policy ſhall not prevent it.
What do you look for? Hell and your Damnation
Well, you ſhall have it by impropriation:
I know now you have entred *Simony*,
You'll double-damne your Souls with *perjury*.
For they as oft together may be ſeen,
As is the chilling *Fever* and the *Spleen*.
But, oh, deare Countreymen, be more adviſ'd
Think what God is, he may not be deſpis'd.
Could you well weigh his juſtice and his power,
How many infinites it paſſeth our,
And knew his judgements, you would not diſſe
An outward feigned reverence, but tremble

d shake with horror; you'd not dare to venter
tum Sanctorum so unfit to enter.
s Churches good you rather would advance,
han rob it thus of her inheritance;
make the same as men still unbeleeving,
ke to *a house of merchandise and theeving.*
You to whom deeds of former times are known,
urk to what passe this age of ours is grown,
en with us that do strictest seem to be
the professing of Christianitie;
ou know men have been carefull to augment
he Churches portion, and have been content
o adde unto it out of their estate;
d *Sacriledge* all *Nations* did so hate,
at the meer *Irish*, who seem'd not to care
r God nor man, had the respect to spare
he Churches profits; yea, their heed was such,
at in the time of need they would not touch
e known provisions they daily saw
or'd up in Churches: in such feare and awe
e places held them; though that they did know
e things therein belonged to their foe;
now the world and mans good nature's chang'd,
om this opinion most men are estrang'd;
e rob the Church, and what we can attain
Sacriledge and Theft is our best gain.
paying dues, the refuse of our stock,
e barreneſt and leaneſt of our flock
ll serve our *Pastor*: whom for to deceive,
think no sinne. Nay further (by your leave)
n seek not to impropriate a part
o themselves; but they can finde in heart
ngrosse up all: which vile Presumption
h broght church-livings to a strange consumption.

And if this ſtrong diſeaſe do not abate,
'Twill be the pooreſt member in the ſtate.
No marvell though in ſtead of learned Preache
We have been peſter'd with ſuch ſimple Teachers,
Such poore, mute, tongue-tide Readers, as ſcarce kn
Whether that God made *Adam* firſt, or no:
Thence it proceeds, and there's the cauſe that Pla
And Office at this time incurres diſgrace.
For men of judgment, or good diſpoſitions
Scorne to be ty'd to any baſe conditions,
Like to our hungry Pedants, who'l engage
Their ſoules for any curtail'd Vicarage.
I ſay, there's none of knowledge wit, or merit,
But ſuch as are of a moſt ſervile ſpirit,
That will ſo wrong the Church as to preſume
Some poore-halfe-demi-Parſonage to aſſume
In name of all; no, they had rather quite
Be put beſide the ſame, than wrong Gods right.
Well, they muſt entertain ſuch Pedants then,
Fitter to feed Swine than the ſoules of men,
But, Patrons think ſuch beſt, for there's no fear
They will ſpeak any thing they loathe to heare:
They may run fooliſhly to their damnation
Without reproofe, or any diſturbation;
To let them ſee their vice they may be bold,
And yet not ſtand in doubt to be controld:
Thoſe in their houſes may keep private Schools
And either ſerve for jeſters, or for fools,
And will ſuppoſe that they are highly grac'd,
Be they but at their Patrons table plac'd:
And there if they be cal'd but Prieſts in ſcoffe,
Straight they duck down, and all their caps com
Suppoſing it for to be done in kindneſſe,
Which ſhewes their weakneſſe & apparant blind

More

Moreover, 'tis well known that former time
held it to be a vile presumptuous crime,
such men in sacred Offices to place
Whom they knew touch'd with any foule disgrace;
or to allow those whom they did suspect
to have an outward bodily defect:
but be they now not onely crooked, lame,
dismember'd, and of the unshapeliest frame
that ever *Nature* form'd; though they be blinde,
not in sight onely, but as well in minde;
though they be such, who if they came to shreeving,
might confesse murther, whordome, slander, theeving,
and all damn'd villany; yet these men will be
admitted to the *sacred Ministrie.*
But most of us do now disdain that place,
accounting it unworthy, mean, and base;
as, like to *Ieroboams* Priests wee see.
They of the lowest of the people be;
and though we know the *Israelites* allow'd
God the First-born for his; we are so proud,
lest they either do want shape, or wit,
seem for worldly businesse unfit,
we think Gods service worthy the bestowing
their Childe upon it; or such duty owing
unto the same; but rather that vocation
they count a blemish to their reputation.
O where's your understanding, oh you men?
turn from your brutish dulnesse once agen;
honour Gods messengers; for why? 'tis true
unto them both reverence and honour's due:
speak what they are, and be not still self-minded,
never not reason to be so much blinded;
do not for love that you to justice beare,
but follow her (although it be) for feare.

And

And see that this *Presumption* you amend,
Or look some heavy plague shall be your end.
Then it is also a *Presumptuous* act,
With knowledge to commit a sinfull fact,
Though ne'er so small: for sinne's a subtle elfe,
That by degrees insinuates it selfe
Into our soules; and in a little space
Becomes too huge a Monster to displace:
Yea, it is certain that one sinne, though small,
Will make an entrance great enough for all;
And what is't but *Presumption* to abuse,
And without feare and reverence to use
Gods Sacred Word? Yet we that *Christ* professe,
Think it no fault, or that there's no fault lesse:
Else sure we would not in our common talk,
Let our loose tongues so much at randome walk;
We would not dare our jests of that to make,
At uttering whereof the heavens shake;
For if God had reveal'd his Gospell newes
To us, as heretofore unto the Iewes
He did the Law: who heard him to their wonder,
Speaking through fearfull fiery flames of Thunder:
We would not dread in any evill fashion,
To use that sacred means of our salvation.
Our cursed *Pagan* unbeleeving foe,
I meane the *Turk*, more reverence doth show
In those his damn'd erroneous Rites, than we
In the true *Worship*: for 'tis known that he
Will not so much as touch his *Alcharon*,
That doth contain his false *Religion*,
With unwash'd hands; nor till he hath o'er-read
All that his vain and confus'd rabblement
Of Ceremonies us'd, much lesse dares look
On the Contents of that unhallowed Book:

we in midſt of all our villany,
our Pot-conference and Ribaldrie,
reverently can the ſame apply,
s if't were ſome of *Paſquils-Letany*.
But ſoft, my *Muſe* in her perambulation
ch hapt upon an *Excommunication* :
nd though that her *Commiſſion* ſhe wanted,
et ſhe made bold to ſearch wherefore 'twas granted.
Which if you would know too ; why, it may be
ome were ſo pleas'd becauſe they lack'd a fee :
or had the Officers been well contented,
hey ſay the matter might have been prevented.
ut you that have the wiſedomes to diſcerne
hen abuſe is, pray tell me, I would learne :
iſuſe we not *Excommunication* ?
ou know, *It is a Separation*
om *God* : and *a moſt fearfull banishment*,
om *the partaking of his Sacrament*,
nd *good mens fellowship* ; *a ſad exile*
erhaps for ever, at the leaſt a while)
om *the true Church*, and oh (moſt horrid evill)
giving of men over to the Devill.
nd therefore was ordain'd in better times
ely for ſuch, who in their hainous crimes,
ith hardned obſtinacie did perſiſt,
o may appeare : but now, we at our liſt,
n if the ſame but ſome ſleight matter were,
or every triſle to pronounce it dare ;
nd peradventure too, on ſuch as be
ore honeſt far, and better much than we.
But ſith my *Muſe* hath her endeavour done,
o note how men into this fault do run ;
will be bold to let you underſtand
e ſtrange *Preſumption* noted in our Land,

Worth

Worth the amending: and indeed 'tis this
(*Reader*, pray judge how dangerous it is.)
We seeing God hath now removed farre,
From this our Country his just plague of *warre*,
And made us through his mercy so much blest,
We doe in spight of all our foes yet rest
Exempt from danger: by us it appeares
Through the great blessing of these quiet yeares,
We are so fearelesse, careless, and secure;
In this our happy peace, and so cock-sure,
As if we did suppose, or heard it said,
Old Mars were strangled, or the Divell dead:
Else can I not beleeve we would so lightly
Esteem our safety, and let passe so slightly
Our former care of *Martiall Discipline*,
For exercises meerely feminine:
We would not see our Armes so soil'd in dust,
Nor our bright blades eate up with cankerd rust,
As now they be: our Bowes they lye and rot;
Both Musket and Caliver is forgot;
And we lie open to all forraigne dangers
For want of discipline: 'tis known to Strangers,
Though we'l not see't. Alas, will not our pleasure
Let us be once in seven yeeres at leasure
To take a muster, and to give instruction?
No, rather pleasure will be our destruction.
For *that* first caus'd the law that now prevents
And barres the use of *powder-instruments*
To be enacted. Why? for to preserve
As idle *Game*, the which I wish might sterve
Amids our plenty, so that with their curse
The Land and People might be nothing worse;
'Cause for that trifle to the Realmes abuse,
The *Hand-gun* hath been so much out of use.

Scar

ance one in forty, if to proofe it came,
ures, or knowes well how to discharge the same.
Oh valiant *English*, we are like to hold
he glory that our fathers had of old:
sure I thinke some *undermining-hand*,
hat studies for the ruine of the Land,
cause of this; in hope thereby at length
o weaken ours, and let in Forraigne strength.
What do we think, cause there's a truce with *Spain*
hat we are safe? alas, that thought is vaine:
r dangers rather more. For while they dar'd
o proffer wrong they found us still prepar'd:
he profitable feare that we were in
evented danger that might else have bin.
now the cause of forraigne feare is gone,
e have not onely let all care alone,
also are so drunken with delights,
drown'd in pleasures that our dulled sprites,
e so o'er-clogd with Luxury, we droope,
e fit for *Venus* than for *Mars* his troope:
e if our foes should now so ventrous be
o invade the Land, unlesse that we
speed amend this error here's my minde,
e way to worke our ruine they'l soon finde:
e just the *Troians* last nights watch we keep,
o then were buried all in wine and sleepe.
We read, when *Cato* should a Captaine chuse
the *Pannonian* fight, he did refuse
kinsman *Publius*, 'cause that from the warre
often had return'd without a scarre,
went perfum'd. But if such faults as these
e'd the *Censor*, sure then in our daies,
scarcely would in Towne or Country finde
man with us according to his minde:

Such

Such is our daintineſſe. Beſides, to ſtrangers
(As if there were no cauſe to doubt of dangers)
We doe not onely our great riches ſhow,
(A ſhrewd temptation to allure a foe)
But we moreover plainely doe declare
By fond apparell, too ſuperfluous fare,
Much idleneſſe and other wanton parts,
That we have weake effeminated hearts,
Which being known are ſure a great perſwaſion
Vnto our enemies to make invaſion.
But we doe ſay, in God's our only truſt,
On him we doe depend: Well, ſo we muſt,
And yet we ought not therefore to diſdaine
The lawfull meanes by which he doth ordaine
To worke our ſafety then: for that's a ſigne
We rather love to tempt the Powers Divine,
Than truſt unto them. Worthy *Brittaines* then,
Leave this preſumption, once againe be men,
Not weake *Sardanapali*; leave thoſe toyes
To idle Women, wanton Girles and Boies:
Vnto our foes I wiſh you could betake them,
Or unto any, ſo you would forſake them.
Let *Martialiſts* that long have been diſgrac'd
Be lov'd again and in our favours plac'd:
Count not them Rogues, but rather ſuch as can
So much degenerate themſelves from Man,
In tyre and geſture both to womanize.
Goe call a Parliament, and there deviſe
An act to have them whipt now: oh 'twere good
A deed well worthy ſuch a noble brood.
Meane while lets trim our ruſty Armes and ſcour
Thoſe long unuſed well-ſteel'd-blades of our;
(We ſhall not doe the Spiders any wrong,
For they have rent-free held their houſe-roome

Mortains, Helmets, Gaun tlets. Bandileeres:
place them thence, they have had all their yeeres)
give them such a lustre that the light
dimme the Moon-shine in a Winters night;
ay with idle Citherns, Lutes and Tabers,
knocks requite the Fidlers for their labours.
g in the warlike Drum, 'twill musick make ye,
t from your drousie pleasures will awake ye:
else that hartning Trumpet that from farre
sound unto you all the points of warre.
dances turne to marches; you ere long
know what doth to Ranks and Files belong
let your thundering shot so smoke and rore,
ngers may tremble to behold the shore,
know you sleepe not. But now to what end,
you suppose that I these words doe spend?
eve me, I'm not malecontent with peace,
doe desire this happy time might cease;
ould not have you foule seditions make,
by unjust warres to undertake:
I desire you leave those idle fashions,
have beene the just fall of many Nations.
e well unto your selves and not suppose.
e there's a league with *Spaine*, we have no foes.
if *Warres* ever make this Land complaine,
be thought some *Truce* it had with *Spaine*.
here I bid you once againe beware,
not time, but with all speed prepare;
your Forts again, and man them well,
better Captaines in them: I can tell
are growne covetous, and there's no trust
th as they; that vice makes men unjust.
ocket up the wages of their men,
poore Souldier serves alone for *ten*.

Look

Looke to the *Navy-Royall*: were't well ſcand,
I doubt it would be found but ſimply man'd:
The *Purſers* ſtudy (if ſome not belie them)
Onely which way they may have profit by them.
But ſee unto it you to whom't belongs,
See the abuſes done, redreſſe the wrongs.
And oh! renew the forces of this Land,
For there's a fearefull bloudy day at hand;
Though not fore-ſeene, a bloudy day for ſome,
Nor will the ſame be long before it come.
There is a tempeſt brewing in the *South*,
A horrid Vapour forc'd from hels own mouth.
'Tis ſpread already farre into the *Weſt*,
And now begins to gather in the *Eaſt*,
When 'tis at full once, it will ſtraight come forth
To ſhowre downe all its vengeance on the *North*.
But feare not little Ile, thy cauſe is right;
And if thou haſt not caſt all care off quite,
Nor art ſecure, why by that token then
Thou ſhalt drive backe that threatning ſtorme
Through Gods aſſiſtance; even to ruine thoſe
By and amongſt whom firſt of all it roſe.
But if that ſtill thou carleſſe ſnorting lie
In thy preſuming blind ſecurity,
Take't for a ſigne that now thy ſins are ripe,
And thou ſhalt ſurely feele the death-full ſtripe
Of that enſuing ill, unto thy ſhame
And extirpation of thy former fame.
But yet I hope, this overſight will end,
And we ſhall this preſumptuous fault amend:
I hope, I ſay (and yet I hope no harmes)
To ſee our *Engliſh* youth, trickt up in Armes,
And ſo well traind that all their foes ſhall hear
No newes from them, but horror, death and

and their March, like *Iehu*'s King of Iury,
ll shew they come with vengeance, speed and fury.
would we could as easily forsake
r presumptions; and that we could take
halfe the care and diligence to arme
r soules in danger of a greater harme.
uld we the holy weapons could assume
Christian warfare, and not still presume
leave our better parts all open so,
the advantage of the greater foe
Rome or *Spaine*. Oh would we could begin
ede the danger of presumptuous sin!
h soone would be, if we could once be brought
consider, with an equall thought,
ste beginning and infirmity,
wavering and wond'rous misery.
with this wretched poore estate of our
infinite and all-sufficient power;
fice, with his hatred unto ill,
eanings if we disobey his will:
remember he doth still behold,
e us when we sin; for who so bold,
e depriv'd of grace, then to offend?
should seeme, we our endeavours bend
r God; for we of sinne complaine,
th our *will*, sinne in his sight againe.
were't not a presumption very great,
ming to a King, one should intreat
n for some murther and yet bring
ody blade with which he did that thing
ld have mercy for? And whilst he speaking,
e againe with bloud and gore yet reaking,
ng sonne before his Fathers face;
ll bide, as if he hop'd for grace?

Should

Should we not think him mad? Sure yes; yet we
Cannot that madneſſe in our owvn ſelves ſee:
For, we dare come before the almighty King
To ſue for pardon for our ſins, yet bring
The ſelfe-ſame bad mind, ſtill conceiving mur
Againſt his children to provoke him further:
And look what ill is but in thought begun
With him's all one, as if the ſame were done.
It is no marvell that no humane lawv
Can keepe our over-daring hearts in awve;
Sith that we doe ſo little dread the rod
Of ſuch a powverfull, and ſo juſt a God:
And if in mans and Gods owvn ſight we dare
So feareleſſe ſin without reſpect or care;
It ſeemes that we doe little conſcience make
What miſchiefes by our ſelves we undertake:
Or thinke it no preſumption to commit
Something alone in our owvne ſight unfit,
Oh groſſe and ignorant! why, that's the wor
Of all preſumptions the moſt accurſt,
And full'ſt of danger. Silly man take heed,
Doe not before thy ſelfe an evill deed;
For when God doth forgive, and man forget,
Thine owvne ill conſcience will oppoſe and ſet
Her ſelfe againſt thee, tell thee thine offending
And keep thee backe from ever apprehending
Grace or forgiveneſſe; neither will afford
The ſmalleſt comfort of the Sacred Word:
But rather to thy ſad remembrance call
Each ſaying that may ſerve to prove thy fall:
And though that fire wondrous tortures brings
Vnto the body, yet when conſcience ſtings,
Nor fire, nor ſword, nor hell it ſelfe can yeeld
A worſer torment. God defend and ſhield

from the like; and give me grace to feare,
that I may preserve my conscience cleare
all my actions: and then I shall be
better case a thousand fold than he
into wealth and honour hath attain'd
with a braz'd conscience that is blurd and stain'd.
Alas, how e'r we were't to clime or mount
worldly reputation and account?
how soone could I if I had an intention
plot and to contrive a damn'd invention
golden heaps? yea, and so privily;
though 'twere done by craft and villany,
the blinded world would be deemed
haps more honest; but much more esteemed
I now I am. But God forbid that I
base vaine trash and dunghill stuffe should buy
such a rate. For there's no Iewell dearer,
any losse a man can have goes nearer
peace of conscience. Which to be most true,
ancient Poets very wisely knew,
therefore fain'd their furies, with intent
declare the inward punishment
guilty minds, which sure they might do well;
are in them Divels, yea and Hell,
all her torture. What else was the cause
(who knew no God, nor feared lawes)
he had killed his Mother tooke no rest,
thought he saw her comming to molest
plague him for't? What made him to surmise
was still tortur'd in such hellish wise,
Furies did to his appearance scorch
burning body with a burning torch?
not his conscience that had privy beene
the fact? Was not the cause within

Him

His owne bad selfe? If 'twere, lets to amend
Of our *presumptuous* sinnes, and bold offend
If, neither in regard of God nor men,
Oh let's for feare of our owne conscience then.
Yet ther's another thing which wer't well
Our rash *presumption* would be somewhat
The end of life with the neere ending paine
God for *presumptuous* sinners doth ordaine.
Could we note that; with deaths uncertaine
And how it takes men acting of their crimes
Even in the very nicke of their offence,
And beares them (ere they can repent them)
To such a place where nothing shall appeare,
But all the ghastly objects of grimme feare.
Where every sense shall severally sustaine,
The miserable smart of endlesse paine.
The tender feeling, shall in every part,
Be subject to th'intolerable smart
Of hellish flames, commixt with chilling cold
Tortures beyond conceit; not to be told.
The dainty mouth that had the curious taste
And of the choisest cates still made repast,
Shall filled be, yea belly, throat, and all,
With filth more loathsome than the bitterest
The once-perfumed nostrill, there shall drink
Foule noysome smels: beside the sulphurous
Of choaking flames. And there, the listning
Fed with the sound of pleasant musick here,
Shall change it for the wofull skreeching cry
Of damned soules that in hels tortures lie;
Whose hideous howlings can by no defence,
Be kept from piercing that amazed sense.
And then while they shall trembling think
From those amazements that doe seeme so nie

here the feareful'ſt obiect of the ſight
quite deſpairing mindes ſhal more affright:
griſh formes of foule miſhapen fiends,
ugly Bugs for evermore attends,
wart each looke. But if this doe not make
over-hardned heart (oh man) to quake:
s relation be too weake to winne,
reclaime thee from thy wonted ſinne;
if this doe no impreſſion leave,
thou canſt not any feare conceive
ugh this deſcription; think upon't at night,
in thy bed when earth's depriv'd of light:
mid-night when thou wak'ſt from ſleepe,
loncly darkeneſſe doth in ſilence keep
grim-fac'd night. And but imagine then
wert borne all alone to ſome darke den,
there ſet naked though thou felt no paine,
ing no way to get out againe,
ſhould'ſt in that naked loneneſſe heare
yelling voice, or ſome ſtrange noiſe draw neare,
threatning; or but calling on thy name:
h what patience could'ſt thou bide the ſame!
withall thy wandering eies ſhould marke,
w and then ſee peering through the darke
monſtrous viſages or ugly faces,
would make proffer of ſome rude embraces,
metime ſeeme as if they would begin
griping pawes to ſeaze thy trembling skin,
ſuppoſe that in thy chamber there,
cannot be the hundreth part of feare
ſe to thee the place well knowne will be,
thou maiſt have therewith to cover thee)
re I ſay ſuppoſe thou ſhouldſt behold,
ſuch grim obiects as are here foretold,

But

But onely heare the dolefull voice of men
Complaining in the darke; And now and then,
Behold the ghaſtly ſhape of friends long dead,
Wrapt in their ſheets as they were buried;
Or elſe from out thy chamber floore to riſe
A troope of bony, pik'd Anatomies.
Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he
That muſt ere long their bare companion be.
Then wouldſt thou feare I know, and thinke on
Whoſe might and feareful power thou didſt com
Thou wouldſt conſider better of the feare
And helliſh horror I have mention'd here.
Thy dangerous eſtate thou wouldſt conceive,
And ſomewhat thy preſumptuous actions leave;
Thou wouldſt not ſo caſt all thy care behind th
But watch thy ſelf for feare leſt death ſhold fin
Doing ſome ill; nor would'ſt thou thus delay
Times of Repentance ſtill from day to day.
But oh! how ſhall I hope that this I pleade,
Will worke in them that ſhall but barely reade
What I have writ? ſith I my ſelfe that know,
And have ſome inward feeling of that woe
Forget my ſelfe. I thinke when I ſhall be
From ſuch and ſuch like cares and troubles free
Then will I all my vanities forſake,
A better courſe of life I'l undertake,
And only ſeeke the glory of his Name
By whom I live. That day ere long time came,
Then I had other lets, but if that they,
(As I did ſeeke they might) were once a way,
I would indeed my duty better doe:
Well, ſo it pleas'd God, I ore-paſt them too.
Yet ſomething hindred ſtill that I could neve
In my intended *Chriſtian* courſe perſever:

Yet ever found unto my griefe and sorrow,
That I was bad to day and worse to morrow:
But oh! thou God that know'st my hearts desire,
Woe not; oh doe at my hands require
My youthfull sins; though this my flesh be fraile,
And my affections often doe prevaile:
Seeing thou know'st the weake estate of man,
And what a little his small power can,
Except my will, and let thy bloud suffice
To quit the rest of mine iniquities.
But now, because I have observ'd such store,
I needs must tell a few *presumptions* more.
Some in contemning others wisdome; show
That they presume themselves doe all things know;
For that vile selfe-conceit nere raised any,
Certaine I am it is the fall of many.
Others (and they in this kind too offend)
On their owne memories too much depend:
Such I have heard so confidently speake,
As if they had no thought that men were weake:
Mong those; though twenty men have all gain-said
What they affirmed, were not yet affraid
Their owne bare affirmation to out-face
Such sundry oathes: such wondrous trust they place
In their remembrance; yea, my selfe ere now
Have beene oft times more ready to avow
What I thought truth; than ere I'l be againe:
For what I deem'd to be so sure and plaine,
And I not onely stood in't to my might,
But would have pawn'd my life't had been the right:
Nor to my shame I have my selfe alone,
Found to be false, when all the rest were gone.
Such griev'd me so, that I'l ne'er more relie
So much to mine owne memorie.

But what may I tearme those who for a name,
Or else to get some vile prepostrous fame,
Will desperately for the nonce begin
To put in action some ungodly sin,
That all men loath; and onely (as they say)
For to be talkt of. What are such I pray?
Presumptuous, vaine or weake or all that's bad:
The last I think; and ten-times more than mad.
Yet we have Gallants and great store of such,
That in their great bravado's care not much
What villanies they doe. But 'tis their humour
Onely to fill mens mouthes with idle rumour;
And cause they know the vulgar sort do deem them
Youthes of great spirit and do much esteeme them
But amongst wisemen, they are sure to gaine
Reproachfull shame and well deserv'd disdaine;
And yet to adde some fame unto this story,
We will bequeath them *Erostratus* glory.
Nor have our old men left that humour yet,
For though through feeblenesse they are unfit
To put in practice their old tricks againe:
Yet for to shew they like them and would faine;
They'l often with a lie or two recite them;
And the remembrance doth so much delight them
That whereas they ought rather to repent,
And with a grieved heart for to lament
Their former folly; they with joy and laughter
Seeme to approv't in those that shall come after.
There's yet another crew, my *Muse* well knows
To whom she here a *Memorandum* owes,
Although no commendations; for they are
But busie fellowes, and do boldly dare
Take on them in their comments, forth to finde
The secret meaning of each Authors minde;

And do apply that, in particular,
Which doth extend to all ingenerall:
And in this little Booke perhaps, they can
Say, here I meant one, there another man;
And by their names they will not ſtick to ſhew them;
When as perhaps I nere ſo much as knew them.
So from my honeſt meaning they will reare them
A ſlander for ſome private grudge they beare them;
But though theſe are ſo bold, yet I beleeve,
Or hope at leaſt, no men of wiſdome give
Credit to any ſuch interpretations,
That are but idle falſe imaginations;
Which each of theſe what ſtile ſoe'er he crave,
Doth ſhew himſelfe preſumptuous foole and knave.
But here all you that are quite voide of care,
What you preſume in: chiefly you that dare,
Danger Gods threats, goe forward to fulfill
Your naughty, raſh, unbridled haire-braine will:
As if you thought that you your ſelves made all,
And that indeed there were no God at all.
Know this, ere long time it ſhall come to paſſe,
That you ſhall howling ſit and cry, alas:
Curſing your birth and miſerable ſtate,
With ſad repentance when it is too late,
Vnleſſe you now take time. Oh wormes! oh men!
Forſake your follies, oh forſake them then.
What will ye doe elſe when once ſeaz'd by death,
Ready to drawv the lateſt gaſpe of breath;
When as you are ſo weake that you would faine
You cannot move your tongues for to complaine?
What would you doe if then there ſhould appeare
The Authors of moſt miſerable feare,
Your guilty conſciences, and there unroule
In your remembrances the dreadfull ſcroule

Of your *presumptions*? and withall presents
A vision of th'infernall punishment,
Prepar'd for such; and if in that bad case
You should behold him you esteem'd so base
Sit with such power, that at each frown he makes
The earth doth tremble, and the heaven shakes:
What would you doe? oh any thing: I'm sure
No paine there is but you would then endure
To scape his wrath (if you doe not despaire)
Then will you beg, intreat, and promise faire
Or any thing, if so it were you might,
Returne to life againe; then would you quite
Alter your doeings; then forsooth you'l be
A patterne unto all posterity;
You would be humble, meeke, devout and chaste
But now there's time, and then it may be past.
Yet I my selfe have heard those that have vow'd
Much in their anguish, and God hath allow'd
A longer time; yea, hath vouchsaf'd to save
And give them life againe, e'en at the grave:
And yet have these forgot their former paine,
And turn'd unto their owne ill-waies againe:
Which having seene, this for us men I'l speake,
Not without griefe, *though nothing be so weake:*
Yet are we in our owne conceipts so tall,
That for presumption we doe out-passe all:
And if so be that this same hardning sin
Doe seaze upon the heart once, and get in;
My minde is this, 'twill ne'er be purg'd thence
No, not with all the feares and pangs of Hell.

EPILOGVS.

So in ſome meaſure I have now made knowne
What foule Abuſes Time to me hath showne;
And what Man is, I have explain'd ſome crimes
That I have noted in theſe preſent times.
Then though I have by ſome beene counted idle,
For this theſe I have not given Time the bridle
To runne away unmannag'd; but did uſe it
Then beſt; when I moſt ſeemed to abuſe it.
Here ſinfull man thou maiſt behold in part
Thy miſerable eſtate and what thou art.
Thy Paſſions; thy vanities here ſee,
A part (I ſay) for all there cannot be:
Thy wauerings and thy frailties I've explain'd,
With thy preſumption and have nothing fain'd.
If thou haſt read it then I hope thou know'ſt,
Though thou ſeem'ſt bad, thou worſe art then thou (show'ſt
And I doe truſt thy wretchedneſſe eſpide,
Will quell thy moſt intolerable pride.
I muſ'd a while thou wert ſo prone to ſinning,
But 'twas thy fault I ſee from the beginning:
And as the Lord himſelfe once ſaid, ſo ſtill,
The imaginations of thy heart are ill.
That's one maine cauſe; then to performe an evill,
Thou haſt the pronenceſſe of the fleſh; the Divell;

With bad examples for thy inſtigation;
Beſides in ill the Worlds raſh approbation.
But yet would I not have thee think (oh man!)
That I with Tymon *the* Athenian,
Deſire to make thee ſo much feele thy woe,
To goe and hang thy ſelfe; I meane not ſo,
Nor ſeeke to drive thee thereby to deſpaire,
'Tis not my purpoſe my intent's more faire.
This I would have thee doe, ſith fleſh is fraile,
And Satan will be buſie to prevaile,
With heed and care watch over thy affection,
And in thy doings follow this direction.
Firſt, ſee if't be thy fleſh that mooves thee to
Thoſe things thou art ſo oft about to do.
Next, to conſider well it doth behove thee,
What kind of men they are that doe approve thee.
For true it is, (as I have oft beene taught)
What fleſh deſires and moſt approves, is naught.
And ſith to thruſt thee forward unto evill,
Thou haſt an ill heart, proud fleſh, and the devill,
With bad example; learne (oh man) to ſeaſon
Thy heart with ſacred thoughts, with truth and re
Thy fleſh with labour, and with faſting, tame,
And 'twill not be ſo ſubject unto blame.
Prevent the divels baits and his temptations
With earneſt prayers and good Meditations:
And ſee thou heed to thy companions giv'ſt,
Sith thou wilt be as thoſe with whom thou liv'ſt.
Yea, ſith thou art ſo ſubject unto ſin,
Shun all occaſions that may draw thee in.
So when thy God ſhall ſee thou haſt a will,
And truly doſt deſire to mend what's ill;
He will accept it (for his ſonnes deere ſake)
And thee more willing and more able make.

Yea, should thy sinnes more red than scarlet grow,
Yet he would make them whiter than the snow.
Thy now black soule (were it thrice more defil'd)
As innocent as is the new-borne child:
And thy most miserable body farre
More glorious than is the brightest Starre.
But if thou, without care or heed, dost leane
Vnto those lusts of flesh that are uncleane,
If thou take pleasure and delight to doe them,
Quite giving over thy desires unto them,
They both in soule and body too, will make thee
In soule a Leper that God will forsake thee;
His holy Angels and his Saints abhorre thee,
And onely devils make entreaty for thee;
Yea, thou shalt in Gehynnon, waile with them,
That are excluded new Ierusalem.

The end of the second *Book*.

THE

The SCOURGE.

MY *Muſe*, I purpos'd to have reſted here;
And ſo ſhe ſhould indeed; but that I feare
A gentle warning will not now ſuffice,
To make men leave off their iniquities:
Yea, I doe know their negligence ſo great,
'Tis not enough we ſhould perſwade, or threat,
And therefore I'me reſolved ere I part,
To give them a remembrance to their ſmart.
And though full loth (cauſe their ill natures urge)
I'l ſend abroad a *Satyr* with a ſcourge;
That to their ſhame for this Abuſe ſhall ſtrip them,
And being naked in their vices whip them.
And to be ſure of thoſe that are moſt raſh,
Not one ſhall ſcape him that deſerves the laſh.
But ſome will kick. Yea, let them kick and ſpare not,
So he may come to jerke them well I care not;
For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or ſtrong,
I'l make him finde them that delight in wrong.
Not in deſpight to make revengefull rumours;
Rather in ſport to mocke the worlds baſe humors.
But leſt I make my Prologue overlarge,
I'l let my whipping *Satyr* know his charge.
First, though we have but little manners got,
Bred in the woods, where many uſe them not,

He shall be sent to over-looke the Court,
And dance the *Witch*, and make the King some sport.
Doe *Satyr*, goe; thou shalt not be disdain'd;
Love without merit hath beene entertian'd.
And so may thine; that Progenie's the most,
Yea, all indeed of which the world can boast:
And that so worthy ('tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt, thou canst not flatter.
If thou maist get their favour that be best,
There is no cause why thou should'st feare the rest:
The good will helpe, but never hurt. Then care not
Although the wicked world offend, they dare not.
First, lash the Great-ones; but if thou be wise,
Be generall and doe not speciallize:
Yet if thou doe, so wisely let it be,
None may except but those that faulty be.
Now peradventure, some will rage or storme;
But that's no matter, thou art freely borne:
And though their eies sparke fire, and they look big;
Be thou as sterne, thou need'st not care a fig;
And tell them plainely 'tis not all their show,
Can make men think them better than they know:
'Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,
Shall free them from the scandall of oppression;
Though they can now, to get themselves a name,
Build *Babel* up a-new; and quickly frame
Such lofty Palaces, as if they meant
To threaten heaven from the battlement.
Who wonders at it? none I thinke, and why?
Who is so mad to tell them that? not I,
But *Satyr*, looke that thou before thou part,
Give them one jerke to make their Honours smart.
Their stately houses, say, are things but vaine,
An Age or two, shall rot them downe againe,

And for their vice, if there be none dare ſhow it,
Say I have vow'd to make the world to know it.
Then 'tis not tombes, nor yet a heape of ſtones
Shall make men thinke the better of their bones:
No, it ſhall ſpeake their avarice and pride,
Which thoſe they ſcorn'd & wrongd ſhal then deri
So let them goe their ſoveraigne to attend,
And thoſe that be not at the beſt, amend.
Search on for more, but if thou hap to finde
Any among them of the female kind,
Women or Angels. bad or good, thine eies.
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.
What ere ſome ſay no woman will or can
Wrong him (I'l warrant) that's an honeſt man.
For they are good and ſurely would be ſtill
Were't not that men did often make them ill:
Thoſe that are angry with them let them ſhow it,
I'l ſay th'are vertuous, for becauſe I know it.
Mens faults I tell: ſo may he womans too
That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to
Theſe if thou hap to ſee I charge thee skip,
And ſearch in every office with thy whip;
There, there are thoſe that for their private ſtor
Make both th'Exchequer, and the Commons po
Extortion doth maintaine their bravery;
Yet lay not open all their knavery:
But tell them they a new account muſt bring;
That laſh perhaps their guilty ſoules will ſting.
Thou ſhalt in Court another troope eſpie
Such as in show are full of honeſty;
Faire tongu'd; but he that ſuch fine followers w
Is happy; for they are but Sycophants,
Diſſembling villaines doe but note them well,
And thou'wilt ſay they are the brood of hell.

For pluck away their fain'd fidelity,
And they are e'en a heape of villany:
To make them smart these words to them commend
That beggery and shame shall be their end.
Yet thou shalt finde depending on the Court,
Some that will jest to make their betters sport:
Or fist them (I durst pawne a brace of testers)
If truth were known, they are more fools than Iesters
And so they are suppos'd; although indeed,
They are more knaves than fools: but take thou heed
Come not within the compasse of their bable,
Then call them knaves as lowd as thou art able.
If thou come thither at some publike show,
As there thou shalt be whether they will or no)
Remember that thou make a shift to creepe
Neere to the place where they their revels keep.
There stand a while unseene, and doe no more,
But note those fellowes that doe keepe the doore,
If thou perceive some, as some will do then,
Keep out a many worthy Gentlemen,
And let a Laundresse or a scoundrell passe,
Give him a jerke, and tell him he's an Asse.
But lest thou spie what may make thee asham'd:
(I speake of that for which thou maist be blam'd)
Leave thou the Court, if thine owne selfe thou pitty,
And come a while to walke about the Citie.
As soone as there thou entrest, thou shalt meet,
Great store of Gallants passing out the street.
Apart from dice, or Fence, or dancing come,
And peradventure from a whore-house some:
These are good fellowes that will frankely spend,
While lands doe last, or any man will lend:
And yet to see (more fooles the world had never)
How they are so proud as if 'twould last for ever.

And

And though theſe lightly cannot have a worſe,
Or deadlier ſickneſſe than an empty purſe,
Which will enſue; yet tell them they muſt meet,
At the Kings-bench, the Counters or the Fleet.
Then ſtep unto the Lawyers: peradventure
They'l by ſome *Writ* command thee not to enter.
Yet feare them not; but looke and thou ſhalt ſpie
Vnder their gownes a maſſe of knavery.
Pluck off the maske of Law, that cloaks their drift,
And thou ſhalt ſee a world of lawleſſe ſhifts.
But tell them there's a Iudge will not be feed:
And that perhaps will make their conſcience bleed.
Then tell the Scriveners as thou paſſeſt by,
That they were beſt to leave their forgery,
Or elſe why is't their eares doe ſcape ſo well?
The devill meanes to beare them whole to hell.
Tell the Phyſitians (if thou meet with any)
Their potions and their drugs have murther'd many.
For which thou would'ſt have laſht but doſt delay
Becauſe the Devill meanes to pay them:
But if they'l proove concluſions bid them then,
Try't on themſelves, and not on other men.
Deſire the Brokers that they would not yawne
After the forfeit of anothers pawne.
It is their right by law they'l ſay, 'tis true;
And ſo's their ſoule, perhaps anothers due,
But ſting them; if their conſcience quite be fled,
Then ſhall they pay, what they have forfeited.
Entreat the Taylor next, if that he can,
To leave his theft and prove an honeſt man.
And if he thinke the matter be too hard,
Knock him about the noddle with his yard.
If he be rich and take the ſame in ſnuffe
Tell him his ſubſtance is but ſtollen ſtuffe:

And that the *Iay* would hardly brook the weather,
If every bird should take away her feather.
So having whipt him, let the Priest go shrieve him,
And (if he have authority) forgive him.
Go warn the Crafts-man that he do not lurk
All day at Ale-house, and neglect his work:
And then survey the ware of every Trade,
For much (I tell thee) is deceitful made.
Which if thou finde, I charge thee do not friend it,
But call him knave, and bid him go and mend it.
Oh, see if thou the Merchant-man canst finde,
For hee'l be gone at turning of the winde:
Bid him keep touch, or tell his worship how
His heart will tremble when the Seas are rough:
Desire him too, if he do travell thither
Where conscience is, that he wold bring some hither;
Heer's little, some will have it; if none will,
He shall gain by it, though he keep it still;
If he bring none, 'twere charity I think,
To pray some storm may make his vessell sink.
Look in the Ships, for I have known deceit
Hath been in both the owner and the freight;
Mean note them well, and thou shalt finde their books
Are Woodcocks-gins, and barbed-fishing-hooks;
Nor he thereby great store of wealth obtains,
And cares not how, so he increase his gains:
Yet lest his riches hap to make him proud,
Satyr, I pray thee tell him this aloud
To make him smart; *That whilst he like a Mome*
Plaies fast abroad, his wife plaies loose at home:
Nor shall his ill-got masse of wealth hold out,
But he or his, become a banquerout.
Now to thy rest, 'tis night. But here approaches
A troppe with torches, hurried in their coaches.

Stay

Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,
Some bound for Shorditch or for Clarken-well:
Oh these are they which thinke that Fornication,
Is but a youthfull, sportfull, recreation:
These to hold out the game, maintaine the back,
With Marrow-pies, Potato-roots and Sack:
And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,
Can hold out a luxurious course by Art:
Goe, stop the horses quickly (least thou misse)
And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this,
They of their guide must be advised well,
For they are running downe the hill to hell.
Their venery, will soone consume their stocks,
And bring them to repentance with a pocks.
For other crimes committed without light,
Let such reveale as see like Owles by night:
For many men a secret fault can finde,
But in apparant rogueries are blinde,
Or else they will not see, but thou wert best
Leave whipping and betake thee to thy rest.
If in an *Inne* it be, before thou sup,
Will that the Tapster call his Master up,
And bid him kindly, sith there lodge thou must,
To use plain dealing like an honest Host.
Dissemblings naught, hard reckonings they are wo
Light gaines (they say) *will make a heavy purse,*
And let him not (a fault with many rife)
For base advantage prostitute his wife;
For many men (who are not as they should be)
Doe make their wives more wanton than they wo
Thereby they gaine, their Innes are ill frequented:
But such ill courses are too late repented.
So schoole him well, but doe thy whip refraine,
And send him to his other guests againe.

Th

Then thou ſhalt ſee the nimble Tapſter fly,
Still yauling, *Here, anon ſir, by and by.*
So diligent that time more known muſt make him,
Or for an honeſt man thou wilt miſtake him,
His beſt revenue is by *nick* and *froth*;
Which priviledge to loſe he would be loth.
And there's an old ſhift (if they leave it not)
There muſt be ſomething added to the ſhot.
But wilt thou ſwagger with him for it? No:
But take him as he is, and let him goe.
Now for moſt Hoſtlers, if you hap to try them;
Leaves thou maiſt ſay they are, and not belie them,
For they deceive the poore dumbe travelling beaſt,
And for the ſame deſerve a jerke at leaſt;
Yet doe thou ſpare them for there is no doubt
Some gueſt will find a time to pay the Lout.
Well having reſted, and diſcharg'd thine Hoſt,
I'll ſend thee downe into the Country, poſt:
For I have buſineſſe, no man would beleeve,
With whom d'ye think I'm with the under-Shrieve.
Tell him thou heardſt (and that's a fault indeed)
That in ſome cauſes he is double-fee'd.
And that moreover he deſerves a portion
With thoſe that are indited for extortion;
Yea and for other things as well as that.
Tell him the Country termes him, he knowes what:
Whereat if thou perceive, he make a ſport,
Thou whip him ſhalt, till he be ſorry for't.
Say to our Knights; their much formality,
Hath made them leave their hoſpitality:
And ſay (although they angry be therefore)
That many of themſelves are not onely poore,
But that they have too (or they are belide)
Quite begger'd their poſterity with pride.

And

And ſith thou art ſo neere them; dòe not ceaſe
Vntill thou ſee our Iuſtices of peace:
There try if thou canſt get but ſo much favour,
To binde the Country to the good behaviour.
And tell them how thou haſt informed beene,
That they have granted Warrants upon ſpleene;
Are partiall, and have over ſway'd by might
The poore mans cauſe that's innocent and right:
If this thou finde be true, thou haſt permiſſion
To laſh or put them out of the commiſſion.
The Conſtable, if he were bid, I wiſſe,
Be good in's office twere not much amiſſe:
For he, they ſay, a many meanes may have
If ſo he be diſpos'd to play the knave;
See how he deales, and make thy meſſage known,
For he hath ſtocks and whipping poſts of's own.
There are Church-wardens too, I ſhame to ſee
How they run into wilfull perjurie.
Partly in favour and in part for feare,
They wink at much diſorder in a yeare:
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them, as evill members of the Church.
If they reply, offenders are ſo friended
Though they preſent, 'tis little thing amended:
Yet tell them 'tis their duty to diſcharge
Their conſciences in every thing at large;
Which if they doe, ill doers ſhall be ſham'd,
Or the corrupted viſitors be blam'd.
And prethee tell the B. Chancellors
That thou art ſent to be their counſellors:
And will them if they meane not to be ſtript,
And to be once againe like ſchooleboies whipt,
Their worſhips ſhould not ſo corrupted be,
To hinder Iuſtice for a ſcurvy fee.

Then next goe tell their reverend good Masters,
ut thou and they are like to fall to wasters:
ch thou shalt finde their Doctorships perhaps,
sputing of their Surplesses and Caps,
out the holy Crosse, a Gown, a Hood,
some such matter for the Churches good,
tell them, there are other things to do,
reat deale fitter to be look't into;
d if they please to goe their Visitation,
ere's weightier matters looke for reformation.
, say there's many an infirmity
ich they both may, and ought to remedy:
touch them with remembrance of their place,
d they perhaps will alter then the case.
Then bid those Dunces in our Colledges,
ut they provide them good Apologies,
'tis reported lately they have both
ooke themselves to venery and sloth,
d seeke not learning onely, as they should,
are back-friends to many a man that would
were fit they made a publike recantation,
d were well whipt before a Congregation.
So leaving them their wits for to refine,
ou shalt be bold to looke on the Divine;
ey say, he's grown more carefull of his stock,
profits and of tithes, than of his flock:
wif thou finde report hath not beli'd him,
th good respect unto his Calling, chide him.
I had almost forgot our civill Doctors;
ay thee warne them and their lazie Proctors,
ey would not use to make so many pauses,
ore they doe determine poore mens causes,
d let them not suppose their fees are small,
they at last will get the Divell and all.

There

There be Court Barons, many in thy way,
Thus maist thou to the Steward of them say:
Their policie in raising fines and rents,
Hath put poore men besides their Tenements:
And tell them (let them answer if they can)
Their false Court-roles have undone many a man
Say thou hast seene what to their place belong'd,
And knowst oft times both Lord and tenants wrong'd
Yet spare thy whip, for why? the Peoples curse
Already hath prepared them a worse.
So when thou thus hast punisht vices slaves,
And roundly jerkt the Country petty knaves,
Then march thou to the Campe, and tell thou
The lusty ruffling shuffling Cavaliere,
(Whose hardned heart can brooke to rob and spoil
His friend or foe; to ruine, wound or kill)
That he will one day finde a misery
Will dog him to revenge his cruelty:
And see that thou the ruffians courage quaile,
Or lash him till the stocke and whip-coard faile.
Walke but the Round, and thou maist hap to
The careless souldiers sleeping in their watch;
Or in a march, perhaps they'l goe astray:
But if thou see them out of their array,
And without leave and warrant roming out,
To fetch some desperate booty thereabout,
Remember them; and for their stout bravado's,
See thou reward them with sound bastinado's.
Then bid the Captaines in their Garisons,
Not lay to pawne their rich Caparisons,
Nor run upon the score till they are forc'd,
To be disarm'd for payment, or unhors'd,
Nor keepe the Souldiers hire, lest they be faine
To make an insurrection, or complaine.

that indeed proves often times the cauſe
ey doe ſo much tranſgreſſe the Martiall lawes.
n, tell them 'tis a ſcandall to be drunke,
d drown their valour; or maintaine a Punke.
en if they mend it not, to blot their fame,
ſtead of honour, whip them for't with ſhame.
Laſtly, there are ſome ſelfe-conceited wits,
oſe ſtomack's nought, but their own humor fits;
nacting Criticks; who e'en at the beſt,
e bite with envy, or elſe ſnarle at leaſt:
d in thy progreſſe if diſcern'd thou be,
s out of queſtion they will ſnap at thee. (them:
ſpight them then, the way's not to out-brawle
ſay thou car'ſt not, and that laſh will gaule them.
Now *Satyr*, leave me to my ſelfe alone;
ou haſt thy meſſage, and thou maiſt be gone:
hipany that ſhall offer to withſtand thee
executing that which I command thee.
And yet, (*ſo ho, ho, ho,*) come backe againe,
ſure that thou doe underſtand me plaine.
ſt note; I from my ſcourge doe here except
e guard by whom the kingdomes peace is kept,
e vertuous Peers know that I nothing grutch them
d on my bleſſing ſee thou doe not touch them.
And if in all our Offices there's any
ar is an honeſt man, among ſo many,
m did I ever meane that thou ſhould'ſt ſpare;
cauſe I know that ſuch an one is rare.
Phyſicke and Law I honour (as 'tis fit,)
ith every vertuous man profeſſing it;
oe not aime at ſuch as they: Nor when
out our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
hat well and decently maintained be
cording to their fashion and degree:

No

No, thoſe I love; and what can I leſſe doe,
Sith I of them am well-beloved too?
To blame all Merchants, never was my will
Nor doe I think all Tradeſmens worke is ill:
My meaning muſt not ſo be underſtood;
For the laſt ſhooes I had, were very good.
Yea, and ſo farre am I from ſuch a thought
Thou ſhould'ſt againſt the Vertuous doe ought;
That if thou but an honeſt Tapſter ſee,
Tell him I wiſh we might acquainted be;
And I'l that Hoſtler love, which in amends
Will uſe my horſe well, that we may be friends.
And to be briefe; good *Satyr* underſtand,
That thou maiſt not miſtake what I command:
'Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like
That thou at this time ſhould'ſt in ſpeciall ſtrike:
Becauſe my hatred might appeare as then,
Not to the vice, but rather to the men.
Which is not ſo; for though ſome malice me,
With every one I am in charity.
And if that thou doe ever come to ſight,
And bring thy yet concealed charge to light;
I wiſh it might be tooke as 'twas intended,
And then no vertuous man will be offended.
But if that any man will thinke amiſſe,
Vpon my life that party guilty is:
And therefore laſh him. So, get th'out of dore;
Come what come will, I'l call thee backe no more.
Well, now he's gone the way that I direct him,
And goe he ſhall how ere the world reſpect him:
If any mervaile why he was not bolder,
Perhaps he may be when that he is older:
He hath too ſmooth a chin, a looke too milde,
A token that he is not wholly wilde;

t may I reach the yeeres of other men,
his looſe world be not amended then,
ſend a *Satyr* rougher than a Beare,
at ſhall not chide and whip, but ſcratch and teare;
d ſo I'l teach him, he ſhall be too ſtrong.
r all your *Paris-garden dogs* to wrong.
is *Satyr* hath a *Scourge*, (but it wants weight:
our *Spaniſh* whips were worſe in eighty-eight)
hat, ſhall not onely make them howle for paine,
t touſe them till they hold their peace againe.
Now, if the world doe frowne upon me for't:
all I be ſorry? No, 'twill mend my ſport;
t what if I my ſelfe ſhould hap to ſtray
t of my bounds into my *Satyrs* way?
hy then; (and that's as much as I need do)
give him leave to come and laſh me too.
So now my *Muſe* a reſting time requires,
r ſhees o'er-wearied and her ſpirit tires.

Πάντοτε δόξα Θεῷ.

FINIS.

Certaine Epigrams to t
Kings moſt excellent MAIESTI
the *Queen*, the *Prince*, the *Princeſſe*, a
other *Noble* and *Honourable Perſonage*
and *Friends*; to whom the *Author* gave any of his Books.

To the Kings MAIESTIE.

EPIGRAM I.

LO here dread Soveraign and great Britains *I*
Firſt, 'o thy view, I have preſum'd to bring
Theſe my Eſſaies; *on which but gently looke,*
I dot not make thee Patron of my Booke,
For 'tis not fit our Faiths Defender *(ſtill)*
Take the protection of each trifling quill.
No, yet becauſe thy wiſdome able is
Of all things to make uſe, I give thee this:
The picture of a beaſt in Humane *ſhape;*
'Tis neither Monkey *nor* Baboone, *nor* Ape,
Though neere condition'd. I have not ſought it
In Affrick *Deſarts, neither have I brought it*
Out of Ignota terra, *thoſe wilde lands*
Beyond the fartheſt Magellanick *ſtrands*

ld not the like; the Fiend lives in this Ile,
I much mus'd thou spi'dst not all this while
man-like Monster. *But (alas!) I saw,*
looke of Majesty kept him in awe:
will not, (for he dares not) before thee
what (indeed) it is his use to be.
in thy presence he is meeke, demure,
vont, chaste, honest, innocent and pure:
eming an Angel, *free from thought of ill,)*
therefore thou must needs so thinke him still.
But, for because thy Soveraigne place denies
sight of what is view'd by meaner eies,
I have brought thee with much care and paine
was like to have beene forced backe againe.
loth the world was that thine eie should view
portraiture that I have drawne so true:
, yet (I feare) she findes her selfe so gal'd,
some will studie how to hav't recal'd:
'tis too late; for now my Muse *doth trust,*
en thou hast seen't, thou wilt approve what's just.
And if I may, but once perceive, or heare,
this sounds pleasing in thy Kingly eare,
make my Muses to describe him fuller,
paint him forth in a more lively colour.
I will to the worlds great shame unfold
which is knowne, but never yet was told.
Mean-while, great King, a happy Monarch raigne,
In spight of Rome, the Divell, Hell and Spaine.

Another

Another to his MAIESTIE.

EPIGRAM 2.

AS he that feeds on no worse meat than Qu
And with choice dainties pleaseth appeti
Will never have great lust to gnaw his n
Or in a course thin diet take delight:
So thou great KING, that still dost over-looke
The learned works that are most deep, most
Canst not perhaps my ruder Satyrs brooke,
Nor dost thou for such sharp-fangd criticks
Oh doe not yet thy selfe so much estrange
From wonted courtesie to others showne,
A Country dish doth often serve for chang
And something here is worthy to be known
Sharpe sauce gives sweetest meat a better taste,
And though that this to many bitter be,
Thou no such sickneſſe in thy stomack hast,
And therefore 'twill be pleasing unto thee.
What though I neither flatter, fawne, nor sooth,
My honest plainneſſe shall more truly praise
Than those that in Court-language filed s
Strive unbeleeved Tropheis for to raise t
My loyall heart cannot so well impart
The love it beares your Majesty as others:
The want of Time Encouragement and
My purpose in the Embrio still smothers.

Obs

curity, crosse-fates, *and want of* means,
ld have made Romes *great* Maro *harshly sing.*
But if once Cæsar *to his musick leans,*
His tunes through all the world will sweetly ring;
nd this made English wits, late famous grown,
Eliza's *princely hand did oft peruse*
Their well-tun'd Poem's *; and her bounty shown:*
And that gives light and life to every Muse.
h! had I such a Star *for* Pole *to mine,*
e reach a Straine should ravish all the Nine.

To the Queens MAJESTIE.

EPIGRAM 3.

DAughter, Wife, Sister, Mother to a King,
And Empresse of the North, enrich thy *Name*:
Yet thou dost chastity and wisedome bring,
Beauty and bounty to make up thy fame.
hich sith (fair *Queen*) my *Muse* hath understood,
's bold into thy presence to intrude;
ured, honest meanings that are good
ll finde acceptance there, though they seem rude.
Look and behold the *Vanities* of Men,
Their *Miseries*, their *Weaknesse*, & their *Pride*.
And when described by my rurall *Pen*,
Thou each particular hast here espide:
nk with thy selfe how blest thy Fortunes be
njoy so rare a Prince, that both knowes how
keep himselfe from such fell *Passion* free,
d make so many mad wilde creatures bow:
Indeed her's *Vices* tablet plainly drawn;
Not veiled over, or obscurely drawn;

'Tis in a colour which shall never fade;
That men may blush on such a Hag to fa
But if your *Grace* will favour what I sing,
Though *Vertue* be in durance, I'll repreeve her,
That now-despised *Nymph* to honour bring,
Set all her hidden beauties forth; and give her
So sweet a look, and such a deft attyre,
Men shal grow love-sick, and burn with de

To CHARLES, *Prince of Wales.*

EPIGRAM 4.

SEE here fair *Off-spring* of the Royall *Stem*,
What all the world almost is subject to;
Behold it so, thou truely maist contemne,
And from thy heart? horre what others do;
Now is the fit and onely time to season
That young rare-understanding breast of thine
With *sacred precepts*, *good advice* and *reason*.
But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline:
Inheritance, great PRINCE, will make it thine
And were *Mans* nature yet more prone to fall,
So to be born and taught would help it all.

To the Princesse.

EPIGRAM 5.

SWeet *Princesse*, tho my *Muse* sing not the gl
Of far advent'rous Knights, or Ladies loves
Though here be no *Encomiastick* stories,
That tender hearts to gentle pitty moves:

g in an honeſt homely Ruſtick ſtrain,
e lims ſuch Creatures as may you ne'er know.
rgive her, though ſhe be ſevere or plain,
uth, that may warrant it, commanded ſo.
Yea, view it over with beliefe, but then
I am afraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not; all deſerve not blame,
For that great *Prince* that woeth to be yours,
(If that his worth but equalize his fame)
Is free from any *Satyr* here of ours.
y, they ſhal praiſe him; for though they have whips
o make the wicked their offences rue,
d dare to ſcourge the greateſt when he trips,
rtue ſhall ſtill be certain of her due.
But for your ſake (if that you entertain him)
Oh, would he were a man as I could fain him.

Yet ſweet *Elizabeth*; that happy name,
If wee loſt nothing elſe by loſing thee,
So deare to *England* is, we are too blame
If without tears and ſighs we parted be:
if thou muſt make bleſt another Clime,
member *Our*: and for that though I uſe
cribbed ſubject and a churliſh rime,
gne but to be the Miſtriſſe of my *Muſe*;
And I'll change *Theames*, and in a lofty ſtile
Keep thee alive for ever in this *Ile*.

To the Lords of his MAJESTIES *most Honourable* Privie-Councell.

EPIGRAM 6.

Most honour'd Lords; I here present this Book
To your grave Censures, not to shew my Art
N'er did you on so rude a matter look;
Yet 'tis the token of an honest heart.
I did it not to please or flatter any,
Nor have I made it for the thirst of gain;
For I am sure it will not humour many,
And I expect much hatred for my pain.
Here something you may see that now requires
Your care and providence to hav't amended:
That is the height, to which my *Muse* aspires,
And whereto I have all my labour tended.
It may be there be some out of their hate
Will mis-interpret what is plainly meant;
Or taxe me as too saucy with the *State*,
In hope to make me for the truth be shent:
Yet know, *Great Lords*, I do acknowledge here,
It is your wisedomes that next God maintains
This Kingdomes good. And from my heart I bear
A reverent respect unto your pains.
I do not, as such fain would have it seem,
Presume to teach your wisedomes what is best
I do not my own knowledge so esteem:
Vile self-conceit I (from my heart) detest.
But for because I know the piercing'st eye
Can never into all abuses see:
And sith the greatest in authoritie
May not behold sometime so much as

What therefore I have thought to be amisse,
And worth amending I have told it here:
I know your Honours will be pleas'd in this,
Though some (it may be) cannot rage forbeare.
But if there's any take this writing badly,
Had it told all, it would have vext him madly.

To HENRY *Earl of South-hampton.*

EPIGRAM 7.

South-hampton, sith thy *province* brought me forth
And on those pleasant mountains I yet keep,
I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy vertues in oblivion sleep.
Nor will I, if my fortunes give me time:
Mean while read this, and see what others bee.
If thou canst lik't, and wilt but grace my Rime,
I will so blaze thy *Hampshire* Springs and *Thee*,
That *Arle*, *Test*, *Stowre*, and *Avon* shall share *Fame*
Rather with *Humber*, *Severn*, *Trent*, or *Thame*.

To WILLIAM, *Earl of Pembroke.*

EPIGRAM 8.

THou whom no private ends can make unjust,
(True noble Spirit, free from hate or guile)
Thou, whom thy Prince for thy great care and trust
Hath plac'd to keep the entrance of this Ile.
Where here th' Abuses of these wicked times,
I have expos'd them open to thy view

Thy judgement is not blinded with like crimes,
And therefore maiſt perceive that all is true.
Take't; for though I ſeem a ſtranger, I know th
And for thy vertues (*Pembroke*) this I owe the

To the Lord LISLE, *Lord* Chamberlain *to the* QUEEN.

EPIGRAM 9.

A *Sidney* being, and ſo nere alli'd
To him whoſe matchleſſe rare immortall
Procur'd of Fame to have him deifi'd,
And live for ever in the hearts of men:
The love my ſoule hath ever born that name,
Would certainly perſwade me for your ſake,
In honeſt ſervice to adventure blame,
Or any open dangers undertake:
Yet ſhall not that, your titles, nor your place,
Your honours, nor your might, nor all you have,
Cauſe me to flatter for regard or grace,
Fortune ſhall never make my minde a ſlave.
But ſeeing that your vertue ſhines apparant,
And honourable acts do ſpeak your praiſe:
Sith *Good-report* hath given forth her warrant,
Which none (ſo much as by himſelfe) gain-ſa
That (and nought elſe but that) compells my M
To ſing your *worth*, and to preſent her *own*.
If this imperfect iſſue you'l peruſe,
I'll make her in a better form be known,
And teach her that is now ſo rude and plain,
To ſore a pitch above the common ſtrain.

To the Lady MARY WROTH.

EPIGRAM 10.

MAdame, to call you *beſt*, or the *moſt faire*,
The *vertu'ſt* and the *Wiſeſt* in our daies,
Is now not commendations worth a haire,
For that's become to be each huſwives praiſe.

There's no degree below Superlative
Will ſerve ſome ſoothing Epigrammatiſts:
The *Worſt* they praiſe exceeds Comparative,
And *Beſt* can get no more out of their fiſts.

But *Arts ſweet Lover* (unto whom I know,
There is no happy *Muſe* this day remains,
That doth not to your worth and ſervice owe,
At leaſt the beſt and ſweeteſt of his ſtrains)

Vouchſafe to let this Book your favour finde:
And as I here have *Mans* abuſes ſhown;
Thoſe *Muſes* unto whom you are inclin'd,
Shall make your worth and vertues ſo well known:
While others falſe praiſe ſhall in one's mouth be,
All ſhall commend you in the high'ſt degree.

To the Lord RIDGEVVAY.

SIR, you firſt grac'd and gratifi'd my *Muſe*,
Which ne'er durſt trie till thē what ſhe could doe.

That which I did, unto my ſelfe was newes,
A matter I was little us'd unto:
Had you thoſe firſt endeavours not approv'd,
Perhaps I had for ever ſilence kept;
But now your good encouragement hath mov'd,
And rouz'd my Spirits that before time ſlept;
For which I vow'd a gift that ſhould be better,
Accept this for't, and Ile be ſtill your debter.

Here you ſhall ſee the Images of Men
More *ſavage* than the wildeſt *Irish kern*:
Abuſes whipt and ſtript, and whipt agen;
I know your judgement can the truth diſcerne.
Now ſo you well will think of this my Rime,
I've ſuch a minde yet to Saint *patricks* Ile,
That if my Fate and Fortunes give me time;
I purpoſe to reviſite you a while,
And make thoſe ſparks of honour to flame high
That rak'd up in oblivions cinders lie.

To his FATHER.

EPIGRAM 12.

OThers may glory that their Fathers hands
Have ſcrap'd together mighty ſums of gold,
Boaſt in the circuit of new purchaſt lands,
Or heards of cattell more than can be told.
God give them joy, their wealth Ile ne'er envy,
For you have gotten me a greater ſtore,
And though I have not their proſperity,
In my conceit I am not halfe ſo poore.

ou learn'd me with a little to content me,
ew'd how to bridle paſſion in ſome meaſure;
od through your meanes I have a Talent lent me,
hich I more value than all *Indies* treaſure.
r, when the almoſt boundleſſe Patrimonies
e waſted; thoſe by which our Great-ones truſt
o be eterniz'd; when their braveries
all be forgotten, and their Tombes be duſt;
hen to the glory of your future line,
our own and my friends ſacred memorie,
his little poore deſpiſed wealth of mine
all raiſe a *Trophee* of Eternitie;
hich fretting *Envy*, not conſuming *Time*,
all e'er aboliſh or one whit offend;
topleſſe *Statue* that to Starres ſhall climbe,
ch fortune ſhall my honeſt minde attend.
But I muſt needs confeſſe, 'tis true, I yet
ap little profit in the eies of men.
y Talent yeelds ſmall outward benefit,
et I'le not leave it for the world agen.
hough't bring no gain that you by artfull ſleight
an meaſure out the earth in part, or whole,
ound out the Centers depth, and take the height
ther of th' Artick or Antartick Pole;
et 'tis your pleaſure, it contentment brings;
nd ſo my *Muſe* is my content and joy:
would not miſſe her to be rank'd with Kings,
ow-ever ſome account it as a toy.
But having then (and by your means) obtain'd
ſuch a Patrimonie for my ſhare,
For which with links of love I'me ever chain'd)
what duties fitting for ſuch bounties are.
Moreover, Nature brought me in your debt,
nd ſtill I owve you for your cares and feares:

Your pains and charges I do not forget,
Besides the interest of many yeares.
What way is there to make requitall for it,
Much I shall leave unpaid do what I can:
Should I be then unthankfull, I abhor it,
The will may serve when power wants in man,
This book I give you then, here you shall finde
Somewhat to countervaile your former cost;
It is a little *Index* of my minde;
Time spent in reading it will not be lost.
Accept it, and when I have to my might,
Paid all I can to you; if Powers Divine
Shall so much in my happinesse delight,
To make you Grandsire to a Sonne of mine;
Look what remains, and may by right be due,
I'll pay it him, as 'twas receiv'd from you.

Your loving Sonne,

GEORGE WITHER.

To his MOTHER.

EPIGRAM 13.

VNgratefull is the childe that can forget
The Mothers many pains, her cares, her fears
And therefore; though I cannot pay the debt
Due for the smallest drop of your kinde teares;
This Book I for acknowledgement do give you,
Wherein you may perceive my heart and minde;
Let never false report of me more grieve you,

And you shall sure no just occasion finde.
Love-made you apt to feare those slanders true,
Which in my absence were but lately sown;
It was a motherly distrust in you,
But those that rais'd them are false villains known.
For though I must confesse I am indeed
The vilest to my selfe that lives this time;
Yet to the world-ward I have tane such heed,
There's none can spot me with a haynous crime.
This I am forc'd to speak, you best know why;
And I dare strike him that dare say I lye?

To his deare Friend,
Mr. THOMAS CRANLY.

EPIGRAM 14.

BRother, for so I call thee, not because
Thou wert my Fathers or my Mothers sonne;
Not consanguinity, nor wedlock lawes,
Could such a kindred twixt us have begun:
Weare not of one bloud, nor yet name neither,
Nor sworn in brotherhood with Alehouse quarts;
We never were so much as drunk together,
'Twas no such sleight acquaintance joyn'd our hearts;
A long knowledge with much trial did it; (hearts,
Which are to chuse a friend the best directions)
And though we lov'd both well, at first both hid it,
Till 'twas discover'd by alike affections.

Since,

Since which thou hast o'er-gone me far in shew
The office of a Friend: Do so and spare not:
(Lo here's a *Memorandum* for what's owing;)
But know, for all thy kind respect I care not
Vnlesse thou'lt shew how I may service do thee,
Then I will sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine G. W.

To his loving Friend and Couſen-German,
Mr. WILLIAM WITHER.

EPIGRAM 15.

IF that the *Standerds* of the house bewray
What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide;
Or if their destinies, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signifi'd,
'Tis so in thine: for that faire antique *Shield*
Born by thy Predecessors long agoe,
Depainted with a cleare pure *Argent* field,
The innocencie of thy line did shew.
Three sable Crescents with a Cheveron gul'd:
Tells that black fates obscur'd our houses light;
Because the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,
Lost her own lustre, and was darkned quite:
And as indeed our adversaries say,
The very name of *Wither* shews decay.
But yet despaire not, keep thy *white* unstain'd,
And then it skills not what thy *Crescents* be.
What though the *Moon* be now increas'd, now wan'd
Learne thence to know thy lives inconstancie;

carefull as thou hitherto haſt bin
o ſhun th'abuſes man is tax'd for here:
nd then that brightneſſe, now eclips'd with ſin,
hen *Moon* and *Sun* are darkned ſhall look cleare:
nd whatſoe'er thy name may ſeem to threat,
hat quality brave things doth promiſe thee;
er thou ſhalt want thy *Hare* will bring thee meat,
nd to kill care, her ſelfe thy make-ſport be:
Yea, (though yet *Envies* miſts do make them dull)
I hope to ſee the waned *Orbes* at full.

To his School-Maſter, *Mr.* IOHN GREAVES.

EPIGRAM 16.

Fever I do wiſh I may be rich,
(As oft perhaps ſuch idle breath I ſpend)
I do it not for any thing ſo much,
As to have wherewithall to pay my Friend.
For (truſt me) there is nothing grieves me more
Than this; that I ſhould ſtill much kindneſſe take,
And have a fortune (to my minde) ſo poore,
That (though I would) amends I cannot make:
Yet, to be ſtill as thankfull as I may;
(Sith my eſtate no better means affords)
What I indeed receive, I do repay
In willingneſſe, in thanks, and gentle words:
Then though your love doth well deſerve to have
Better requitalls than are in my power,
Knowing you'l nothing *ultra poſſe* crave,
Here I have brought you ſome *Eſſaies* of our.

You

You may think much (perhaps) sith there's so
Learn'd *Graduats* that have your *Pupils* been;
I who am none, and more unfit than any,
Should first presume in publike to be seen.
But you have heard, those horses in the Teem
That with their work are ablest to go through,
So forward seldome as blind *Bayard* seem,
Or give so many twiches to the Plough:
And so though they may better their intent
Is not, perhaps, to foole themselves in print.

To the captious READER.

WHat thou maist say or think now, 'tis
matter;
But if thou busily imagine here,
Sith most of these are great ones that I flatter;
Know, sacred *Iustice* is to me so deare,
Did not their vertues in my thoughts thus raise th
To get an *Empire* by them, I'de not praise them.

FINIS.

Prince HENRIES *Obsequies*; OR *Mournfull* Elegies *upon his* DEATH.

With a supposed *Inter-locution between the Ghost of* Prince HENRY, and Great BRITAIN.

By GEORGE WITHER.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger* for *Robert Allot*. 1633.

HENRIES

OR

A

Mourning Elegies

upon his DEATH.

With a supposed Inter-locution
between the Ghost of Prince
HENRY,
and
GREAT BRITAIN.

By GEORGE WITHER.

LONDON,
Printed by Richard Badger for
Robert Allot. 1633.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT

Lord SIDNEY of PENSHURST,

Vicount *Lisley*, Lord Chamberlain to the Queens MAJESTY, and L. *Governour* of *Vlushing*, and the Castle of *Ramekins*.

GEORGE WITHER presents these *Elegiak-Sonnets*, and wisheth double Comfort after his two-fold Sorrow.

Anagrams *on the name of*
Sir WILLIAM SIDNEY
Knight, deceased.

GULIELMUS SIDNEIUS.

En vilis gelidus sum.
* But *
Ei nil luge, sidus sum.

BEsides our great and universall care,
(Wherein you one of our chiefe sharers are)

To

To adde more griefe unto your griefes begun,
Whileſt we a Father loſt, you loſt a Son,
Whoſe hapleſſe want had more apparent been,
But darkned by the Other 'twas unſeen,
Which well perceiving, loth indeed was I
The Memory of one ſo deare ſhould die:
Occaſion thereupon I therefore took
Thus to preſent your Honour with this Book.
(Vnfained and true mournfull Elegies,
And for our HENRY my laſt Obſequies)
That he which did your Sons late death obſcure,
Might be the mean to make his fame endure.
But this may but renew your former woe:
Indeed and I might well have doubted ſo,
Had not I known that Vertue which did place you
Above the Common ſort, did alſo grace you
With gifts of minde to make you more excell,
And far more able Paſſions rage to quell.
You can and may with moderation moan,
For all your comfort is not loſt with one:
Children you have whoſe Vertues may renew
The comfort of decaying Hopes in you.
Praiſed be God for ſuch great bleſſings giving,
And happy you to have ſuch comforts living.
Nor do I think it can be rightly ſed
You are unhappy in this One that's dead:
For notwithſtanding his firſt Anagram
Frights, with Behold, now cold and vile I am:
Yet in his laſt he ſeems more cheerfull far,
*And joyes, with * Soft, mourn not, I am a Star,*
Oh, great preferment! What could he aſpire
That was more high, or you could more deſire?

* The Engliſh of this *Anagram.*

Well, since his soule in heaven such glory hath,
My Love bequeathes his Grave *this* Epitaph.

EPITAPH.

Here under lies a SIDNEY: And what then?
Dost think here lies but reliques of a man?
Know 'tis a Cabinet did once include,
Wit, Beauty, Sweetnesse, Court'sie, Fortitude.

Oh let him rest to Memorie *still deare,*
Till his Redeemer *in the Clouds appeare.*
Mean while, accept his will, who meaning plain,
Doth neither write for Praise, nor hope of Gain.
And now your Tears *and private* Griefe *forbeare,*
To turne unto our Great *and* Publike Care.

Your Honours true honourer,

GEORGE WITHER.

To

To the whole VVORL in generall, and more particularly to the Iles of Great-BRITAINE and IRELAND, &c.

BIg-ſwoln with ſighs, & almoſt drown'd in te
My *Muſe* out of a dying trance up-rears;
Who yet not able to expreſſe her moans,
(Inſtead of better utterance) here grones.
And leſt my cloſe-breaſt ſhould her health impai
Is thus amongſt you come to take the aire.
I need not name the griefs that on her ſeaze,
Th'are known by this beyond th' *Antipodes*.
But to your view ſome heavy rounds ſhe brings,
That you may beare the burthen when ſhe ſings:
And that's but *Woe*, which you ſo high ſhould ſtr
That heavens high vault might Eccho't back agai
Then, though I have not ſtrived to ſeem witty,
Yet read, and reading note, and noting pitty.
What though there's others ſhow in this more Ar
I have as true, as ſorrowfull a heart:
What though *Opinion* give me not a *Name*,
And I was ne'er beholding yet to *Fame*:

...e would (perhaps) my *Muſe*, as yet unknown,
...ould firſt in Sorrows livery be ſhown.
Then be the witneſſe of my diſcontent,
...nd ſee if griefes have made me Eloquent:
...or here I mourne for your-our publike loſſe,
...nd do my penance at the *Weeping-croſſe*.

The moſt ſorrowfull,

G. W.

Death that by ſtealth did wound P. *Henries* heart
Is now tane Captive, and doth act the part
Of one o'ercome, by being too too fierce,
And lies himſelfe dead under *Henries* hearſe:
He therefore now in heavenly tunes doth ſing,
Hell, where's thy triumph? Death, where is thy ſting?

Prince HENRIES *Obſequies*; OR *Mournfull* Elegies *upon his* Death.

WITH *A ſuppoſed* Inter-locution *between the Ghoſt of* Prince HENRY *and* Great BRITAIN.

NOw that beloved HENRIES glaſſe is run,
And others duties to his body ſhown;
Now that his ſad-ſad *Obſequies* be done,
nd publike ſorrows well-nigh over-blown:
ow give me leave to leave all joyes at one
r a dull melancholy lonelineſſe;
o pine my ſelfe with a ſelfe-pining moan,
d fat my griefe with ſolitarineſſe.
r if it be a comfort in diſtreſſe,
s ſome think) to have ſharers in our woes,
hen my deſire is to be comfortleſſe,
y ſoule in publike griefe no pleaſure knows.)
Yea, I could wiſh, and for that wiſh would die,
That there were none had cauſe to grieve but I.

Eleg.

Eleg. 2.

For were there none had cause to grieve but I,
'Twould from my *Sorrows* many sorrows take;
And I should mourn but for one misery,
Where now for thousands my poore heart doth
Bide from me *Ioy* then, that oft from me bid'st,
Be present *Care*, that often present art:
Hide from me *Comfort*, that at all times hid'st,
For I will grieve with a true-grieving heart.
Ile glut my selfe with sorrow for the nonce,
What though my Reason would the same gain-say
Oh, beare with my unbridled Passion once,
I hope it shall not much from Vertue stray,
Sith griefe, for such a losse, at such a season,
Past measure may be, but not out of reason.

Eleg. 3.

What need I for th'infernall *Furies* hallo?
Call upon darknesse, and the lonely night?
Or summon up *Minerva* or *Apollo*,
To help me dolefull Elegies endite?
Here wants no mention of the fears of *Styx*,
Of black *Cocytus*, or such fained stuffe;
Those may paint out their griefes with forced t
That have not in them reall cause enough;
I need it not; yet for no private crosse
Droopes my sad soule, nor do I mourn for fashi
For why? a generall, a publike losse
In me hath kindled a right wofull Passion.
Then oh (alas) what need hath he to borrow,
That's pinch'd already with a feeling sorrow?

Eleg. 4.

First for thy losse, poore World-divided *Ile*,
My eyes pay griefs drink-offering of teares:
And I set-by all other thoughts awhile,

To feed my minde the better on my cares.
I ſaw how happy thou wert but of late
In thy ſweet *Henries* hopes, yea, I ſaw too
How thou didſt glory in thy bleſſed ſtate:
Which thou indeed hadſt cauſe enough to doe.
But when I ſaw thee place all thy delight
Vpon his worth; and then when thou didſt place it,
(And thy joy almoſt mounted to her height)
His hapleſſe end ſo ſuddenly deface it;
Me thought I felt it go ſo neare my heart,
Mine ak'd too with a ſympathizing ſmart.

Eleg. 5.

For thee, Great IAMES, my ſprings of ſorrow run,
For thee my *Muſe* a heavy ſong doth ſing,
That haſt loſt more in loſing of thy Sonne,
Than they that loſe the title of a King.
Needs muſt the pains that do diſturbe the head
Diſeaſe the body throughout every part;
Therefore ſhould have ſeem'd a member dead,
If I had had no feeling of this ſmart;
But oh, I grieve, and yet I grieve the leſſe,
My Kingly gift ſo well prevail'd to make him
Sure for a Crown of endleſſe happineſſe,
And that it was th' Almighties hand did take him,
Who was himſelfe a book for Kings to pore on,
And might have bin thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

Eleg. 6.

For our faire Queen my griefe is no leſſe moving,
There's none could e'er more juſtly boaſt of childe;
For he was ev'ry way moſt nobly loving,
Moſt full of manly courage, and yet milde.
Me thinks I ſee what heavy diſcontent
Clouds her brow, and over-ſhades her eyne:
Ah, I do feel her loving heart lament,

An earnest thought conveys the griefe to mine.
I see shee notes the sadnesse of the Court,
Thinks how that here or there she saw him last:
Remembers his sweet speech, his gracefull sport,
And such like things to make her Passion last.
But what mean I? let griefe my speeches smoth
No tongue can tell the sorrows of the Mother.

Eleg. 7.

Nor thine sweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*,
Though one of you have gaind a Princedome by
The griefe he hath to have it by the death
Of his sole Brother, makes his heart deny't,
Yet let not sorrows black obscuring clowd
Quite cover and eclipse all comforts light,
Though one fair Star above our height doth shro
Let not the earth be left in darknesse quite.
Thou CHARLES art now our hope, God gra
More certain than our last; we trust it will:
Yet we shall have a loving feare of thee,
The burned childe the fire much dreadeth still.
But God loves his, and what e'er sorrows thr
I one day hope to see him CHARLES the G

Eleg. 8.

Then droop not CHARLES to make our griefe
God that to scourge us took away thy brother;
To comfort us again kept thee in store:
And now I think on't, Fate could do no other.
Thy Father both a Sunne and *Phœnix* is,
Prince HENRY was a Sunne and *Phœnix* too
And if his Orbe had been as high as his,
His beams had shone as bright's his Fathers do
Nature saw this and took him quite away:
And now dost thou to be a *Phœnix* trie;
Well, so thou shalt (no doubt) another day,

But then thy Father (*Charles*) or thou muſt die.
For 'twas decreed when firſt the world begun,
Earth ſhould have but one *Phœnix*, heaven one Sun.

Eleg. 9.

But ſhall I not bemone the ſad *Elector*?
Yes, *Frederick*, I needs muſt grieve for thee,
Thou woeſt with woe now, but our beſt Protector
Gives joyfull ends where hard beginnings be.
Had we no ſhews to welcome thée to Court?
No ſolemne ſight but a ſad Funerall?
Is all our former masking and our ſports
Transform'd to ſighs? Are all things tragicall?
Had'ſt thou been here at Summer, or at Spring,
Thou ſhould'ſt not then have ſeen us drooping thus;
But now 'tis *Autumne* that ſpoiles every thing,
Vulgarly tearm'd the *Fall o'th Leafe* with us.
And not amiſſe; for well may't be the Fall,
That brings down bloſſoms, fruit, leaves, tree & all

Eleg. 10.

Then Stranger Prince, if thou neglected ſeem,
And haſt not entertainment to thy ſtate,
Our loves yet therefore do not miſ-eſteem;
Or lay the fault upon unhappy Fate.
Thou foundſt us glad of thy arrivall here; (Elves;)
And law'ſt him whom we lov'd (poore wretched
Say? did'ſt thou e'er of one more worthy heare?
No, no, and therefore now we hate our ſelves.
We being then of ſuch a Gem bereft,
Are with our Paſſions; and ſince one is gone;
And thou muſt have the halfe of what is left;
Still think on us for good when you are gone:
And as thou now doſt beare one halfe of's name,
Help beare out griefe, and ſhare thou all his Fame.

Eleg. 11.

See, ſee, fair *princeſſe*, I but nam'd thee yet,
Meaning thy woes within my breaſt to ſmother:
But on my thoughts they do ſo lively beat,
As if I heard thee ſighing, *Oh my Brother:*
Me thinks I heard thee calling on his name,
With plaining on his too ungentle fate:
And ſure the *Siſters* were well worthy blame,
To ſhew ſuch ſpite to one that none did hate.
I know thou ſometime muſeſt on his face,
(Fair as a womans, but more manly-fair.)
Sometime upon his ſhape, his ſpeech, and paſe,
A thouſand waies thy griefes themſelves repaire.
And oh! no marvell ſince your ſure-pure loves
Were nearer, dearer, than the Turtle Doves.

Eleg. 12.

How often, oh how often did he vow
To grace thy joyfull look'd-for Nuptialls:
But oh how wofull, oh how wofull now,
Will they be made through theſe ſad Funeralls!
All pleaſing parlies that betwixt you two,
Publike or private have exchanged been,
All thou haſt heard him promiſe for to doe.
Or by him in his life performed ſeen,
Calls on remembrance; the ſweet name of Siſter,
So oft pronounc'd by him, ſeems to take place
Of *Queen* & *Empreſſe*, now my thoughts do whiſper
Thoſe titles one day ſhall thy vertues grace.
If I ſpeak true, for his ſweet ſake that's dead,
Seek how to raiſe dejected *Britains* head.

Eleg. 13.

Seek how to raiſe dejected *Britains* head,
So ſhe ſhall ſtudy how to raiſe up thine
And now leave off thy tears in vain to ſhed,

For why? to ſpare them I have powr'd out mine.
Pitty thy ſelfe, and us, and mournfull *Rhine*,
That hides his fair banks under flouds of griefe,
Thy Prince, thy Duke, thy brave Count *Palatine*,
'Tis time his ſorrows ſhould have ſome reliefe.
Hee's come to be another brother to thee,
And help thy father to another Sonne:
He vows thee all the ſervice love can do thee;
And though acquaintance hath with griefe begun.
'Tis but to make you have the better taſte
Of that true bliſſe you ſhall enjoy at laſt.

Eleg. 14.

Thy brother's well, and would not change eſtates
With any Prince that reignes beneath the skie:
No, not with all the worlds great Potentates,
His plumes have born him to Eternity.
He reignes ore * *Saturn* now that reign'd o're him,
He fears no Planets dangerous aſpect:
He doth above their Conſtellations clime,
And earthly joyes aud ſorrows both neglect.
We ſaw he had his Spring amongſt us here,
He ſaw his Sommer, but he skipt it over,
And Autumne now hath tane away our Deare,
The reaſon's this which we may plain diſcover,
He ſhall eſcape (for ſo th'Almighty wills)
The ſtormy Winter of enſuing ills.

* Saturn *rul'd in the hower of his death.*

Eleg. 15.

Grieve to ſee the wofull face o'th' Court,
And for each grieved member of the land;
Grieve for thoſe that make theſe griefes their ſport,
And cannot their own evill underſtand.

I alſo grieve to ſee how vices ſwarme,
And vertue as deſpis'd grow out of date:
How they receive moſt hurt that do leaſt harme,
And how poore honeſt Truth incurreth hate.
But more, much more I grieve that we do miſſe
The joy we lately had, and that hee's gone
Whoſe living preſence might have helpt all this:
His everlaſting abſence makes me mone.
Yea, moſt I grieve that *Britains* Hope is fled,
And that her Darling brave Prince *Henrie's* dead.

Eleg. 16.

Prince *Henrie* dead! what voice is that we heare?
Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether?
If this be true, if this be true, my Deare,
Why do I ſtay behinde thee to do either?
Alas, my fate compells me; I muſt bide
To ſhare the miſchiefs of this preſent age:
I am ordaind to live till I have tri'd
The very worſt and utmoſt of their rage.
But then why mourn I not to open view?
In ſable Robes according to the Rites?
Why is my hat without a branch of Yeugh?
Alas, my minde no complement delights;
Becauſe my griefe that Ceremony lothes,
Had rather be in heart, than ſeem in clothes.

Eleg. 17.

Thrice happy had I been, if I had kept
Within the circuit of ſome little Village,
In ignorance of Courts and Princes ſlept,
Manuring of an honeſt halfe-plough tillage:
Or elſe I would I were as young agen
As when ELIZA our laſt *Phœnix* di'd:
My childiſh yeares had not conceived then
What 'twas to loſe a Prince ſo dignifi'd.

But now I know: And what now doth't avail?
Alas, whilſt others merry feel no pain,
I melancholy ſit alone and wail:
Thus ſweeteſt profit yeelds the bitter'ſt gain.
By diſobedience we did knowledge get,
And ſorrow ever ſince hath followed it.

Eleg. 18.

When as the firſt ſad rumour fill'd mine eare
Of *Henries* ſickneſſe; an amazing terrour
Struck through my body with a ſhuddring feare,
Which I expounded but my frailties errour.
For though a quick miſdoubting of the worſt,
Seem'd to foretell my ſoule what would enſue:
God will forbid, thought I, that ſuch a curſt
Or ill preſaging thought ſhould fall out true:
It cannot ſink into imagination,
That *He* whoſe future glories we may ſee
To be at leaſt all *Europes* expectation,
Should in the prime of age deſpoiled be;
For if a Hope ſo likely nought avail us,
It is no wonder if all other fail us.

Eleg. 19.

Again, when one had forc'd unto mine eare
My Prince was dead; although he much proteſted,
I could not with beliefe his ſad news heare,
But would have ſworn and ſworn again he jeſted.
At ſuch a word, me thought, the town ſhould ſink,
The earth ſhould down unto the Center cleave,
Devouring all in her hell-gaping chink,
And not ſo much as Sea or Iland leave.
Some Comet, or ſome monſtrous blazing Starre
Should have appear'd, or ſome ſtrange Prodigie,
Death might have ſhown't us, though't had bin afar
That he intended ſome ſuch tyranny.

But God (it ſeemeth) did thereof diſlike,
To ſhew that he will on a ſudden ſtrike.

Eleg. 20.

Thus unbeleeving I did oft enquire
Of one, of two, of three, and ſo of many:
And ſtill I heard what I did leaſt deſire,
Yet grounded hope would give no faith to any.
Then at the laſt my heart began to feare,
But as I credence to my fears was giving,
A voice of comfort I began to heare:
Which to my fruitleſſe *Ioy*, ſaid, *Henrie*'s living;
At that ſame word my *Hope*, that was forſaking
My heart, and yeelding wholly to deſpaire;
Revived ſtraight, and better courage taking,
Her crazed parts ſo ſtrongly did repaire.
I thought ſhe would have held it out, but vain,
For oh, e'er long ſhe loſt it quite again.

Eleg. 21.

But now my tongue can never make relation,
What I ſuſtain'd in my laſt foughten field;
My minde aſſailed with a three-fold paſſion,
Hope, *Feare*, *Deſpaire*, could unto neither yeeld.
Feare willed me to view the skies black colour,
Hope ſaid, *Vpon his hopefull vertues look*;
Deſpaire ſhew'd me an univerſall dolour,
Yet fruitleſſe *doubt* my hearts poſſeſſion took:
But when I ſaw the *Hearſe*, then I beleev'd,
And then my ſorrow was at full, alas:
Beſide, to ſhew I had not cauſeleſſe griev'd,
I was inform'd that he embowel'd was.
And 'twas ſubſcrib'd, they found he had no gall,
Which I beleev'd, for he was ſweetneſſe all.

Eleg. 22.

Oh cruell and inſatiable *Death*!

Would

ould none ſuffice, would none ſuffice but hee?
hat pleaſure was it more to ſtop his breath,
han to have choak'd, or kill'd, or poyſon'd me?
y life for his, with thrice three millions more,
e would have given as a ranſome to thee;
t ſince thou in his loſſe haſt made us poore,
ale Tyrant, it ſhall never honour do thee:
thou haſt ſhown thy ſelfe a ſpightfull fiend;
a, Death, thou didſt envie his happy ſtate,
d therefore thought'ſt to bring it to an end;
ſee, ſee whereto God hath turn'd thy hate:
Thou meant'ſt to mar the bliſſe he had before,
And by thy ſpight haſt made it ten times more.

Eleg. 23.

is true, I know, Death with an equall ſpurn,
e lofty Turret, and low Cottage beats:
d takes imperially each one in his turn,
a, though he bribes, praies, promiſes, or threats.
or Man, Beaſt, Plant, nor Sex, Age nor Degree
railes againſt his dead-ſure ſtriking hand:
then, e'er we would thus deſpoiled be,
theſe conjoyn'd his fury ſhould withſtand.
oh! unſeen he ſtrikes at unawware,
guiſed like a murthering *Ieſuite:*
nds cannot ſtop him that in preſence are;
which is worſe, when he hath done his ſpite,
e carries him ſo far away from hence,
one lives that hath the power to fetch him thence.

Eleg. 24.

r would we now, becauſe we do beleeve,
God (to whom indeed he did belong)
crown him where he hath no cauſe to grieve,
ok him from death that ſought to do him wrong.
were this deare-beloved Prince of ours

Living in any corner of this All,
Though kept by *Romes* & *Mahomets* chiefe powers
They should not long detain him there in thrall:
We would rake *Europe* rather, plain the *East*;
Dispeople the whole *Earth* before the doome:
Stamp halfe to powder, and fire all the rest;
No craft nor force should him divide us from:
We would break down what e'er shold him conf
Though 'twere the *Alps*, or hills of *Apenine*.

Eleg. 25.

But what? shall we go now dispute with God,
And in our hearts upbraid him that's so just?
Let's pray him rather to withdraw his rod,
Lest in his wrath he bruise us unto dust.
Why should we lay his death to fate, or times?
I know there hath no second causes bin,
But our loud-crying and abhorred crimes,
Nay, I can name the chiefest murth'ring sin:
And this it was, how-e'er it hath been hid;
Trust not (saith *David*) *trust not to a Prince*;
Yet we hop'd lesse in God (I feare we did)
In jealousie he therefore took him hence.
Thus we abuse good things, & throgh our blind
Have hurt our selves, & kil'd our Prince with kin

Eleg. 26.

Let all the world come and bewail our lot,
Come *Europe*, *Asia*, *Affrica*, come all:
Mourn *English*, *Irish*, *British*, and mourn *Scots*.
For his, (no I mistake it) for our fall.
The prop of Vertue and mankindes delight
Hath fled the earth, and quite forsaken us:
We had but of his excellence a sight,
To make our longings like to *Tantalus*.
What seek you in a man that he enjoy'd not?

Were't either gift of body or of spirit;
Nay, which is more, What had he, he imploy'd not,
To help his Countrey, and her love to merit?
But see what high preferment Vertues bring,
Hee's of a Servant now become a King.

Eleg. 27.

But soft, I mean not here to blaze his praise,
It is a work too mighty, and requires
Many a pen, and many yeares of daies:
My humble quill to no such task aspires;
Onely I mourn with deep-deep-sighing grones,
Yet could I wish the other might be done,
Though al the *Muses* were imploy'd at once,
And write as long as *Helicon* would run;
Ouoh, I feare the Spring's already dry,
Or else why flags my lazy *Muse* so low?
Why vent I such dull-sprighted *Poesie?*
Surely 'tis sunk; I lye, it is not so:
For how is't likely that should want supplies,
When all wee feed it with our weeping eyes?

Eleg. 28.

May not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,
As she was that same day she lost her *Hector?*
When proud *Achilles* spoil'd her of her joy,
And triumph'd on her losses) being Victor?
May not I liken *Henry* to that Greek,
That having a whole world unto his share,
Intended other worlds to go and seek?
Oh no, I may not, they unworthy are.
Why, whereto *England*, whereto then shall I
Compare that sweet departed Prince, and thee?
That noble King, bewail'd by *Ieremie*,
Of thee (Great Prince) shall the example be.

And

And in our mourning we will equall them
Of wofull *Iuda* and *Ieruſalem.*

Eleg. 29.

You that beheld it when the mournfull Train
Paſt by the wall of his forſaken Park,
Did not the very Grove ſeem to complain
With a ſtill murmure, and to look more dark?
Did not thoſe pleaſant walks (oh pleaſing then
Whileſt there hee (healthfull) uſed to reſort)
Look like the ſhades of Death neare ſome foule den?
And that place there where once he kept his Court,
Did it not at his parting ſeem to ſink?
And all forſake it like a cave of Sprights?
Did not the earth beneath his Chariot ſhrink,
As grieved for the loſſe of our delights?
Yea, his dumb ſteed, that erſt for none would tarry,
Pac'd ſlow as if he ſcarce himſelfe could carry.

Eleg. 30.

But oh! when it approach'd th'impaled Court,
Where *Mars* himſelfe envi'd his future glory
And whither he in arms did oft reſort;
My heart conceived a right Tragick ſtory.
Whither, Great Prince, oh, whither doſt thou goe?
(Me thought the very place thus ſeem'd to ſay)
Why in black roabs art thou attended ſo?
Do not, oh do not make ſuch haſt away.
But art thou captive, and in triumph too?
Oh me! and worſe too, liveleſſe, breathleſſe, dead.
How could the Monſter-Death this miſchiefe doe?
Surely the Coward took thee in thy bed.
For whilſt that thou art arm'd within my liſt,
He dar'd not meet thee like a Martialiſt.

Eleg. 31.

Alas, who now ſhall grace my Turnaments.

Or honour me with deeds of Chivalry?
What ſhall become of all my merriments,
My Ceremonies, ſhowes of Heraldry
And other Rites? who? who ſhall now adorn
Thy Sisters Nuptialls with ſo ſweet a preſence?
Wilt thou forſake us, leave us quite forlorne,
And of all joy at once make a defeaſance?
Was this the time pick'd out by deſtiny?
Farewell deare Prince then, ſith thou wilt be gone,
In ſpight of death go live eternally,
Exempt from ſorrow, whilſt we mortalls mone:
But this ill hap inſtruct me ſhall to feare,
When we are joyfull'ſt, there's moſt ſorrow neare.

Eleg. 32.

Then as he paſt along you might eſpie,
How the griev'd vulgar that ſhed many a teare,
Caſt after an unwilling-parting eye,
As loth to loſe the ſight they held ſo deare.
When they had loſt the figure of his face,
Then they beheld his Roabs; his Chariot then,
Which being hid, their look aim'd at the place,
Still longing to behold him once agen:
But when he was quite paſt, and they could finde
No object to imploy their ſight upon,
Sorrow became more buſie with the minde,
And drew an Army of ſad paſſions on;
Which made them ſo particularly mone,
Each amongſt thouſands ſeem'd as if alone.

Eleg. 33.

And well might we of weakeſt ſubſtance melt
With tender paſſion for his timeleſſe end,
When (as it ſeem'd) the purer bodies felt
More griefe for this their ſweet departed friend;
The Sunne wrapt up in clowds of mournfull black,

Frown'd

Frown'd as diſpleas'd with ſuch a hainous deed,
And would have ſtaid, or turn'd his horſes back,
If Nature had not forc'd him on with ſpeed:
Yea, and the heavens wept a pearly dew,
Like very tears, not ſo as if it rain'd,
His Grandſires Tombes, as if the ſtones did rue
Our wofull loſſes, were with moiſture ſtain'd:
Yea, either 'twas my eaſie mindes beliefe;
Or all things were diſpoſed unto griefe.

Eleg. 34.

Black was *White-hall.* The windows that did ſhine,
And double-glazed were with beauties bright,
Which Sun-like erſt did dim the gazers eyne,
As if that from within them came the light.
Thoſe to my thinking ſeemed nothing fair,
And were obſcur'd with wo, as they had been
Hung all with ſack, or ſable-cloth of haire,
Griefe was without, and ſo't appear'd within.
Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho,
As if they were attentive unto ſorrow:
The very windes did then forbeare to blow,
The Time of flight, her ſtilneſſe ſeem'd to borrow.
Yea, all the troop pac'd ſlow, as loth to rend
The earth that ſhould embrace their Lord & friend.

Eleg. 35.

Me thought e'er-while I ſaw Prince *Henri's* Armes
Advanc'd above the Capitoll of *Rome,*
And his keen blade, in ſpight of ſteele or charmes,
Give many mighty enemies their doom;
Yea, I had many hopes, but now I ſee,
They are ordain'd to be anothers task;
Yet of the *Stewards* line a branch ſhall be,
T'advance beyond the *Alpes* his plumed Cask;
Then I perhaps that now tune dolefull laies,

Among

Amongst their zealous triumphs may presume
To sing at least some petty Captains praise:
Mean-while I will some other work assume.
Or rather, sith my hopefulst Patron's dead,
Go to some desart and there hide my head.

Eleg. 36.

Had he been but my *Prince* and wanted all
Those ornaments of *Vertue* that so grac'd him,
My love and life had both been at his call,
For that his *Fortune* had above us plac'd him:
But his rare hopefulnesse, his flying *Fame*,
His knowledge and his honest policie,
His courage much admir'd, his very name,
His publike love, and private curtesie:
Joyn'd with religious firmnesse, might have mov'd
Pale *Envy* to have prais'd him, and sure he,
Had he been of mean birth had bin belov'd;
For trust me his sweet parts so ravish'd me,
That if I erre, yet pardon me therefore,
I lov'd him as my *Prince*, as *Henry* more.

Eleg. 37.

He thought his royall person did fore-tell
A Kingly statelinesse, from all pride cleare;
His look majestick seemed to compell
All men to love him, rather than to feare.
And yet though he were ev'ry good mans joy,
And the alonely comfort of his own,
His very name with terrour did annoy
His forraigne foes so farre as he was known.
Fell droop'd for feare, the *Turkey-Moon* look'd pale,
Spain trembled; and the most tempestuous *Sea*,
(Where *Behemoth* the *Babylonish Whale*
Keeps all his bloudy and imperious plea)

Was

Was ſwoln with rage for feare heed ſtop the tide
Of her o'er-daring and inſulting pride.

Eleg. 38.

For amongſt divers *Vertues* rare to finde,
Though many I obſerv'd, I mark'd none more
Than in Religion his firme conſtant minde,
Which I ſet deep upon Remembrance ſcore.
And that made *Romiſts* for his fortunes ſorry:
When therefore they ſhall heare of this ill hap,
Thoſe mints of miſchiefes will extreamly glory,
That he is caught by him whom none ſhall ſcape,
Yet boaſt not *Babel*, thou inſult'ſt in vain,
Thou haſt not yet obtain'd the victory,
We have a Prince ſtill, and our King doth reigne,
So ſhall his ſeed and their poſterity.
For know God that loves his & their good tender,
Will never leave his faith without defenders.

Eleg. 39.

Amidſt our ſacred ſports that very ſeaſon,
Whilſt for our Countrey and beloved *Iames*,
Preſerved from that hell-bred Powder-Treaſon,
We rung and ſung with ſhouts and joyfull flames:
Me thought upon the ſudden I eſpi'd
Romes damned fiends an antick dance begin,
The *Furies* led it that our bliſſe envi'd,
And at our rites the hell-hounds ſeem'd to grin.
How now, thought I! more plots! and with that
Prince *Henry* dead, I plainly heard one cry. (thought
O Lord (quoth I) now they have that they ſought,
Yet let not our gladſt-day, our ſadſt-day dye.
God ſeem'd to heare, for he to eaſe our ſorrow,
Reviv'd that day, to die again the morrow.

Eleg. 40.

But *Britain*, *Britain*, tell me, tell me this,

hat was the reaſon thy chiefe curſe befell
juſt upon the time of thy chiefe bliſſe?
oft thou not know it? heare me then, Ile tell:
hou wert not halfe-halfe thankfull for his care
d mercy that ſo well preſerved thee;
s own he never did ſo often ſpare:
e, he thy Lord himſelfe hath ſerved thee:
Laodicia thou, nor hot nor cold,
ure and careleſſe doſt not yet repent,
hou wilt be ever over-daring bold,
ll thou haſt vengeance upon vengeance hent.
But (oh) ſee how *Hypocriſie* doth reigne,
I villain that am worſt do firſt complain.

Eleg. 41.

foule conſuming Peſtilence did waſte,
d lately ſpoil'd thee, *England*, to thy terrour;
now, alas, a greater plague thou haſt,
auſe in time thou couldſt not ſee thy error:
d *Froſts* thy fields and gardens have deflowred,
Summers hath thy fruits conſumption bin;
, many places of thee hath devoured,
d all fore-warnings to repent thy ſinne.
ſtill thou didſt defer't, and careleſſe ſleep,
ich heavē perceiving with black clouds did frown
d into flouds for very anger weep,
, the ſalt Sea, a part of thee did drown.
he drown'd a part, but oh, that part was ſmall,
Now teares more ſalt have overwhelm'd us all.

Eleg. 42.

, why was *Henries* Herſe ſo glorious?
his ſad *Funerall* ſo full of ſtate?
went he to his Tombe as one victorious,
ing as blithe as when he liv'd of late?
needed all that *Ceremonious* ſhow?

And

And that dead living Image which they bare?
Could not *Remembrance* make us ſmart enough,
Vnleſſe we did afreſh renew it there?
What was it but ſome antique curious Rite,
Onely to feed the vain beholders eyes,
To make men in their ſorrows more delight,
Or may we rather on it morallize?
Yes, yes, it ſhew'd, that though he wanted bre
Yet he ſhould ride in triumph over death.

Eleg. 43.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be
After theſe griefes; were he no more than ſtraid,
And thus deem'd dead? but fie! what *Fantaſie*
Feeds my vain thought on? *Fate* hath that deny
But ſince hee's gone, we now can call to minde,
His lateſt words, and whereto they did tend:
Yea, now our blunt capacities can finde,
They plainly did prognoſticate his end.
Beſide, we finde our Propheſies of old,
And would perſwade our ſelves 'twas known of
By skilfull Wizards, and by them fore-told,
But then why found we not ſo much before?
Oh mark this ever, we n'er know our ſtate,
Nor ſee our loſſe before it be too late.

Eleg. 44.

From paſſion thus to paſſion could I run,
Till I had over-run a world of words,
My *Muſe* might ſhe be heard would n'er have d
The ſubject matter infinite affords,
But there's a mean in all; with too much griev
We muſt not of Gods providence deſpaire,
Like curſed *Pagans*, or men unbeleeving.
'Tis true, the Hopes that we have loſt were fair
But we beheld him with an outward eye,

And though he in our ſight moſt worthy ſeem'd,
Yet God ſaw more, whoſe ſecrets none can ſpie,
And finds another whom we leſſe eſteem'd:
So *Ieſſes* eldeſt ſonnes had moſt renown,
But little *David* did obtain the Crown.

Eleg. 45.

Let us our truſt alone in God repoſe,
Since Princes fail; and maugre *Turk* or *Pope*,
He will provide one that ſhall quail our foes.
We ſaw he did it when we had leſſe hope:
Let's place our joyes in him, and weep for ſinne,
Yea, let's in time amend it, and foreſee,
(If loſſe of earthly hope hath grievous been)
How great the loſſe of heavens true joyes may be:!
This if we doe? God will ſtretch forth his hand,
To ſtop thoſe plagues he did intend to bring,
And powre ſuch bleſſings on this mournfull Land,
We ſhall for *IO, Hallelujah*, ſing:
And our deare IAMES, if we herein perſever,
Shall have a *Sonne* to grace his Throne for ever.

An Epitaph,

Vpon the most Hopefull and All *vertuous* Henry *Prince of* Wales.

Stay Traveller *and read, didst never heare,*
In all thy journeys any news or tales
Of him whom our divided world esteem'd so dear
And named Henry, *the brave* Prince of Wales.

Look here, within this little place he lies,
Ev'n he that was the Vniversall Hope:
And almost made this Ile Idolatrize,
See, hee's contented with a little scope.

And as the *Dane *that on* Southamptons *strand*
His Courtiers idle flatteries did chide,
(Who term'd him both the God of sea and land,)
By shewing he could not command the Tide;

So this, to mock vain Hopes *in him began,*
Di'd and here lies, to shew he was a man.

* Canu

A *ſuppoſed* Inter-locution *between the Spirit of* Prince HENRY, *and* Great BRITAIN.

Britain.

AWake brave *Prince*, thou doſt thy Countrey wrong,
Shake off thy ſlumber thou haſt ſlept too long,
Open thy eye-lids, and raiſe up thy head,
Thy Country and thy Friends ſuppoſe thee dead.
Look up, look up, the daies are grown more ſhort
Thy *Officers* prepare to leave thy Court.
The ſtains of ſorrow are in every face,
And CHARLES is call'd upon to take thy Place.
Awake, I ſay, in time; and wake the rather,
Leſt *melancholy* hurt thy Royall *Father*.
Thy weeping *Mother* wailes and wrings her hands,
Thy *Brother* and thy *Siſter* mourning ſtands,
The want of that ſweet company of thine
Only torments the loving *Prince* of *Rhine*.
The *Beauties* of the Court are ſullied o'er,
They ſeem not cheerfull as they did before.
The heavy *Clergie* in their Pulpits mourn,
And thy *Attendants* look like men forlorn.
Once more (I ſay) ſweet *Prince*, once more ariſe,
See how the teares have drown'd my watry eyes;

All

All my ſweet tunes and former ſignes of gladneſſe,
Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of ſadneſſe.
The *Trumpet* with harſh notes the aire doth wou
And *Dump* is all the cheerfull *Drum* can ſound.
Through *Wales* a dolefull *Elegie* now rings:
And heavy Songs of ſorrow each man ſings:
Diſtreſſed *Ireland* too, as ſad as wee,
Cries loud, *Oh hone, oh hone,* for want of thee.
But more, *Romes Locuſts* do begin to ſwarm,
And their attempts with ſtronger Hopes they arm,
For taking hold of this thy *Tranſ-mutation,*
They plot again a damned *Toleration.*
Yea *Hell,* to double this our ſorrows weight,
Is new contriving of old *Eighty eight.*
Come then and ſtand againſt it to defend us,
Or elſe their guile, their plots, or force will end u
This laſt-laſt time, ſweet *Prince,* I bid thee riſe,
Great *Britons* droup already, each man flies,
And if thou ſave us not from our great foes,
They quickly will effect our overthrows.
Oh, yet he moves not up his living head,
And now I fear indeed he's dead. *Spir.* He's dea
Brit. What voice was that, which from the vaul
Of my laſt words did make ſo plain a proofe? (
What was it ſeem'd to ſpeak above me ſo,
And ſaies, *He's dead?* Was't *Eccho,* yea, or no? *Sp.*
Br. What? Is it ſome diſpos'd to flout my mone
Appeare; Haſt thou a body, or haſt none? *Sp.* N
Br. Sure ſome illuſion, oh what art? come hith
My *Princes* Ghoſt, or fiend, or neither? *Sp.* Nei
Br. Indeed his Ghoſt in heaven reſts I know,
Art thou ſome *Angel* for him, Is it ſo? *Sp.* So.
Br. Do not my reall griefs with viſions feed,
In earneſt ſpeak, Art ſo indeed? *Sp.* Indeed.

rit. What power sent thee now into my Coast?
Was it my Darling *Henries* Ghost? *Sp.* s' Ghost.
r. Th'art welcome then, thy presence gratefull is,
ut tell me, Lives he happily in blisse? *Sp.* y's.
r. If so much of thee may be understood,
s the intent of this thy comming good? *Sp* Good.
r. Say, hath he there the *fame* that here he had?
Dt doth the place unto his glory adde? *Sp.* Adde.
r. May I demand what thy good errands be,
To whom is that he told to thee? *Sp.* To thee.
r Oh, doth he minde me yet, sweet *Spirit* say,
What is thy message? Ile obey: *Sp.* Obey.
r. I will not to my power one tittle misse,
o but command and say, Doe this: *Sp.* Doe this.
r. But stay; it seems that thou hast made thy choyse
o speak with *Eccho*'s most imperfect voyce:
plainer wise declare why thou art sent,
hat I may heare with more content: *Sp* Content.

The Spirit *leaves his Eccho, and speaks on.*

THen heare me *Britain*, heare me, and beleeve
Thy HENRI's there now where he cannot grieve.
He is not subject to the sly invasion
any humane or corrupted *passion.*
then (although he sorrow now forbeares)
would have wept himselfe to see thy tears.
he (as good *Saints* are) of joyes partaker,
jealous of the glory of his Maker:
though the *Saints* of *Rome* may take it to them,
uch help to their damnation it will doe them)

H

He will not on his *Maſters* right preſume,
Nor his ſmall'ſt due unto himſelfe aſſume.
And therefore *Britain* in the name of God,
And on the pain of his revengefull rod,
He here conjures thee in thy tribulation
To make to God alone thy invocation;
Who took him from thee that but late was living
For too much truſt unto his weakneſſe giving.
Yet call'ſt thou on thy *Prince* ſtill, as if he
Could either *Saviour* or *Redeemer* be:
Thou tell'ſt him of the wicked *Whore* of *Rome*,
As if that he were Iudge to give her doome.
But thou might'ſt ſee, were not thy ſight ſo dim,
Thou mak'ſt mean while another *Whore* of him.
For what is't for a Creatures aide to crie
But Spirits whordome? (that's idolatry.)
Their moſt unpleaſing breaths that ſo invoke,
The paſſage of th' Almighties mercies choke:
And therefore if thy ſorrows ſhall have end,
To God thou muſt thy whole devotions bend.
Then will thy *King* that he leave off to mone,
God hath tane *His*, yet left him more than one.
And that he hath not ſo ſeverely done,
As when he crav'd the *Hebrewes* onely ſonne;
Becauſe beſide this little bleſſed ſtore,
There's yet a poſſibility of more.
Goe tell the *Queen* his Mother that's lamenting
There is no cauſe of that her diſcontenting.
And ſay, there is another in his place,
Shall do his loving Siſters Nuptialls grace.
Enforme the *Palatine* his *Nymph* of *Thame*,
Shall give his glorious *Rhine* a treble Fame:
And unto CHARLES, to whom he leaves his
Let this related be in any caſe;

Tell him he may a full poſſeſſion take
Of what his Brother did ſo late forſake;
But bid him look what to his place is due,
And every vice ingenerall eſchew:
Let him conſider why he was his Brother,
And plac'd above ſo many thouſand other.
Great honours have great burthens; if y'are high,
The ſtricters your account, and the more nigh:
Let him ſhun flatterers at any hand,
And ever firmly in Religion ſtand,
Gird on his Sword; call for th' Almighties might,
Keep a good conſcience, fight the *Lambs* great fight.
For when his Father ſhall ſurrender make,
The *Faith's* protection he muſt undertake. (a-far,
Then CHARLES take heed, for thou ſhalt heare
Some cry, Peace, peace, that have their hearts on war.
Let Policie Religion obey,
But let not Policie Religion ſway:
Put from thy Counſells ſuch as have profeſt
The worſhip of that *Antichriſtian* beaſt.
For howſoe'er they dawb't with colours trim,
Their hands do beare his mark, their hearts on him;
And though they ſeem to ſeek the Commons weale,
It is but the Monſters deadly wound to heale.
Diſh all *Romiſh* Statiſts, do not ſup
With that dy'd-painted Drabs infectious Cup,
But uſe thy utmoſt ſtrength, and all thy power
To ſcatter them that would buil'd *Babels* tower.
Thou muſt ſometime be Iudge of equity,
And oft ſurvey e'en thine own Family:
Let at thy Table none partaker bee,
That will not at CHRIST'S board partake with thee.
The Lords great Day is neare, 'tis neare at hand,
Gird thy combate ſee thou bravely ſtand.

For him that overcomes *Chriſt* keeps a Crown,
And the great'ſt conqueſt hath the great'ſt renown.
Be mercifull, and yet in mercy juſt:
Chaſe from thy Court both wantonneſſe and luſt.
Diſguiſed faſhions from the land caſheere,
Women may women, and men, men appeare.
The wide-wide mouth of the blaſphemer tears
His paſſage unto God through all the Sphears,
Provoking him to turn his peacefull Word
Into a bloudy double-edged ſword:
But cut his tongue, the clapper of damnation,
He may fright others with his *Vlulation.*
The Drunkard and Adulterer, from whence
Proceeds the cauſe of dearth and peſtilence,
Puniſh with loſſe of ſubſtance and of limbe,
He rather maimed unto heaven may climbe,
Than tumble whole to Hell, and by his ſin
Endanger the whole ſtate he liveth in.
Down, down with Pride, and overthrow Ambition
Grace true devotion, root out ſuperſtition;
Love them that love the Truth, and Vertue graces
Let honeſty, not wealth, obtain great places;
Begin but ſuch a courſe, and ſo perſever,
Thou ſhalt have love here, and true bliſſe for ever.
Thus much for thy new *Prince:* now this to thee,
Britain, it ſhall thy charge and duty be,
To tell him now what thou haſt heard me ſay,
And whenſoever he commands, obey:
So if thou wilt in minde this counſell beare;
Vnto thy ſtate have due regard and care;
And without ſtay unto amendment hie,
Thou ſhalt be deare to thoſe to whom I flie.
Br. Oh, ſtay, and do not leave me yet alone.
Sp. My errand's at an end I muſt be gone.

Brit. Go then; but let me aske one word before.
Spir. My ſpeech now fails, I may diſcourſe no more.
Brit. Yet let me crave thus much, if ſo I may,
By *Eccho* thou reply to what I ſay. *Sp.* Say.
Br. Firſt, tell me for his ſake thou count'ſt moſt deare,
Is *Babel's* fall, and *Iacob's* riſing neare? *Sp.* Neare.
Br. Canſt thou declare what day that work ſhall end,
Or rather muſt we yet attend? *Sp.* Attend.
Br. Some land muſt yeeld a Prince that blow to ſtrike
May I be that ſame land or no, is't like? *Sp.* Like.
Br. Then therfore 'tis that *Rome* bears us ſuch ſpight.
Is ſhe not plotting now to wrong our right? *Sp.* right.
Brit. But from her miſchiefe, and her hands impure,
Canſt thou our ſafe deliverance aſſure? *Sp* Sure.
Brit. Then notwithſtanding this late loſſe befell,
And we fear'd much, I truſt 'tis well? *Sp.* 'Tis well.
Brit. Then flie thou to thy place, if this be true,
Thou God be prais'd, and griefes adieu. *Sp.* Adieu.

A Sonnet of DEATH;

Compoſed in Latine Rimes, and Paraphraſtically tranſlated into the ſame kinde of verſe; both by the former AUTHOR.

HEûs, heûs Mors percutit, & importunè,
Quam nunquam præterit, ullus impunè.
Abite Medici, non eſt ſanabile
Hoc vulnus Θανα]ϖ ; ſed incurabile.

Hark, hark, Death knocks us up with importunity,
There's none ſhall ever make boaſt of impunitie.
The *Doctor* toyles in vain, mans life's not durable,
No med'cine can prevail, this wound's incurable.

Quid picti dominûm proſunt favores?
Ficti quod hominum juvant amores?
Nec mundi vanitas, nec pompa curiæ,
Poteſt reſiſtere Mortis injuriæ.

What will the countenance of Lords or Noblemen,
Or idle peoples love help or avail thee then?
Nor the worlds bravery, nor yet Court-vanity,
Can ſtay this Monſters hand, foe to humanity.

Non curat ſplendidum, nec venerabile;
Nec pectus candidum quamvis amabile;
Decumbunt Principes *iniquo vulnere.*
Heu parcit nemini, quin ſtravit pulvere.

He knows no reverence, nor cares for any ſtate,
Sweet beauties move him not, thogh ne'er ſo delicate,
Princes muſt ſtoop to him, he rides on martially,
And ſpares not any man, but ſtrikes impartially.

Mercede divitis nil morat cupidi,
Nec præce pauperis (ſi orat) miſeri,
Et fruſtra fallere tentas ingenio,
Surda Rhetorici Mors eſt eloquio.

The rich-mans money-bags are no perſwaſion,
The beggers wofull cry ſtirs up no paſſion,
Hee'l not beguiled be by any fallacy,
Nor yeeld to Rhetorick, wit, art, nor policy.

Aſpectu pallida, vultu terribilis;
Eſt tamen valida, Mors invincibilis:
Et ſuas tibias (nec eſt formalis)
Vir omnis ſequitur, ſi ſit mortalis.

His look's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie,
He maſters any man, (alas, what remedy!)
Hee's nothing curious which way the meaſures be,
But all dance after him that heare his melody.

At oh! oh horrida, lætans necando,
Ruit incognita, non ſcimus quando:
Et ſtatim perditur hæc mundi gloria,:
Vita ſic fragilis, ſic tranſitoria.

But wo! of all the reſt this ſeems moſt terrible,
He comes when we know leaſt and then inviſible,
Then quite there endeth all worldly proſperity,
Such is this lives eſtate, ſuch his ſeverity.

Ergo vos incolæ terrarum timidi,
Eſte ſoliciti, vos, oh vos miſeri!
Sic (quamvis ſubita) hæc è carnalibus,
Reddet vos ſimiles, diis immortalibus,

Then oh you wretched men! ſith this is evident,
See you more carefull be, oh be more provident!
And when he takes this life, full of incertainty;
You ſhall live evermore to all eternity.

FINIS.

A SATYRE,

WRITTEN

To the Kings *most Excellent* MAJESTIE,

BY

GEORGE WITHER,

When he was Prisoner *in the* Marshalsey, *for his first* BOOK.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger* for
Robert Allot. 1633.

The *Satyre* to the meer *Courtiers*.

SIrs, *I do know your minds, you look for fees;*
For more reſpect than needs, for caps and knees:
But be content, I haue not for you now,
Nor will I haue at all to do with you.
For though I ſeem oppreſt, and you ſuppoſe
I muſt be fain to crouch to Vertues foes;
Yet know, your favours I do ſleight them more
In this diſtreſſe, than e'er I did before.
Here to my Liege *a meſſage I muſt tell,*
If you will let me paſſe you ſhall do well;
If you deny admittance, why then know
I mean to haue it where you will or no.
Your formall wiſdome which hath never been
In ought but in ſome fond invention ſeen:
And you that think men born to no intent
But to be train'd in apiſh complement;
Doth now perhaps ſuppoſe me indiſcreet,
And ſuch unuſed meſſages unmeet.
But what of that? Shall I go ſuit my matter
Vnto your wits, that haue but wit to flatter?
Shall I of your opinions ſo much prize,
To loſe my will, that you may think me wiſe,
Who never yet to any liking had,
Vnleſſe he were a Knaue, *a* Fool, *or* mad?
You Muſhroms *know, ſo much I weigh your powers;*
I neither value you, nor what is yours.
Nay, though my croſſes had me quite out-worn.
Spirit enough I'de finde, your ſpite to ſcorn.
Of which reſolv'd, to further my adventure,
Vnto my King, *without your leaves I enter.*

To the Honeſt *Courtiers*.

BVt You, *whoſe onely worth doth colour give*
To Them *that they do worthy ſeem to live,*
Kinde Gentlemen, *your aide I crave to bring*
A Satyre *to the preſence of his* King,
A show of rudeneſſe doth my forehead arm,
Yet you may ruſt him, he intends no harm.
He that hath ſent him, loyall is, and true,
And one whoſe love (I know) is much to you:
But now he lies bound to a narrow ſcope;
Almoſt beyond the Cape of all good Hope.
Long hath he ſought to free himſelfe, but fails:
And therefore ſeeing nothing elſe prevails,
Me to acquaint his Soveraigne *here he ſends,*
As one deſparing of all other friends.
I do preſume that you will favour show him,
Now that a meſſenger from thence you know him,
For many thouſands that his face ne'er knew,
Blame his Accuſers, and his fortunes *rue:*
And by the help which your good word may adde,
He hopes for pitty from his Soveraigne *too.*
Then in his *preſence with your favours grace him,*
And there's no Vice *ſo great ſhall dare out-face him.*

To the Kings most Excellent MAJESTIE.

A SATYRE.

Quid tu, si pereo?

WHat once the *Poet* ſaid, I may avow,
'Tis a hard thing not to write Satyrs *now.*
Since what we ſpeak (abuſe reigns ſo in all)
Spight of our hearts will be *Satyricall.*
Let it not therefore now be deemed ſtrange,
My unſmooth'd lines their rudeneſſe do not change,
Nor be diſtaſtfull to my gracious *King,*
That in the *Cage* my old harſh notes I ſing:
And rudely make a *Satyre* here unfold,
What others would in neater tearms have told.
And why? my friends and means in *Court* are ſcant,
Knowledge of curious phraſe and form I want.
Cannot bear't to run my ſelfe in debt,
To hire the *Groom,* to bid the *Page* intreat
Some *favour'd Followe,* to vouchſafe his word,
To get me a cold comfort from his *Lord.*
Cannot ſooth, (though it my life might ſave)
Each *Favourite,* nor crouch to ev'ry *Knave.*

I cannot brook delaies as ſome men doe,
With ſcoffes and ſcornes, and tak't in kindneſſe too.
For e'er I'de binde my ſelfe for ſome ſleight grace
To one that hath no more worth than his *place*:
Or, by a *baſe meane* free my ſelfe from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double.
Cauſe to be forc'd to what my minde diſdains,
Is worſe to me than *tortures*, *racks*, and *chaines*.
And therefore unto *Thee* I onely flye,
To whom there needs no mean but *honeſty*.
To *Thee* that lov'ſt nor *Paraſite* or *Minion*,
Should e'er I ſpeak poſſeſſe thee with opinion.
To *Thee* that doſt what thou wilt undertake,
For love of *Iuſtice*, not the *perſons* ſake.
To *Thee* that knowſt how vain all fair ſhews be,
That flow not from the hearts ſincerity;
And canſt, though ſhadowed in the ſimpleſt vail,
Diſcern both *Love* and *Truth*, and where they fail.
To *Thee* I do appeal, in whom heaven knows,
I next to God my confidence repoſe.
For, can it be thy Grace ſhould ever ſhine,
And not enlighten ſuch a cauſe as mine?
Can my hopes (fixt in thee great *King*) be dead;
Or thou thoſe *Satyres* hate thy *Forreſts* bred?
Where ſhall my ſecond hopes be founded then,
If ever I have heart to hope agen?
Can I ſuppoſe a favour may be got
In any place, when thy *Court* yeelds it not?
Or that I may obtain it in the land,
When I ſhall be deni'd it at thy hand?
And if I might, could I delighted be
To tak't of others, when I miſt of thee?
Or if I were, could I have comfort by it,
When I ſhould think my *Soveraigne* did deny it?

No, were I ſure I to thy hate were born,
To ſeek for others favours I would ſcorn.
For if the beſt-worth-loves I could not gain,
To labour for the reſt I would diſdain.
But why ſhould I thy favour here diſtruſt,
That have a cauſe ſo knowvn, and knowvn ſo juſt?
Which not alone my inward comfort doubles,
But all ſuppoſe me wrong'd that heare my troubles.
Nay, though my fault were reall, I beleeve,
Thou art ſo Royall that thou wouldſt forgive.
For, well I knowv thy ſacred *Majeſty*
Hath ever been admir'd for Clemencie,
And at thy gentleneſſe the world hath wondred,
For making Sun-ſhine where thou mightſt have thun-
Yea, thou in mercy life to them didſt give (dred.
That could not be content to ſee *thee* live.
And can I think that thou wilt make me then,
The moſt unhappy of all other men?
Or let thy loyall ſubject againſt reaſon,
Be puniſh'd more for *Love* than ſome for *Treaſon?*
No thou didſt never yet thy glory ſtain
With an injuſtice to the meaneſt *Swain.*
'Tis not thy will I'm wrong'd, nor doſt thou knowv
If I have ſuffred injuries or no.
For if I have not heard falſe *rumours* flie,
Th'aſt grac'd me with the ſtile of *honeſty.*
And if it were ſo, (as ſome think it was)
I cannot ſee how it ſhould come to paſſe,
That *thou*, from whoſe free *tongue* proceedeth nought
Which is not correſpondent with thy thought.
Thoſe thoughts too, being fram'd in *Reaſons* mould,
Should ſpeak that once which ſhould not ever hold.
But paſſing it as an uncertainty,
I humbly beg thee by that *Majeſty,*

Whoſe

Whoſe ſacred *Glory* ſtrikes a loving-feare
Into the hearts of all to whom 'tis deare:
To deigne me ſo much favour, without merit,
As read this plant of a diſtempered ſpirit:
And think, unleſſe I ſaw ſome hideous ſtorme,
Too great to be endur'd by ſuch a *worme*,
I had not thus preſum'd unto a *King*,
With *Æſops Fly* to ſeek an *Eagles* wing.
Know, I am he that entred once the liſt
Gainſt all the world to play the *Satyriſt*:
'Twas I that made my meaſures rough and rude,
Danc'd, arm'd with whips, amidſt the multitude,
And unappaled with my charmed *Scrowls*
Teaz'd angry *Monſters* in their lurking holes.
I've plaid with *Waſps* and *Hornets* without fears,
Till mad they grew and ſwarm'd about my eares.
I've done it; and me thinks 'tis ſuch brave ſport,
I may be ſtung, but n'er be ſorry for't.
For all my griefe is, that I was ſo ſparing,
And had to more in't worth the name of daring.
He that will tax theſe times muſt be more bitter,
Tart lines of *Vinegar* and *Gall* are fitter.
My fingers and my ſpirits were benum'd,
My *Ink* ran forth too ſmooth, 'twas too much gum'd
I'd have my *Pen* ſo paint it where it traces,
Each accent ſhould draw bloud into their faces;
And make them when their *Villanies* are blazed,
Shudder and *ſtartle* as men halfe amazed,
For feare my verſe ſhould make ſo loud a din,
Heaven hearing might rain vengeance on their ſin,
Oh now for ſuch a Strain! would *Art* could teach it
Though halfe my ſpirits I conſum'd to reach it
I'd learn my *Muſe* ſo brave a courſe to flie,
Men ſhould admire the power of *Poeſie*.

And thoſe that dar'd her greatneſſe to reſiſt,
Quake even at naming of a *Satyriſt*.
But whē his ſcourging numbers flow'd with wonder,
Should cry; *God bleſſe us*, as they did at thunder.
Alas! my lines came from me too-too dully,
They did not fill a *Satyrs* mouth up fully.
Hot bloud and youth, enrag'd with paſſions ſtore,
Taught me to reach a *ſtrain*, ne'er touch'd before.
But it was coldly done, I throughly chid not,
And ſomewhat there is yet to do, I did not.
More ſoundly could my Scourge have yerked many,
Which I omitted not for feare of any.
For, *want of action, diſcontentments, rage,*
Baſe *diſ-reſpect of Vertue* (in this age)
With other things which were to goodneſſe wrong,
Made me ſo fearleſſe in my careleſſe Song:
That had not reaſon within compaſſe won me,
I had told truth enough to have undone me.
(Nay, have already, if that her divine
And unſeen power can do no more than mine.)
For though foreſeeing warineſſe was good,
I fram'd my ſtile unto a milder mood;
And clogging her high-towring wings with mire,
Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire.
Though as you ſaw, in a diſguiſed ſhew,
I brought my *Satyres* to the open view:
Hoping (their out-ſides, being miſ-eſteem'd)
They might have paſſed but for what they ſeem'd:
Yet *ſome*, whoſe *Comments* jump not with my minde,
In that low phraſe a higher reach would finde,
And out of their deep judgements ſeem to know
What 'tis uncertain if I meant or no;
Aiming thereby out of ſome private hate,
To work my ſhame, or over-throw my ſtate.

For

For amongſt many wrongs my *foe* doth do me,
And many imputations laid unto me,
(Deceived in his aym) he doth miſ-conſter,
That which I have enſtil'd a *Man-like-Monſter*,
To mean ſome private perſon in the ſtate,
Whoſe worth I ſought to wrong out of my hate;
Vpbraiding me, I from my word do ſtart,
Either for want of better *ground*, or *heart*.
Cauſe from his expectation I did vary,
In the denying of his *Commentary*;
Whereas 'tis known I meant *Abuſe* the while,
Not thinking any one to be ſo vile
To merit all thoſe *Epithites* of ſhame,
How ever any do deſerve much blame.
But ſay (I grant) that I had an intent
To have it ſo (as he interprets) meant;
And let my gracious *Liege* ſuppoſe there were
One whom the *State* may have juſt cauſe to feare;
Or think there were a man, and great in *Court*,
That had more faults than I could well report,
Suppoſe I knew him, and had gone about
By ſome particular marks to paint him out,
That *he* beſt knowing his own faults might ſee
He was the man (I would) ſhould noted be:
Imagine now ſuch doings in this age,
And that this man ſo pointed at ſhould rage;
Call me in queſtion, and by his much threatning,
By long impriſonment, and ill-intreating
Vrge a *Confeſſion*, wert not a mad part
For me to tell him what lay in my heart?
Do not I know a Great mans power and might
In ſpight of *innocence* can ſmother *right*,
Coulour his *Villanies* to get eſteem?
And make the *honeſt man*. the *villain* ſeem?

And that the truth I told ſhould in concluſion,
For want of *power* and *friends* be my confuſion!
I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true;
Yet I proteſt, if ſuch a man I knew,
That might my *Countrey* pre judice, or *Thee*,
Were he the greateſt or the proudeſt *Hee*
That breathes this day: (if ſo it might be found,
That any good to either might redound.)
So far Ile be (though *Fate* againſt me run)
From ſtarting off from that I have begun,
Un-appaled dare in ſuch a caſe,
Rip up his fouleſt crimes before his face;
Though for my labour I were ſure to drop
Into the mouth of ruine without hope. (ſought;
But ſuch ſtrange far-fetch'd meanings they have
As I was never privie to in thought,
And that unto particulars would tie
Which I intended univerſally.
Whereat *Some* with diſpleaſure over-gone,
(Thoſe I ſcarce dream'd of, ſaw, or thought upon)
Maugre thoſe caveats on my *Satyres* brow,
Their honeſt and juſt paſſage diſallow.
And on their heads ſo many cenſures take,
That ſpight of me themſelves they'l guilty make.
Nor is't enough to ſwage their diſcontent,
To ſay *I am*, (or to be) *innocent*.
For as when once the *Lyon* made decree,
No *horned-beaſt* ſhould nigh his preſence be,
That on whoſe forehead onely did appeare
A *bunch of fleſh*, or but ſome *tuft of haire*,
Was even as far in danger as the reſt,
Tho but ſaid, it was a *horned beaſt*.
So there be now, who think in that their power
Is of much force, and greater far than our;

It

It is enough to prove a guilt in me,
Becauſe (miſtaking) they ſo think't to be.
Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not ſo high,
But they muſt ſtoop to *Thee* and *Equity*.
And this I know though prick't; they ſtorm age
The world doth deem them ne'er the better men,
To ſtir in filth makes not the ſtench the leſſe,
Nor do h Truth *feare the frown of* Mightineſſe.
Becauſe thoſe numbers ſhe doth daigne to grace,
Men may ſuppreſſe a while, but ne'er deface.
I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,
My harmleſſe lines ſhould breed diſtaſt in any:
And ſo, that (whereas moſt good men approve
My labour to be worthy thanks and love)
I as a *Villain* and my *Countryes* foe
Should be impriſon'd, and ſo ſtrictly too,
That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
But the reſort of friends (which is more hard)
And whilſt each wanton, or looſe *Rimers* Pen,
With oyly words ſleeks o'er the ſinnes of men,
Vayling his wits to every *Puppets* beck;
Which e'er I'le do, I'le joy to break my neck.
(I ſay) while ſuch as they in every place
Can finde protection, patronage, and grace;
If any look on me, 'tis but a ſkaunce,
Or if I get a favour 'tis by chance.
I muſt protect my ſelfe: poore *truth* and *I*
Can have ſcarce *one* ſpeak for our *honeſty*.
Then whereas they can gold and gifts attain,
Malicious *hate* and *envy* is my gain,
And not alone have here my *Freedome* loſt,
Whereby my *beſt hope's* likely to be croſt:
But have been put to more charge in one day,
Than all my *Patrons* bounties yet will pay.

What I have done was not for thirst of *gain*,
Or out of hope *preferments* to attain:
Since to condemne them would more profit me,
Then all the *glories* in the world that be:
Yet they are helps to *Vertue* us'd aright,
And when they wanting be, she wants her might.
For Eagles mindes ne'er fit a Ravens feather.
To dare and to be able suit together.
But what is't I have done so worty blame,
That some so eagerly pursue my fame?
Vouchsafe to view't with thine own eyes, and trie
(Save want of *Art*) what fault thou canst espie.
I have not sought to scandalize the state,
Nor sown sedition nor made publike bate:
I have not aim'd at any good mans fame,
Nor tax'd directly any one by name.
I am not he that am grown discontent
With the Religion, or the Government.
I meant no Ceremonies to protect,
Nor do I favour any new-sprung Sect;
But to my Satyres *gave this onely warrant,*
To apprehend and punish Vice *apparant.*
Who aiming in particular at none,
Ingenerall upbraided every one,
That each (unshamed of himselfe) might view
What in himselfe, which no man dares to shew.
And hath this *Age* bred up neat *Vice* so tenderly,
She cannot brook it to be touch'd so slenderly?
Will she not bide my gentle *Satyres* bites?
Come take her then, what makes she in their sightes?
Why with impatience she my *whip-cord* feel,
How had she raged at my lash of *Steel*?
Why, am I cal'd in question for her cause?
Is *Vice* that these afflictions on me drawes?

And

And need I now thus to Apologize,
Onely becauſe I ſcourged *villanies*?
Muſt I be fain to give a reaſon why,
And how I dare allow of *honeſty*?
Whilſt that each fleering *Paraſite* is bold,
Thy Royall brow undaunted to behold:
And every *Temporizer* ſtrikes a ſtring,
That's Muſick for the hearing of a King?
Shall not he reach out to obtain as much,
Who dares more for thee than a hundred ſuch?
Heaven grant her patience, *my* Muſe *takes't ſo bad*
I feare shee'l loſe her wits, for she raves madly.
Yet let not my *dread Soveraigne* too much blame
Whoſe awfull preſence now hath made her tame:
For if there be no *Flie* but hath her ſpleen,
Nor a poore *Piſmire* but will wreak her teen;
How ſhall I then that have both ſpleen and gall,
Being unjuſtly dealt with, beare with all?
I yet with *patience* take what I have born,
And all the worlds enſuing hate can ſcorn:
But 'twere in me as much ſtupiditie
Not to have feeling of an injury,
As it were weakneſſe not to brook it well;
What others therefore think I cannot tell;
But, he that's leſſe than *mad* is more than *Man*,
Who ſees when he hath done the beſt he can
To keep within the bounds of *Innocence*,
Sought to diſcharge his due to *God* and *Prince*;
That he, whilſt *Villains* unreproved go,
Scoffing to ſee him overtaken ſo,
Should have his good endeavours miſconceiv'd,
Be of his deareſt liberty bereav'd,
And which is worſe, without a reaſon why,
Be frowned on by *Authorities* grim eye.

that great Power *my ſoule ſo much doth feare,*
ſcornes the ſterneſt frowns of a mortall Peer,
that I *Vertue* love for her own ſake;
were enough to make me undertake
ſpeak as much in praiſe of *Vice* agen,
d practiſe ſome to plague theſe ſhames of men.
ean thoſe my Accuſers, who miſtaking
ayms, do frame conceits of their own making.
if I liſt, I need not buy ſo deare,
e juſt revenge might be inflicted here.
w could I *meaſures* frame in this juſt fury,
ld ſooner finde ſome guilty than a *Iury:* (pierce,
e *words* like *ſwords* (tempred with *Art*) ſhould
hang, and draw, and quarter them in *Verſe:*
I could rack them on the wings of *Fame,*
d bee's *halfe hang'd* (they ſay) *hath an ill name*)
, I'd go neare to make thoſe guilty elves
mbes-like be glad to hang themſelves:
though this *Age* will not abide to heare
faults reprov'd that *Cuſtome* hath made deare;
if I pleaſed, I could write their crimes,
pile them up in walls for after-times:
they'l be glad (perhaps) that ſhall enſue,
ſee ſome ſtory of their Fathers true.
ſhould I ſmother'd be in darkneſſe ſtill,
ight not uſe the freedome of a quill;
would raiſe up braver *Spirits* than mine own,
make my cauſe, and this their guilt more known;
o by that ſubject ſhould get love and fame,
o my *Foes* diſgrace and endleſſe ſhame:
e I do mean whoſe *Comments* have miſus'd me,
to thoſe Peers I honour have accus'd me:
ing againſt my *innocence* their batteries,
wronging them by their baſe flatteries:

But

But of revenge I am not yet ſo fain,
To put my ſelfe unto that needleſſe pain:
Becauſe I know a greater Power there is,
That noteth ſmaller injuries than this;
And being ſtill as juſt as it is ſtrong,
Apportions due revenge for every wrong.
But why (ſome ſay) ſhould his too ſaucy Rime
Thus tax the wiſe and great ones of our times?
It ſuits not with his yeares to be ſo bould,
Nor fits it us by him to be controld.
I muſt confeſſe ('tis very true indeed)
Such ſhould not of my cenſure ſtand in need.
But blame me not, I ſaw good *Vertue* poore,
Deſert among the moſt thruſt out of doore,
Honeſty hated, *Courteſie* baniſhed,
Rich-men exceſſive, *Poore-men* famiſhed:
Coldneſſe in *Zeale*, in *Lawes* partiallity,
Friendſhip but *Complement*, and vain *Formalitie*.
Art I perceive contemn'd, while moſt advance
(To offices of worth) *Rich Ignorance*:
And thoſe that ſhould our *Lights* and *Teachers* be
Live (if not worſe) as wantonly as we.
Yea, I ſaw *Nature* from her courſe run back,
Diſorders grow, *good orders* go to wrack.
So to increaſe what all the reſt began,
I to this current of *confuſion* ran:
And ſeeing Age left of the place of guiding,
Thus plaid the ſaucy wag, and fell to chiding.
Wherein, however ſome (perhaps) may deem,
I am not ſo much faulty as I ſeem:
For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Suſanna*'s honour,
And none withſtood the ſhame they laid upon her,
A *Childe* roſe up to ſtand in her defence,
And ſpight of wrong confirm'd her *Innocence*.

o shew, *Those, must not that good undertake*
ain curt sie who should do't for manners sake.
Nor do I know whether to me God gave
boldnesse more than many others have,
That I might shew the world what shamefull blot
Vertue by her lascivious *Elders* got.
Nor is't a wonder, as some do suppose,
y youth so much corruption can disclose;
nce every day the Sun doth light mine eyes,
am informed of new villanies:
ut it is rather to be wondred how
ither can, or, dare be honest now.
And though again there be some others rage,
That I should dare (so much above mine age)
hus censure each degree both young and old,
ee not wherein I am over-bold.
or if I have been plain with *Vice*, I care not,
here's nought that I know good & can, & dare not.
ely this one thing doth my minde deterre,
en a feare (through ignorance) to erre.
But oh! knew I what thou wouldst well approve,
r might the small'st respect within thee move;
in the sight of God it might be good,
nd with the quiet of my conscience stood:
well I know thy true integrity
ould command nothing against piety:)
here's nought so dangerous, or full of feare,
hat for my *Soveraignes* sake I would not dare:
hich good beliefe, would it did not possesse thee,
vided some just triall might re-blesse me:
, though a while I did endure the gall
thy displeasure in this lothsome thrall.
notwithstanding in this *place* I lie
the command of that *Authority*,

Of which I have ſo much reſpective care,
That in mine own (and juſt defence) I feare
To uſe the free ſpeech that I do intend,
Leſt ignorance or raſhneſſe ſhould offend.
Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
From wilfull wronging of thy *laws* or *thee*,
As he to whom thy *place* and *perſon*'s deareſt,
Or to himſelfe that findes his conſcience cleareſt.
If there be *wrong*, 'tis not my making it,
All the offence is ſomes miſtaking it.
And is there any Iuſtice borne of late,
Makes thoſe faults mine which others perpetrate?
What man could ever any Age yet finde,
That ſpent his ſpirits in this thankleſſe kinde,
Shewing his meaning, to ſuch words could tie it,
that none could either wrong, or miſ-apply it?
Nay, your own *Laws* which (as you do intend)
In plainſt and moſt effectuall words are penn'd,
Cannot be fram'd ſo well to your intent,
But ſome there be will erre from what you meant.
And yet (alas) I muſt be tide unto
What never any man before could do.
Muſt all I ſpeake or write ſo well be done,
That none may pick more meanings thence than one?
Then all the world I hope will leave diſ-union,
And every man become of one opinion,
But ſince ſome may, what care ſoe'er we take,
Divers conſtructions of our writings make,
The honeſt *Readers* ever will conceive
The beſt intentions, and all others leave,
Chiefly in that where I forehand proteſt,
My meaning ever was the honeſteſt:
And if I ſay ſo, what is he may know
So much as to affirme it was not ſo?

other men ſo near my thoughts to ſhow it,
is my heart ſo open that all know it?
re if it were they would no ſuch things ſee,
thoſe whereof ſome have accuſed me.
t I care leſſe how it be underſtood,
cauſe the heav'ns know, my intent was good.
nd if it be ſo that my too-free Rimes
o much diſpleaſe the world, and theſe bad times;
is not my fault; for had I been imploy'd
ſomething elſe, all this had now been void.
if the world would but have granted me
ealth, or affaires whereon to buſie me,
ow unheard of, peradventure then
d been as mute as ſome rich *Clergie-man.*
t they are much deceiv'd that think my minde
ll e'er be ſtill, while it can doing finde;
that unto the world ſo much it leans,
to be curtall'd for default of means.
o, though moſt be, all *Spirits* are not earth,
r ſuiting with the fortunes of their birth.
bodie's ſubject unto many powers,
my *ſoul's* as free as is the *Emperours*:
though to curb her in I oft aſſay,
'll break in't action ſpite of durt and clay.
is't not better than to take this courſe,
n fall to ſtudie miſchiefe, and do worſe?
y ſhe muſt have action, and ſhe ſhall,
if ſhe will, how can I do withall?
let thoſe that o'er buſie think me, know,
made me that knew why he made me ſo.
though there's ſome do ſay, my thoughts do flie
ch beyond my ſtates ſufficiency;
humble minde, I give my *Saviour* thank,
es nought yet 'bove my fortunes rank.

But say it did, wilt not befit a man
To raise his thoughts as near heaven as he can?
Must the *free-spirit* ty'd and curbed be
According to the bodies povertie?
Or can it ever be so subject to
Base *Change*, to rise and fall as fortunes do?
Men born to noble means, and vulgar minde
Enjoy their wealth; and there's no law that bin
Such to abate their substance, though their pates
Want *brains*, and they *worth* to possesse their st
So God to some doth onely *great mindes* give;
And little other means whereon to live.
What law or conscience then shall make thē sin
Their *spirit*, which is their life, more than othe
To bate their substance? since if 'twere confest,
That a brave minde could ever be suppreſt,
Wer't reason any should himselfe deprive
Of what the whole world hath not pow'r to g
For wealth is common, and fools get it too,
When to give spirit's more than Kings can do.
I speak not this because I think there be
More than the ordinarest gifts in me;
But against those who think I do presume
On more than doth befit me to assume;
Or would have all whom *Fortune* bars from s
Make themselves wretched as she makes them
And cause in other things she is unkinde,
Smother the matchlesse blessings of their m
Whereas (although her favours do forsake th
Their *mindes* are richer than the world can m
Why should a good attempt disgraced seem
Because the person is of mean esteem?
Vertu's a chast *Queen*, and yet doth not scorn
To be embrac'd by him that's meanest born

ee is the prop that *Majesties* support,
et one whom *Slaves* as well as *Kings* may court,
e loveth all that beare affection to her,
nd yeelds to any that hath heart to wo her.
Vice, *how high so e'er she be in place,*
that which Grooms *may spit at in disgrace*:
ee is a strumpet and may be abhor'd,
ea, spurn'd at in the bosome of a *Lord*.
et had I spoke her fair I had been free,
s many other of her Lovers be.
her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
might have been a *Villain*, and done well:
otten some speciall favour, and not sate
s now I do shut up within a *grate*.
if I could have hap't on some loose strain,
at might have pleas'd the wanton Readers vain:
but claw'd *pride*, I now had been unblam'd,
r else at least there's some would not have sham'd
o plead my cause) but see my fatall curse,
re I was either mad, or somewhat worse.
r I saw vices followers bravely kept,
Silks they walk'd, on beds of *Down* they slept,
chly they fed on dainties evermore,
hey had their pleasure, they had all things store:
hilst *Vertue* begg'd, yea, favours had so many,
new they brook'd not to be touch'd of any:
t could not I like other men be wise,
d learn for all this how to temporize;
must (with two much honesty made blinde,
raid this loved Darling of mankinde:
hereas I might have better thriv'd by fayning:
if I could not chuse but be complaining,
e safe I might have raill'd on *Vertue* sure,
use her lovers and her friends are fewer.

I might have brought some other things to passe,
Made *Fidlers-Songs* or *Ballads*, like an Asse,
Or any thing almost indeed but this.
Yet since 'tis thus, I'm glad 'tis so amisse;
Because, if I am guilty of a crime,
'Tis that wherein the best of every time
Hath been found faulty, (if they faulty be)
That do reprove *Abuse* and *Villany*.
For what I'm taxt, I can examples shew,
In such old *Authors* as this State allow:
And I would fain once learn a reason why
They can have better usage here than I?
I muse men do not now in question call
Seneca, Horace, Persius, Iuvenal,
And such as they? Or why did not that age
In which they lived put them in a *Cage*?
If I should say that men were juster then,
I should neare hand be mad unsay't agen:
And therefore sure I think I were as good,
Leave it to others to be understood.
Yet I as well may speak as deem amisse;
For such this Ages curious cunning is,
I scarcely dare to let my heart think ought,
For there be some will seem to know my thought
Who may out-face me that I think a-wry,
When there's no witnesse but my *Conscience* by:
And then I likely am as well to speed,
As if I spak, or did amisse indeed.
Yet lest those, who (perhaps) may malice this
Interpret also these few lines amisse;
Let them that after *Thee* shall read or heare,
From a rash censure of my thoughts forbeare;
Let them not mold the *sense* that this contains
According to the forming of their brains;

Or think I dare or can here tax thoſe *peers*,
Thoſe *worths* their *Honours* to my ſoule endears;
Thoſe by whoſe loved-fear'd *authority*
Am reſtrained of my liberty:
Or leaſt there yet may be a man ſo ill,
To haunt my lines with his black *Coment* ſtill,
(I hope my luck again may be ſo good
To have my words once rightly underſtood)
This I proteſt, that *I do not condemne*
Ought as *unjuſt that hath been done by them*;
Or though my honeſt heart not guilty be
Of the leaſt thought that may diſparage me;
Yet when ſuch men as I ſhall have ſuch foes
Accuſe me of ſuch crimes to ſuch as thoſe,
Will I had means my *Innocence* to ſhow,
Their *Iuſtice* could have done no leſſe than ſo.
Nor have I ſuch a proud conceited wit,
Or ſelfe-opinion of my knowledge yet,
To think it may not be that I have run
Upon ſome *errours* in what I have done,
Worthy this puniſhment which I endure;
(I ſay I cannot ſo my ſelfe aſſure)
Or 'tis no wonder if their wiſedomes can
Diſcover imperfections in a man
So weak as I, (more than himſelfe doth ſee)
Since my ſight dull with inſufficiencie,
When men more grave and wiſer far than I,
Innumerable errours doth eſpie;
Which they with all their knowledge I'l be bould,
Cannot (or will not) in themſelves behold.
Or e'er I will my ſelfe accuſe my *Song*,
Or keep a tongue ſhall do my heart that wrong,
Or ſay I willingly in what I pen'd,
Did ought that might a *Goodmans* ſight offend;

Or with my knowledge did insert one word
That might disparage a true honour'd *Lord*;
Let it be in my mouth a helplesse sore,
And never speak to be beleeved more.
Yet *man* irresolute is, unconstant, weak,
And doth his purpose oft through frailty break.
Lest therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this minde, and these words unsa
Here to the world I do proclaim before,
If e'er my resolution be so poore,
'Tis not the *Right*, but *might* that makes me do i
Yea, nought but *fearefull baseneſſe* brings me to
Which if I still hate, as I now detest,
Never can come to harbour in my brest.
Thus my fault then, (if they a fault imply)
Is not alone an ill unwillingly,
But also might I know it, I entend,
Not onely to acknowledge, but amend:
Hoping that thou wilt not be so severe,
To punish me above all other here.
But for m'intents sake, and my love to *Truth*;
Impute my errours to the heat of *Youth*,
Or rather *ignorance*, then to my *will*,
Which sure I am was *good*, what e'er be *ill*,
And like to him now in whose place thou art,
What e'er the residue be, accept the *Heart*.
But I grow tedious, and my love abus'd,
Disturbs my thoughts, and makes my lines co
Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye,
On this my rude unfil'd *Apologie*.
Let not the bluntnesse of my phrase offend,
Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis *penn'd*,
By these abrupt lines in my just defence,
Iudge what I might say for my innocence.

nd think I more could ſpeak, that here I ſpare,
ecauſe my power ſuits not to what I dare.
y unaffected ſtile retains (you ſee)
er old *Frize-Cloak* of young *Ruſticitie*:
f others will uſe neater tearmes, they may,
nder I am, yet love as well as they:
nd (*though if I would ſmooth't I cannot doo't*)
y humble heart I bend beneath thy foot;
hile here my *Muſe* her diſcontent doth ſing,
o thee her great *Apollo* and my *King*:
mploring thee by that high ſacred *Name*,
y *Iuſtice*, by thoſe *Powers* that I could name:
y whatſoe'er may move entreat I thee,
o be what thou art unto all, to me;
eare it not, yet give me leave to pray,
may have foes, whoſe power doth beare ſuch ſway,
f they but ſay I'm guilty of offence,
Twere vain for me to plead my innocence.
But as the Name of God thou bear'ſt, I truſt
hou immitat'ſt him too in beeing juſt:
hat when the right of truth thou com'ſt to ſcan,
hou'lt not reſpect the perſon of the man;
or if thou do, then is my hope undone,
he head-long-way to ruine I muſt run.
or whil'ſt that they have all the helps which may
rocure their pleaſure with my ſoon decay:
ow is it like that I my peace can win me,
hen all the ayde I have comes from within me?
herefore (*good King*) that mak'ſt thy bounty ſhine
ometime on thoſe whoſe worth's are ſmall as mine;
h! ſave me now from Envies *dangerous shelfe,*
make me able, and I'l ſave my ſelfe.
er not the want of that make me a ſcorn,
o which there are more *Fools* than *Wiſemen* born.

Let me not for my meanneſſe be deſpis'd,
Nor others greatneſſe make their words more prized
For what ſoe'er my outward *Fate* appears,
My *ſoul*'s as good, my *heart*'s as great as theirs:
My love unto my *Country*, and to *Thee*
As much as his that more would ſeem to be.
And would this age allow but means to ſhow it,
Thoſe that miſdoubt it, ſhould e'er long time know it.
Pitty my youth then, and let me not lie
Waſting my time in fruitleſſe miſery.
Though I am mean, I may be born unto
That ſervice which another cannot doe.
In vain the little Mouſe the Lyon ſpar'd not,
Shee did him pleaſure when a greater dar'd not.
If ought that I have done do thee diſpleaſe,
Thy miſconceived wrath I will appeaſe,
Or ſacriſice my heart; but why ſhould I
Suffer for God knows whom, I know not why?
If that my words through *ſome* miſtake offends,
Let them conceive them right and make amends.
Or were I guilty of offence indeed,
One fault (they ſay) *doth but one pardon need.*
Yet one I had, and now I want one more;
For once I ſtood accus'd for this before.
As I remember, I ſo long agon
Sung *Thame* and *Rhynes Epithalamion*;
When SHEE, that from thy Royall SELF deriv'd
Thoſe gracious vertues that beſt *title* gives:
Shee that makes *Rhyme* proud of her *Excellence*,
And me oft mind her here with reverence,
Daign'd in her *great-good Nature* to incline
Her gentle eare to ſuch a *Cauſe* as mine;
And which is more, vouchſaf'd her word to cleare
Me from all dangers (if there any were)

So that I do not now intreat, or ſue
For any great boon, or requeſt that's new:
But onely this, (though abſent from the land)
Her former favour ſtill in force might ſtand;
And that her word (who preſent was ſo deare)
Might be as powerfull as when she was here.
Which if I finde, and with thy favour may
Have leave to ſhake my loathed bands away,
(As I do hope I ſhall) and be ſet free
From all the trouble this hath brought on me;
I'l make her *Name* give life unto a *Song*,
Whoſe never-dying note ſhall laſt as long
As there is either *River*, *Grove*, or *Spring*,
Or *Down* for *Sheep*, or *Shepheards Lad* to ſing.
Yea, I will teach my *Muſe* to touch a ſtrain,
That was ne'er reach'd to yet by any *Swain*.
For though that many deem my years unripe,
Yet I have learn'd to tune an Oaten Pipe,
Whereon I'l try what muſick I can make me,
(Vntill *Bellona* with her Trump awake me.)
And ſince the world will not have *Vice* thus ſhown,
By blazing *Vertue* I will make it known.
Then if the *Court* will not my lines approve,
I'l go unto ſome *mountain*, or thick *grove*:
There to my fellow' *Shepheards* will I Sing,
Tuning my *Reed* unto ſome dancing *Spring*;
In ſuch a note that none ſhould dare to trouble it,
Till the *hills* anſwer, and the *woods* redouble it.
And peradventure I may then go neare
To ſpeak of ſomething thou'lt be pleas'd to heare:
And that which thoſe who now my tunes abhor,
Shall read, and like, and daigne to love me for.
But the mean while, oh paſſe not this ſuit by,
Let thy *free hand* ſigne me my liberty:

And if my love may move thee more to doe,
Good King consider this my trouble too.
Others have found thy favour in distresse,
Whose love to thee and thine I think was lesse.
And I might fitter for thy *service live*,
On what would not be much for thee to give.
And yet I ask it not, for that I feare
The outward means of life should fail me here:
For though I want to compasse those good ends
I aim at for my *Countrey* and my *Friends*,
In this *poore state* I can as well content me,
As if that I had *wealth* and *honours* lent me.
Nor for my own sake do I seek to shun,
This *thraldome*, wherein now I seem undone:
For though I prize my *freedome* more than *Gold*,
And use the means to free my selfe from hold,
Yet with a minde (I hope) *unchang'd and free*,
Here can I live and play with miserie,
Yea, in despight of want and slavery,
Laugh at the world in all her bravery.
Here have I learn'd to make my greatest wrongs,
Matter of mirth, and subjects but for Songs:
Here can I smile to see my selfe neglected,
And how the mean-mans suit is dis-respected;
Whilst those that are more rich, and better friended
Can have twice greater faults, thrice sooner ended.
All this, yea more, I see and suffer too,
Yet live content midst discontents I doe.
Which whilst I can it is all one to me,
Whether in prison, or abroad it be.
For should I still lie here *distrest* and *poore*,
It shall not make me breathe a sigh the more.
Since to my selfe it is indifferent,
Where the small remnant of my daies be spent.

But for *Thy* ſake, my *Countries*, and my *Friends*,
For whom, more than my ſelfe, *God* this life lends,
I would not, could I help it, be aſcorn,
But (*if I might*) *live free as I was born*:
Or rather for my Miſtris *vertues* ſake,
Fair Vertue, of whom moſt account I make,
If I can chuſe, I will not be debas'd
In this laſt action, leſt She *be diſgrac'd*:
For 'twas the love of her that brought me to
What *ſpleen* nor *envy* could not make me do.
And if her *ſervants* be no more regarded,
If enemies of *Vice* be thus rewarded;
And I ſhould alſo *Vertues* wrongs conceale,
As if none liv'd to home ſhe dar'd appeal:
Will they that do not yet her worth approve,
Be ever drawn to entertain her love,,
When they ſhall ſee him plagu'd as an *offender*,
Who for the love he beares her, doth commend her?
This may to others more offenſive be,
Than prejudiciall any way to me,
For who will his endeavours ever bend
To follow her whom there is none will friend?
Some I do hope there be that nothing may
From love of *truth* and *honeſty* diſmay.
But who will (that ſhall ſee my evill *Fortune*)
The remedy of *times abuſe* importune?
Who will again, when they have ſmother'd me,
Dare to oppoſe the face of *Villany*?
Whereas he muſt be fain to undertake
A *combate* with a ſecond *Lernean* Snake;
Whoſe ever-growing heads when as he crops,
Not onely two ſprings for each one he lops,
But alſo he ſhall ſee in midſt of dangers, (gers.
Thoſe he thought *friends*, turn *foes*, at leaſt-wiſe *ſtran-*

More

More I could ſpeak, but ſure if this do fail me
I never ſhall doe ought that will avail me;
Nor care to ſpeak again, unleſſe it be
To him that knowes how heart and tongue agree;
No nor to live, when none dares undertake
To ſpeak one word for honeſt *Vertues* ſake.
But let his will be done that beſt knowes what
Will be my future good, and what will not.
Hap *well*, or *ill*, my ſpotleſſe meaning's faire,
And for *Thee*, this ſhall ever be my prayer,
That thou maiſt here enjoy a long-bleſt Reigne,
And dying be in heaven re-crown'd again.

SO now, if thou haſt daign'd my *lines* to heare,
There's nothing can befall me that I feare:
For if thou haſt compaſſion on my trouble,
The joy I ſhall receive will be made double;
And if I fall, it may ſome *glory* be,
That none but IOVE *himſelfe did ruine me.*

Your Majeſties *loyall Subject,*
and yet Priſoner in the Marſhalſey

GEORGE WITHER.

FINIS.

Epithalamia.

OR

NVPTIALL POEMS.

Vpon the most blessed and happy *Mariage between the High and Mighty* PRINCE,

FREDERICK

the Fifth,

Count *Palatine* of the RHYNE,

Duke of BAVIER, *&c.*

And the most Vertuous, Gracious, and thrice-Excellent PRINCESSE,

ELIZABETH,

Sole Daughter to our dread *Soveraigne*,

IAMES,

By the Grace of God, King *of Great* BRITAIN. *&c.*

Celebrated at *White-hall* the 14. of FEBRUARIE, 1612.

Written by G. WITHER.

LONDON,
Printed *by R. Badger for R. Allot*, 1633.

To the *All-vertuous and thrice*
Excellent Princesse
ELIZABETH,
Sole Daughter to our dread Soveraigne IAMES, by the *grace of* GOD, King *of Great* BRITAIN, *&c.*

And Wife to the high and mighty *Prince* FREDERICK *the fifth*, Count Palatine *of the* RHYNE, Duke *of* Bavier, *&c.* Elector *and* Arch-sewer *to the sacred* Romane Empire, *during the vacancy* Vicar of the same.
AND
Knight of the most Honourable Order of the GARTER.

GEORGE WITHER, wisheth all the Health, Ioyes, Honours, and Felicities of this world, in this life, and the perfections *of* Eternitie *in the World to come.*

To the Christian READERS.

READERS, *for that in my Book of* Satyricall Eſſaies, *I have been deemed over* Cynicall; *to ſhew that I am not wholly inclined to that* Vain: *But, in-ed eſpecially, out of the duty which I owe to ſe incomparable* Princes, *I have, in honour of ir* Royall Solemnities, *publiſhed theſe ſhort* pithalamia's: *by which you may perceive (how-er the world think of mee) I am not of ſuch a urliſh* Conſtitution, *but I can afford* Vertue *deſerved honour; and have as well an affable to encourage* Honeſtie; *as a ſtern frown to on* Villany: *If the* Times *would ſuffer me ould be as pleaſing as others; and perhaps e'er I will make you amends for my former rigor, ean-while I commit this unto your cenſures; bid you farewell.*

G. W.

Epithalamion.

BRight *Northerne* Star, and great *Minerva's* Peer,
Sweet *Lady* of this *Day*; *Great Britains* Deer.
Lo thy poor *Vaſſall* that was erſt ſo rude,
With his moſt *Ruſtick Satyrs* to intrude,
Once more like a poore *Sylvan* now drawes near;
And in thy ſacred *preſence* dares appear.
Oh, let not that ſweet *Bow* thy *Brow* be bent,
To ſcare him with a ſhaft of diſcontent:
One look with *anger*, nay, thy gentleſt *frown*,
Is twice enough to caſt a *Greater* down.
My will is ever never to offend
Thoſe that are good; and what I here intend
Your *worth* compells me to. For lately griev'd,
more than can be expreſt, or well believ'd;
Minding for ever to abandon ſport,
And live exil'd from places of reſort;
Careleſſe of all, I yeelding to ſecurity,
Thought to ſhut up my *Muſe* in dark obſcurity,
And in content the better to repoſe,
A lonely *Grove* upon a *Mountain* choſe;
Eaſt from *Caer Winn*, mid-way twixt *Arle* and *Dis*,
True *Springs*, where *Britains* true *Arcadia* is.
But e'er I entred my intended courſe,
Great *Æolus* began to offer force.

The

(a) The boistrous *King* was grown so mad with rage
That all the earth was but his furies stage.
Fire, *Ayre*, *Earth*, *Sea*, were intermixt in one;
Yet *Fire*, through *Water*, *Earth*, and *Ayre* shone.
The *Sea*, as if she meant to whelme them under,
Beat on the *cliffes*, and rag'd more loud than thunder.
And whilst the *vales* she with salt waves did fill, (hi
The *Ayre* showr'd *flouds* that drench'd our highest
And the proud trees that would no duty know,
Lay overturned twenty in a row.
Yea, every man for feare fell to devotion; (Oct
Lest the whole *Ile* should have been drench'd i'th'
Which I perceiving, conjur'd up my *Muse*,
The *spirit* whose good help I sometime use,
And though I meant to break her rest no more,
I was then fain her aid for to implore.
And by her help indeed I came to know:
Why both the *Ayre* and *Seas* were troubled so.
For, having urg'd her that she would unfould
What cause she knew; Thus much at last she told;
Of late (quoth she) *there is by powers Divine,*
A match concluded twixt Great Thame *and* Rhy
Two famous Rivers, *equall both to* Nyle;
The one, the pride of Europes *greatest Ile.*
Th'other disdaining to be closely pent;
Washes a great part of the Continent.
Yet with abundance doth the want supply
Of the still-thirsting Sea, *that's never dry.*
And now, these being not alone endear'd
To mighty Neptune, *and his watry* Heard
But also to the Great and dreadfull Iove,
With all his sacred companies above,

(a) He here remembers and describes the late winter, wh
was so exceeding tempestuous and windy.

both have assented by their Loves inviting,
To grace (with their own presence) this Vniting.
A love call'd a Summons, to the Worlds great wonder,
'Twas that we heard of late which we thoght thunder.
A thousand Legions he intends to send them,
Of Cherubins and Angels to attend them:
And those strong windes, that did such blustring keep,
Were but the Tritons, sounding in the Deep;
To warne each River, petty Stream, and Spring,
Their aid unto their Soveraigne to bring.
The Flouds & Showers, that came so plenteous down,
And lay intrench'd in every Field and Town,
Were but retainers to the Nobler sort,
That owe their homage at the Watrie-Court:
Or else the Streams, not pleas'd with their own store,
To grace the Thames, their Mistris, borrowed more.
Exacting from their neighbouring Dales and Hills,
But by consent, all (nought against their wills)
Yet now, since in their stir are brought to ground
Many fair buildings, many hundreds drown'd;
And daily found of broken Ships great store,
That lie dismembred upon every shore:
With divers other mischiefes known to all,
This is the cause that those great harms befall.
Whilst other things in readinesse did make,
(c) Hells hatefull Hags from out their prisons brake,
And spighting at this hopefull match, began
To wreak their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea, and Man:
Some, having shapes of Romish Shavelings got,
Spew'd out their venome, and began to plot
Which way to thwart it: others made their way
With much distraction thorow Land and Sea

(b) The reason of the tempestuous winter. (c) The cause of all such dangers as fell out during the tempestuous winter.

Extreamly

Extreamly raging. But Almighty Iove
Perceives their hate *and* envie *from above:*
Hee'll check their fury, and in irons chain'd,
Their libertie abus'd shall be reſtraind:
He'll shut them up from comming to moleſt
The merriments of Hymens *holy feaſt.*
Where shall be knit that ſacred Gordian *knot,*
Which in no age to come shall be forgot,
Which policie *nor* force *shall ne'er untie,*
But muſt continue to eternitie:
Which for th' whole Worlds *good was fore-decreet*
With hope *expected long, now come indeed.*
And of whoſe future Glory, Worth, *and* Merit,
Much I could ſpeak with a Prophetick ſpirit.
(d) Thus by my *Muſes* deare aſſiſtance finding,
The cauſe of this diſturbance, with more minding
My Countries welfare, than mine own content,
And longing to behold this Tales event;
My lonely life I ſuddenly forſook,
And to the *Court* again my journey took.
Mean while I ſaw the furious winds were laid;
The riſings of the ſwellings waters ſtaid.
The *winter* gan to change in every thing,
And ſeem'd to borrow mildneſſe of the *Spring*.
The *Violet* and *Primroſe* freſh did grow;
And as in *Aprill* trim'd both *cops* and *row*.
The *Citie* that I left in mourning clad,
Drooping, as if it would have ſtill been ſad,
I found deck'd up in roabs ſo neat and trim,
Fair *Iris* would have look'd but ſtale and dim
In her beſt colours, had ſhe there appear'd,

d He noteth the moſt admirable alteration of the weath
a-while before theſe Nuptialls.

The *Sorrows* of the *Court* I found well clear'd,
Their wofull (e) habits quite caſt off, and tyr'd
In ſuch a glorious faſhion, I admir'd.
All her chiefe *Peers*, and choiceſt *Beauties* too,
In greater pomp than *Mortalls* uſe to doe,
Wait as attendants. *Iuno*'s come to ſee;
Becauſe ſhe hears that this ſolemnity
Exceeds fair *Hippodamia*'s (where the ſtrife
Twixt *her*, *Minerva*, and lame *Vulcans* wife
Did firſt ariſe) and with her leads along,
A noble, ſtately, and a mighty throng.
Venus (attended with her rareſt features,
Sweet lovely-ſmiling, and heart-moving creatures,
The very faireſt *jewels* of her treaſure,
Able to move the ſenſeleſſe ſtones to pleaſure:
Of all her ſweeteſt *Saints* hath rob'd the Shrines;
And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
Nor doth dame *Pallas* from theſe triumphs lurk,
Her nobleſt wits ſhe freely ſets on work.
Of late ſhe ſummond them unto this place,
To do your *masks* and *revells* better grace.
Here * *Mars* himſelfe too, clad in armour bright,
Hath ſhow'n his fury in a bloudleſſe fight;
And both on Land and Water ſternly dreſt,
Acted his bloudy ſtratagems in jeſt:
Which to the people (frighted by their errour)
With ſeeming wounds and death did ad more terror.
Beſides, to give a greater cauſe of wonder,
Iove did vouchſafe a ratling peale of thunder:

e The glorious preparation of this ſolemnity, the ſtate whereof is here allegorically deſcribed. f Meaning the Sea-fight, and the taking the Caſtle on the water, which was moſt artificially performed.

Comets

(g) *Comets* and *Meteors* by the Stars exhall'd,
Were from the *Middle-Region* lately call'd;
And to a place appointed made repaire,
To ſhew their fiery Friſcoils in the ayre,
People innumerable do reſort,
As if all *Europe* here would keep one Court:
Yea, *Hymen*, in his Safferon-coloured weed,
To celebrate his rites is full agreed,
All this I ſee: which ſeeing, makes me borrow
Some of their mirth awhile, and lay down ſorrow
And yet not this; but rather the delight
My heart doth take in the much hoped ſight
Of theſe thy glories, long already due;
And this ſweet comfort that my eyes do view,
Thy happy Bridegroome, *Prince Count Palatine*,
Now thy beſt friend, and trueſt *Valentine*:
Vpon whoſe brow mine eye doth read the ſtory
Of mighty fame, and a true future glory.
Me thinks I do foreſee already, how
Princes and *Monarchs* at his ſtirrop bow:
I ſee him ſhine in Steel; the bloudy fields
Already won, and how his proud *foe* yeelds.
God hath ordain'd him happineſſe great ſtore:
And yet in nothing he is happy more
Then in thy love (Fair *Princeſſe*) for (unleſſe
Heaven like to *man*, be prone to fickleneſſe)
Thy fortunes muſt be greater in effect,
Than *time* makes ſhow of, or *men* can expect.
Yet notwithſtanding all thoſe goods of *fate*,
Thy minde ſhall ever be above thy *ſtate*:
For over and beſide thy proper merit,
Our laſt ELIZA grants her Noble ſpirit

(g) The fire-works he alludeth to thoſe exhalations.

o be re-doubled on thee; and your *names*
eing both one, ſhall give you both one fames.
h, bleſſed thou! and they to whom thou giv'ſt
he leave to be attendants where thou liv'ſt:
nd hapleſſe we, that muſt of force let go
he matchleſſe treaſure we eſteem of ſo.
r yet we truſt 'tis for our good, and thine, (*Rhyn.*
e elſe thou ſhould'ſt not change thy *Thame* for
e hope that this will the uniting prove
f *Countries* and of *Nations* by your love:
nd that from out your bleſſed loynes ſhall come
nother terror to the *Whore of Rome:*
nd ſuch a ſtout *Achilles* as ſhall make
r tottering walls, and weak foundation ſhake:
r *Thetis*, like thy fortunes do require,
hy *iſſue* ſhould be greater than his *Sire.*
t (*Gracious Princeſſe*) now ſince thus it fares,
nd God ſo well for you and us prepares,
nce he hath daign'd ſuch honours for to do you,
nd ſhown himſelfe ſo favourable to you:
nce he hath chang'd your ſorrows and your ſadneſſe
o ſuch great and unexpected gladneſſe:
h! now remember you to be at leaſure,
metimes to think on him amidſt your pleaſure;
t not theſe glories of the *world* deceive you,
r her vain favours of her ſelfe bereave you.
onſider yet for all this jollity
re mortall, and muſt feell mortality:
d that God can in midſt of all your joyes,
re daſh this pompe, and fill you with annoyes.
mphs are fit for *Princes*, yet we finde,
y ought not wholly to take up the minde,
yet to be let paſſe as things in vain:
out of all things wit will knowledge gain.

Musique may teach of difference in degree,
The best tun'd *Common-wealths* will framed be:
And that he moves and lives with greatest grace,
That unto *time* and *measure* ties his pace.
Then let these things be (h) *Emblemes*, to present
Your minde with a more lasting true content.
When you behold the infinite resort,
The glory and the spendor of the Court;
What wondrous favors God doth here bequeath
How many hundred thousands are beneath you;
And view with admiration your great blisse;
Then with your selfe you may imagine this;
'Tis but a blast, or transitory shade,
Which in the turning of a hand may fade.
Honours which you your selfe did never win,
And might (had God been pleas'd) *anothers bin.*
And think, if shadows have such majestie,
What are the glories of eternity.
Then by this image of a *Fight* on *Sea*,,
Wherein you heard the thundring Canons plet;
And saw flames breaking frō their murthering
Which in true skirmish fling resistlesse shots;
Your wisedome may (and will no doubt) begin
To cast what perill a poor Souldier's in:
You will conceive his miseries and cares,
How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he shu
Then though the most passe over and neglect
That *Rethorick* will move you to respect them.
And if hereafter you shall hap to see
Such *Mimick Apes* (that Courts disgraces be)
I mean, such Chamber-combatants, who never

(h) Hee declares what use is to be made of these sho triumphs, and what meditations the minde may b pied about when we behold them.

Weare other Helmet than a hat of *Bever*:
Or ne'er board *Pinnace* but in silken sail;
And in the stead of boystrous shirts of mail
Go arm'd in *Cambrick*: If that such a *Kite*
(I say) should scorne an *Eagle* in your sight;
Your wisedome judge (by this experience) can
Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The nights strange * prospects, made to feed the eies,
With artfull fires mounted in the skies;
Graced with horrid claps of sulphury thunders,
May make you minde th' Almighties greater wonders
Nor is there any thing but you may thence
Reap inward gain, as well as please the Sense.
But pardon me (*oh faire*ſt) that am bold
My heart thus freely, plainly to unfold.
What though I know you knew all this before,
My love this shews, and that is something more.
Do not my honest service here disdain,
I am a faithfull though an humble *Swain*.
I'm none of those that have the means or place,
With shows of cost to do your *Nuptials* grace:
But onely master of mine own desire,
Am hither come with others to admire.
I am not of those *Heliconian* wits,
Whose pleasing strains the *Courts* known humour fits
But a poor rurall *Shepheard*, that for need,
Can make sheep musick on an *Oaten* reed:
Yet for my love (I'l this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you, as his that's most.
Which since I no way else can now explain,
If you'll in midst of all these *glories* deigne,
To lend your eares unto my *Muse* so long,
She shall declare it in a *Wedding-song*.

* Fire-works.

Epithalamion.

The Marriage being on S. Vallentines day, the Authour shewes it by beginning with the salutation of a supposed Valentine.

Valentine, good morrow to thee,
Love and service both I owve thee:
And would wait upon thy pleasure,
But I cannot be at leasure:
For I owve this *day* as debtor
To (a thousand times) thy better.

Hymen now will have effected,
What hath been so long expected:
Thame, thy *Mistris*, now unwedded,
Soon must with a *Prince* be bedded:
If thou'lt see her *Virgin* ever,
Come and do it now or never.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora?*
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora*:
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat'st and feat'st adorning:
Cleare your fore-heads and be sprightfull
That this *day* may seem delightfull.

All you *Nymphs* that use the Mountains,
Or delight in Groves and Fountains:
Shepheardesses, you that dally,
Either upon Hill or Valley:
And you Daughters of the *Bower*,
That acknowledge *Vesta's* power.

Oh! you ſleep too long; awake yee,
See how *time* doth overtake yee.
Hark, the *Lark* is up and ſingeth,
And the houſe with ecchoes ringeth.
Pretious howers why neglect yee,
Whilſt affaires thus expect yee?

Come away upon my bleſſing,
The *Bride-chamber* lies to dreſſing:
Strow the wayes with leaves of *Roſes*,
Some make *garlands*, ſome make *poſes*:
'Tis a favour, and may joy you,
That your *Miſtris* will employ you.

Where's a *Sabrina* with her daughters, a Severn.
That doe ſport about her waters;
Thoſe that with their Locks of *Amber*,
Haunt the fruitfull hills of b Camber: b VVales.
We muſt have to fill the number,
All the *Nymphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Fie, your haſt is ſcarce ſufficing,
For the *Bride*'s awake and riſing.
Enter *beauties* and attend her,
All your helps and ſervice lend her:
With your quaint'ſt and new'ſt deviſes
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamiſes*.

See; ſhee's ready; with *joyes* greet her,
Lads, go bid the *Bride-groom* meet her:
But from raſh approach adviſe him,
Leſt a too-much joy ſurpriſe him.
None I e'er knew yet that dared
New an *Angell* unprepared.

Now unto the *Church* she hies her,
Envy bursts if she espies her;
In her gestures as she paces,
Are united all the *Graces*:
Which who sees, and hath his senses,
Loves in spight of all defences.

O most true Majestick *Creature*!
Nobles, did you note her feature?
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Love* to yeeld devotion;
And as you were even desiring,
Something check you for aspiring?

That's her *Vertue* which still tameth
Loose desires, and bad thoughts blameth
For, whilst others were unruly,
Shee observ'd *Diana* truly:
And hath by that means obtained
Gifts of her that none have gained.

Yon's the *Bride-groom*, d'ye not spie him
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth.
Much of him my heart divineth,
On whose brow all *Vertue* shineth

Two such *Creatures Nature* would not
Let one place long keep; she should not
One shee'll have, she cares not whether
But our *Loves* can spare her neither.
Therefore e'er we'll so be spighted,
They in one shall be united.

Natures selfe is well contented
By that means to be prevented.
And behold, they are retyred,
So conjoyn'd as we desired:
Hand in hand not onely fixed,
But their hearts are intermixed.

Happy they, and we that see it,
For the good of *Europe* be it.
And heare *heaven* my devotion,
Make this *Rhyne* and *Thame* an *Ocean*,
That it may with might and wonder,
Whelm the pride of (*a*) *Tyber* under.

(a) Tyber is the river which runneth by Rome.

Now yon (*b*) *Hal* their persons shrowdeth
Whither all this people crowdeth:
There they feasted are with plenty,
Sweet *Ambrosia* is no dainty.
Grooms quaffe *Nectar*; for there's *Meeter*
Yea, more costly wines and sweeter,

(b) White-Hall.

Young men all for joy go ring yee,
And your merriest *Carols* sing yee:
Here's of *Damzels* many choices,
Let them tune their sweetest voices,
Set the *Muses* too to cheare them,
They can ravish all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their *Highnesse* pleasures
To behold you foot the *Measures*:
Lovely gestures addeth graces
To your bright and *Angel* faces.
Give your active mindes the bridle,
Nothing worse than to be idle.

Worthies, your affaires forbeare yee;
For the *State* a-while may ſpare ye:
Time was that you loved ſporting,
Have you quite forgot your Courting?
Ioy the heart of *Care* beguileth,
* *Semel in anno ridet* Apollo. * *Once a-yeare* Apollo *ſmileth.*

Fellow Shepheards, how, I pray you,
Can your *flocks* at this time ſtay you?
Let us alſo hie us thither,
Let's lay all our wits together,
And ſome *paſtorall* invent them,
That may ſhew the *love* we meant them.

I my ſelfe, though meaneſt ſtated,
And in Court now almoſt hated,
* *Abuſes ſtript and whip't.* Will knit up my * *Scourge* and venter
In the midſt of them to enter;
For I know there's no diſdaining,
Where I look for entertaining.

He noteth the mildeneſſe of the winter, which, excepting that the beginning was very windy, was as temperate as the ſpring. See, me thinks the very *ſeaſon*,
As if capable of Reaſon,
Hath lain by her native rigor,
The fair *Sun-beams* have more vigor.
They are *Æol*'s moſt endeared,
For the *Ayr*'s ſtill'd and cleared.

Fawns, and *Lambes*, and *Kids* doe play
In the honour of this *day*.
The ſhrill *Black-bird* and the *Thruſh*
Hops about in ev'ry buſh:
And amongſt the tender twigs
Chaunt their ſweet harmonious jigs.

Yea, and mov'd by this example,
They do make each *Grove a Temple*:
Where their time the beſt way uſing,
They their *Summer-loves* are chuſing.
And unleſſe ſome *Churle* do wrong them,
There's not an od bird among them.

Moſt men are of opinion, that this day every bird doth chuſe her mate for that yeare.

Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groves and hills by *Ecchoe's* talking:
Reeds unto the ſmall brooks whiſtling,
Whil'ſt they danc'd with pretty ruſhling.
Then for us to ſleep 'twere pitty,
Since dumbe creatures are ſo witty.

But, oh *Titan*, thou doſt dally,
Hie thee to thy *Weſterne valley:*
Let this night one hower borrow,
She ſhall pay't again to morrow:
And if thou'lt that favour do them,
Send thy Siſter *Phœbe* to them.

But ſhee's come her ſelfe unasked,
And brings * *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.
None yet ſavv, or heard in ſtory.
Such immortall, mortall glorie.
Virw not without *preparation*,
Leſt you faint in *admiration*.

* By theſe he meanes the two Maſques, one of them being preſented by the Lords, the other by the Gentry.

Say, my *Lords*, and ſpeak truth barely,
Mov'd they not exceeding rarely?
Did they not ſuch praiſes merit,
As if *flesh* had all been *ſpirit*?
True indeed, yet I muſt tell them,
There was one did far excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night unwares away is ſtealing:
Their delay the poor *Bed* wrongeth,
Which for *Bride* with *Bridegroom* longeth
And above all other places,
Muſt be bleſt with their embraces.

Revellers, then now forbeare yee,
And unto your reſts prepare yee:
Let's a-while your abſence borrow
Sleep to night, and dance to morrow,
We could well allow your Courting,
But 'twill hinder better ſporting.

They are gone, and night all lonely,
Leaves the *Bride* with *Bridegroom* onely
Muſe now tell (for thou haſt power
To flie through wall or tower)
What conteatments their hearts cheareth,
And how lovely she appeareth.

And yet do not, tell it no man,
Rare conceits may ſo grow common,
Do not to the *Vulgar* ſhow them,
('Tis enough that thou doſt know them)
Their ill hearts are but the Center,
Where all miſconceivings enter.

But thou *Luna* that doſt lightly
Haunt our downs and forreſts nightly:
Thou that favour'ſt generation,
And art help to procreation,
See their *Iſſue* thou ſo cheriſh,
I may live to ſee it flouriſh.

nd you *planets*, in whose power
och consist the lives of our;
ou that teach us *Divinations*,
elp with all your *Constellations*,
ow to frame in *Her* a creature,
est in *Fortune*, *wit* and *feature*.

astly, oh you *Angells* ward them,
et your sacred *Spels* to guard them;
hase away such fears or terrours,
s not being, seem through errours:
ea, let not a *dreams* molesting,
ake them start when they are resting.

ut THOU chiefly, most adored,
hat shouldst onely be implored:
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whither e'er in skew it bendeth:
Let them rest to night from sorrow,
And awake with joy to morrow.

h, to my *request* be heedfull,
Grant them *that*, and all things needfull.
et not these my strains of *Folly*
ake true *prayer* be unholy:
ut if I have here offended,
elp, forgive, and see it mended.

Digne me *this*. And if my *Muses*
Hasty issue she peruses,
ake it unto her seem gratefull,
Though to all the World else hatefull:
ut how e'er, yet *Soule* persever,
Thus to wish her good for ever.

Thus

THus ends the *Day*, together with my Song;
Oh, may the joyes thereof continue long!
Let *Heavens* juſt all-ſeeing ſacred power,
Favour this happy Mariage-day of your;
And bleſſe you in your chaſt embraces ſo,
We *Britains* may behold before you go
The hopefull iſſue we ſhall count ſo deare,
And whom unborn his foes already feare.
Yea, I deſire that all your ſorrows may
Never be more than they have been to day.
Which hoping; for acceptance now I ſue,
And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adieu.
I ſaw the ſight I came for; which I know
Was more than all the world beſide could ſhow.
But if amongſt *Apollo's* Laies you can
Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to *Pan*;
Or think your Country *Shepheard* loves as deare
As if he were a *Courtier* or a *peere*:
Then I, that elſe muſt to my *Cell* of pain,
Will joyfull turne unto my *flock* again;
And there unto my fellow-*Shepheards* tell,
Why you are *lou'd*; wherein you do excell.
And when we drive our *flocks* a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praiſes, that it ſhall amaze them.
And think that *Fate* hath new recall'd from death
Their ſtill lamented ſweet *Elizabeth*.
For though they ſee the *Court* but now and then,
They know deſert as well as greater men:
And honour'd *Fame* in them doth live or die,

...well as in the mouth of *Majestie.*
...taking granted what I here intreat;
...heaven for you my *devotions* beat:
And nhough I feare, *Fate* will not suffer me
To do you service where your *Fortunes* be:
How e'er my skill hath yet despis'd seem'd,
(And my unripned wit been mis-esteem'd)
When all this costly *show* away shall flit,
And not one live that doth remember it;
If *Envies* troubles let not to persever;
I'll finde a means to make it knowvn for ever.

CERTAIN

Certain EPIGRAMS Concerning *Marriage*.

EPIGRAM. I.

'TIs said; In Marriage above all the reſt,
The children of a King finde comforts leaſt,
Becauſe without reſpect of Love or Hate,
They muſt, and ought be ruled by the State:
But, if contented Love, Religions care,
Equalitie in State and years, *declare*
A happy match, (as I ſuppoſe no leſſe)
Then rare and great's ELIZA'S *happineſſe.*

EPIGRAM 2.

GOd was the firſt that Marriage did ordain,
By making One, Two; and Two One again.

EPIGRAM 3.

SOuldier, of thee I ask, for thou canſt beſt,
Having known ſorrow, judge of joy and reſt:
What greater bliſſe, than after all thy harmes,
To have a wife that's fair and lawfull thine;

d lying priſon'd 'twixt her Ivory arms,
ere tell what thou haſt ſcap'd by powers divine;
ow many round thee thou haſt murthered ſeen;
ow oft thy ſoule hath been neare hand expiring:
ow many times thy flesh hath wounded been:
'bilſt shee thy fortune and thy worth admiring,
With joy of health, and pitty of thy pain,
Doth weep and kiſſe, and kiſſe and weep again.

EPIGRAM 4.

FAire Hellen *having ſtaind her husbands bed,*
And mortall hatred 'twixt two kingdomes bred,
Had ſtill remaining in her ſo much good,
That Heroes *for her loſt their deareſt bloud:*
Then, if with all that ill ſuch worth may laſt,
Oh, what is shee worth that's as fair, and chaſt!

EPIGRAM 5.

OLD Orpheus *knew a good wives worth ſo well,*
That when his dy'd, he follow'd her to hell;
And for her loſſe at the Elyzian *Grove,*
He did not onely Ghoſts to pitty move,
But the ſad Poet breath'd his ſigh's ſo deep;
'Tis ſaid the devills could not chuſe but weep.

EPIGRAM 6.

LOng did I wonder, and I wonder much,
Romes Church ſhould from her Clergie *take that due:*

Thought

Thought I, Why should she that contentment grudge
What, doth she all with continence indue?
No, But why then are they debard that state?
Is she become a foe unto her own?
Doth she the members of her body hate?
Or is it for some other cause unshown?
Oh, yes; They finde a womans lips so dainty,
They tye themselves from one, cause they'll have
(twice

EPIGRAM. 7.

WOmen, as some men say, unconstant be;
'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men
Nay, if their scapes we could so plainly
I feare that scarce there would be one for ten.
Men have but their own lusts that tempt to ill:
Women have lusts, and mens allurements too:
Alas, if their strengths cannot curb their will;
What should poor women that are weaker do?
Oh, they had need be chast, and look about them,
That strive 'gainst lust within, and knaves with
(tho

FINIS.

THE
Shepheards Hunting.

BEING
Certain EGLOGUES,
Written during the time of the
AUTHORS *Impriſonment*
in the Marſhalſey.

BY
GEORGE VVITHER
Gentleman.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger* for
Robert Allot. 1633.

To those Honoured, Noble, and right *Vertuous Friends, my Visitants in the* Marshalsey:

And to all other my unknown Favourers, who either privately or publickly wished me well in my Imprisonment.

NOble friends, you whose vertues made me first in love with Vertue, *and whose worths made me bee thought worthy of your loves: I have now at last (you* by *Gods assistance, and your encouragement,* run *through the* Purgatorie *of imprisonment;* and *by the worthy favour of a just* Prince, *stand* here *again, without the least touch of dejected* sadnesse. *Seeing therefore I was grown beyond* my Hope *so fortunate (after acknowledgement of* my Creatours *love, together with the unequall'd* clemency *of so gracious a Soveraigne) I was* troubled *to think by what means I might expresse* my *thankefulnesse to so many well-deserving friends:*

friends: No way I found to my desire, neith
ability to performe when I found it. But at l
considering with my selfe what you were (th
such, who favour honesty for no second reas
because you your selves are good; and ayme
other reward, but the witnesse of a sound c
ence that you do well, I found, that thankf
would prove the acceptablest present to suit
your dispositions; and that I imagined could
way better expressed, than in manifesting
courtesies, and giving consent to your reas
demaunds. For the first, I confesse (with th
to the disposer of all things, and a true gr
heart towards you) so many were the unexp
Visitations, and unhoped kindnesses receive
from some among you of my acquaintance,
many other unknown well-willers of my c
that I was perswaded to entertain a much b
conceit of the times, than I lately conceiued,
assured my selfe, that Vertue *had far more*
lowers than I supposed.

Somewhat it disturbed mee to behold our
Favourites, whilst they frowned on my hones
terprises, to take unto their protections the eg
ouist sopperies: yet much more was my co
ment, in that I was respected by so many of Y
amongst whom there are some, who can and
as much dis-esteem these, as they neglect me:

d I feare their malice or contempt, whilſt I en-
d your favours, who (howſoever you are un-
valued by fools for a time) ſhall leave unto
r poſterity ſo noble a memory, that your names
ll be reverenced by Kings, when many of theſe
now flouriſh with a ſhew of uſurped Great-
e, ſhall either weare out of being, or diſpoiled
their patched reputation, grow contemptible in
eyes of their beloved Miſtris the World.
r Love it is, that (enabling me with patience
ndure what is already paſt) hath made me al-
careſull better to prepare my ſelfe for all future
adventures, by bringing to my conſideration,
at the paſſion of my juſt diſcontentments had
oſt quite baniſhed from my remembrance.
Further, to declare my thankefulneſſe, in ma-
g apparant my willing minde to be commanded
any ſervices of love, which you ſhall think fit
though I want ability to perform great matters)
t I have according to ſome of your requeſts,
en contented to give way to the printing of theſe
glogues; which though it to many ſeem a ſleight
atter, yet being well conſidered of, may proove
ſtrong argument of my readineſſe to give you
ment in a greater matter: for they being (as you
ll know) begotten with little care, and preſer-
d with leſſe reſpect, gave ſufficient evidence,
t I meant (rather than any way to deceive

your

your trust) to give the world occasion of
my discretion in question, as I now assure
this will: and the sooner, because such expect
(I perceive) there are (of I know not what
tions) as would have been frustrated, though
imployed the utmost and very best of my
vours.

Notwithstanding, for your sakes, I have
adventured once again to make tryall of
Worlds censures: and what hath received be
from your Loves, I here re-dedicated to
worths, which if your noble dispositions wi
well of, or if you will but reasonably respect
your selves drew me unto, I shall be nothing
pleased at others cavills, but resting my self
tented with your good opinions, scorn all the
ble of uncharitable detractors: For none I
will maligne it, except those, who either par
larly malice my person, or professe themselves
mies to my former Bookes; who (saving those
were incensed on others speeches) as divers of
(according to your protestations) have obser
are either open enemies of our Church; mer
toriously guilty of some particular Abuses the
taxt, such malicious Criticks, who have th
pute of being judicious, by detracting from o
or at best such Gulls, as never approve any
good or learned, but either that which their

apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their opinions; or what (indeed rather) they understand not.

Trust me, how ill soever it hath been rewarded my love to my Country is inviolate; my thankfulnesse to you unfeined; my endeavour to do every man good; all my ayme, content with honesty: and this my pains (if it may be so tearmed) more to avoid idlenesse, than for affectation of praise: and if notwithstanding all this, I must not onely rest my selfe content that my innocencie hath escaped with strict imprisonment (to the impairing of my state, and hindrance of my fortunes) but also be constrained to see my guiltlesse lines suffer the despight of ill tongues: yet for my further encouragement, let me intreat the continuance of your first respect, wherin I shall finde that comfort as will be sufficient to make me set light, and so much contemne all the malice of my adversaries, that ready to burst with the venome of their own hearts, they shall see,

My minde enamour'd on fair *Vertues* light,
Transcends the limits of their bleared sight,
And plac'd above their *Envy*, doth contemne,
Nay, sit and laugh at their disdain, and them.

But noble Friends, I make question neither of yours, nor any honest mans respect, and therefore will

will no further urge it, nor trouble your pa
onely this Ile say, that you may think me to
conceited of my selfe; though the Time *wer*
blame in ill requiting my honest endeavo
which in the eyes of the world deserve better
somewhat I am assured there was in mee w
that punishment, which when God shall give
grace to see and amend, I doubt not but to
that regard as will be fitting for so much meri
my endeavours may justly challenge. M
while, the better to hold my selfe in esteem
you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertu
will study to amend my selfe, that I may be
more worthy to be called

Your Friend,

GEO. WITH

The Shepheards Hunting.

The first Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy *leaves his Flocks a-while,*
To lament his Friends *exile;*
Where, though priſon'd he doth finde,
Hee's ſtill free that's free in minde:
And that there is no defence
Halfe ſo firme as Innocence.

PHALARETE. WILLIE.

Phalarete.

Willy, thou now full jolly tun'ſt thy *Recas*,
Making the *Nymphs* enamor'd on thy ſtrains,
whilſt thy harmleſſe flock unskarred feeds,
the contentment of hill, groves, and plains:
me. I joy thou and thy *Muſe* ſo ſpeeds,
ch an age, where ſo much miſchiefe reignes:

And to my care it ſome redreſſe will be,
Fortune hath ſo much grace to ſmile on thee.

Willie.

To ſmile on me? I ne'er yet knew her ſmile,
Vnleſſe 'twere when ſhe purpos'd to deceive me;
Many a *train*, and many a *painted wile*
She caſts, in hope of *freedome* to bereave me.
Yet now, becauſe ſhe ſees I ſcorn her guile
To fawn on fools, ſhe for my *Muſe* doth leave me.
And here of late her wonted ſpight doth tend
To work me care by frowning on my friend.

Philarete.

Why then I ſee her *Copper-coyn's* no ſtarling,
('Twill not be *currant* ſtill for all the gilding)
A Knave or Fool muſt ever be her Darling,
For they have mindes to all occaſions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling,
It ſeems an *Apple*, but it proves a *Wilding*:
But let that paſſe: Sweet *Shepheard* tell me this
For what beloved *Friend* thy ſorrow is.

Willie.

Art thou, *Philarete*, in durance here,
And doſt thou ask me for what Friend I grieve?
Can I ſuppoſe thy love to me is deare,
Or this thy *joy* for my *content* beleeve?
When thou think'ſt thy cares touch not me as nea
Or that I pin thy ſorrows at my ſleeve?
I have in thee repoſed ſo much truſt,
I never thought to finde thee ſo unjuſt.

Philarete. Why?——

Willie.——Prethee do not ask me, why?
Doth it diminiſh any of thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melodie*?
And think'ſt I cannot as well ſomewhat ſpare

om my *delight* to moan thy *misery?*
'is time our *Loves* should these suspects forbeare:
Thou art that friend which thou unnam'd should'st
And not have drawn my love in question so. (know,

Philarete.

rgive me, and I'l pardon thy mistake,
nd so let this thy gentle *anger* cease,
I never of thy love will question make)
hilst that the number of our dayes increase;
et to my selfe I much might seem to take,
nd something neare unto presumption prease:
To think me worthy love from such a spirit,
But that I know thy kindnesse past my merit.

esides, me thought thou spak'st now of a friend,
hat seem'd more grievous discontents to beare,
me things I finde that do in shew offend,
hich to my patience little trouble are,
nd they ere long I hope will have an end;
though they have not, much I do not care:
So this it was made me that question move,
And not suspect of honest *Willie*'s love.

Willie.

las, thou art exiled from thy Flock,
nd quite beyond the *Desarts* here confin'd;
st nothing to converse with but a *rock*,
r at least *Out-laws* in their *caves* halfe pin'd:
nd dost thou at thy own mis-fortune mock,
king thy selfe too, to thy selfe unkinde?
When heretofore we talk'd, we did imbrace:
But now I scarce can come to see thy face.

Philarete.

t all that, *Willy*, is not worth thy sorrow,
I have *mirth* here thou wouldst not beleeve:

From deepeſt *cares* the higheſt *joyes* I borrow.
If ought chance out this day may make me grieve,
I'll learn to mend, or ſcorn it by to morrow.
This barren place yeelds ſomewhat to relieve:
For, I have found ſufficient to content me,
And more true bliſſe than ever freedome lent me.

Willie.

Are *Priſons* then grown places of delight?

Philarete.

'Tis as the *conſcience* of the *Priſoner* is;
The very *Grates* are able to affright
The guilty Man, that knows his deeds amiſſe;
All outward *pleaſures* are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it ſelfe) but this;
Abhorred loanneſſe, darkneſſe, ſadneſſe, pains,
Numm-cold, sharp-hunger, ſcorching thirſt, & chains.

Willie.

And theſe are nothing?——————

Philarete.

——————Nothing yet to me.
Onely my friends reſtraint is all my pain.
And ſince I truely finde my *conſcience* free
From that my loneneſſe too I reap ſome gain.

Willie.

But grant in this no diſcontentment be;
It doth thy wished liberty reſtrain:
And to thy ſoule I think there's nothing nearer,
For I could never heare thee prize ought dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did ever ſet it at a rate
Too deare for any Mortall's worth to buy;
'Tis not our greateſt *Shepheards* whole eſtate,
Shall purchaſe from me my leaſt liberty.
But I am ſubject to the powers of *Fate*,

And to obey them is no slavery:
They may do much, but when they have done all,
Onely my body they may bring in thrall.

And 'tis not that (my *Willie*) 'tis my minde,
My mind's more precious freedome I so weigh,
A thousand waies they may my body binde,
In thousand thrals, but n'er my minde betray:
And thence it is that I contentment finde,
And beare with *patience* this my load away:
I'm still my selfe, and that I'd rather be,
Than to be Lord of all these *Downs* in fee.

Willie.

Nobly resolv'd, and I do joy to heare't:
For, 'tis the *minde* of *man*, indeed, that's all:
Ther's nought so hard but a brave heart will beare't,
The guiltlesse men count great afflictions small:
They'll look on *death* and *torment*, yet not fear't,
Because they know, *'tis rising, so to fall:*
Tyrants may boast they to much *power* are born,
Yet he hath more that *tyrannies* can scorn.

Philarete.

'Tis right; but I no *tyrannies* endure,
Nor have I suffered ought worth name of care.

Willie.

What e'er thou'lt cal't thou maist; but I am sure
Many more pine that much lesse pained are:
Thy look me thinks doth say thy meaning's pure,
And by this past I finde what thou dost dare.
But I could never yet the *reason* know,
Why thou art lodged in this house of wo.

Philarete.

Nor I by *Pan*, nor never hope to doe;
But thus it pleases some, and I do ghesse

Partly a *cauſe* that moves them thereunto,
Which neither will avail me to expreſſe,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it go;
We muſt not ſay they do ſo that oppreſſe:
Yet I ſhall ne'er to ſooth *them* or the *times*,
Injure my ſelfe, by bearing others *crimes*.

Willie.

Then now thou maiſt ſpeak freely, ther's none hea
But he, whom I do hope thou doſt not doubt.

Philarete.

True; but if *doors* and *walls* have gotten *eares*,
And *Cloſet-whiſperings* may be ſpread about:
Do not blame him that in ſuch *cauſes* fears
What in his *paſſion* he may blunder out:
In ſuch a place, and ſuch ſtrict times as theſe,
Where what wo ſpeak, is took as others pleaſe.

But yet to morrow if thou come this way,
I'l tell thee all my ſtory to the end:
'Tis long, and now I feare thou canſt not ſtay,
Becauſe thy flock muſt watred be, and pen'd,
And *night* begins to muffle up the *day*,
Which to inform thee how alone I ſpend,
I'l onely ſing a ſorry *Priſoners Lay*,
I fram'd this *Morn*, which though it ſuits no fie
Is ſuch as fits me, and ſad *thraldome* yeelds.

Willy.

Well, I will ſet my *Kit* another ſtring,
And play unto it whil'ſt that thou doſt ſing.

Sonn

Sonnet.

PHILARETE.

NOw that my body dead-alive,
Bereav'd of comfort, lies in thrall,
Do thou my soul begin to thrive,
And unto hony turn this gall:
So shall we both, through outward wo,
The way to inward comfort know.

As to the flesh we food do give,
To keep in us this mortall breath:
So souls on meditations live,
And shun thereby immortall death:
Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
Than when thou find'st me most oppresst.

First think, my Soule, if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care;
And to procure these outward woes,
Have thus intrapt me unaware,
Thou shouldst by much more carefull be,
Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

Then when mew'd up in grates of steel,
Minding those joyes mine eyes do misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel,
So grievous as Privation is;
Muse how the Damn'd in flames that glow
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou see'st there's given so great might
To some that are but clay as I,

Their very anger can affright;
Which if in any thou espie,
Thus think; If Mortals frowns strike fear,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare?

By my late hopes that now are croſt,
Conſider thoſe that firmer be:
And make the freedome I have loſt
A means that may remember thee:
Had Christ *not thy Redeemer bin,*
What horrid thrall thou badſt been in.

Theſe iron chains, theſe bolts of ſteel,
Which other poore offenders grinde,
The wants and cares which they do feel,
May bring ſome greater thing to minde;
For by their griefes thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of Hell.

Or, when through me thou ſeeſt a man
Condemn'd unto a mortall death,
How ſad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath.
Think, if in that ſuch griefe thou ſee,
How ſad will, Go ye curſed *be?*

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
(Paſt hope) doth ſee his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought;
There think betwixt thy heart & thee,
How ſweet will, Come ye bleſſed *be!*

Thus if thou doe, though cloſed here,

My bondage I shall deem the leſſe,
I neither shall have cauſe to feare,
Nor yet bewail my ſad diſtreſſe:
For whether live, or pine, or dye,
We shall have bliſſe eternally.

Willie.

Truſt me, I ſee the *cage* doth ſome birds good,
And if they do not ſuffer too much wrong,
Will teach them ſweeter deſcants than the wood:
Beleev't, I like the ſubject of thy *Song*;
It ſhews thou art in no diſtempred mood:
But cauſe to heare the reſidue I long,
My ſheep to morrow I will nearer bring,
And ſpend the day to heare thee talk and ſing.

Yet e'er we part, *Philarete*, aread,
Of whom thou learn'ſt to make ſuch ſongs as theſe?
I never yet heard any Shepheards reed
Tune in miſhap a ſtrain that more could pleaſe;
Surely, thou doſt invoke at this thy need
Some power that we neglect in other laies;
For heer's a Name and words, that but few ſwains
Have mention'd at their meeting on the plains.

Philarete.

Indeed 'tis true; and they are ſore to blame,
They do ſo much neglect it in their Songs;
For, thence proceedeth ſuch a worthy fame,
As is not ſubject unto *Envies* wrongs:
That is the moſt to be reſpected *name*
Of our true *Pan*, whoſe worth ſits on all tongues:
And what the ancient Shepheards uſe to praiſe
In ſacred *Anthems* upon holy-dayes.

He that firſt taught his muſick ſuch a ſtrain,
Was that ſweet Shepheard, who (untill a King)
Kept Sheep upon the hony-milky Plain,
That is inrich'd by *Iordans* watering;
He in his troubles eas'd the bodies pain,
By meaſures rais'd to the ſouls raviſhing:
And his ſweet numbers onely moſt divine,
Gave firſt the being to this Song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good Spirit ever with thee dwell,
That I might heare ſuch muſick every day.

Philarete.

Thanks *Swain*; but hark thy *Weather* rings his bell
And *Swains* to fold, or homeward drive away.

Willy.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well;
I'l make his Sheep for me a little ſtay;
And if thou think it fit, Ile bring him too,
Next morning hither.——————

Philarete.

——————Prethee *Willy*, do.

FINIS.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The second Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cuddy here relates how all
pitty Philarete's *thrall.*
Who requested, doth relate
The true cause of his estate,
Which broke off because 'twas long,
They begin a three-man-Song.

WILLY. CUDDY. PHILARETE.

Willy.

LO, *Philarete*, thy old friend here, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy bands,
Whil'st both our flocks in an *Inclosure* by,
Do pick the thin grasse from the fallowed lands.
One tells me thy restraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the Country understands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd *Lad*
On all these *Downs*, but for thy sake is sad.

Cudd.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance and thy friends alone
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that have but seen thee, for thee moan:
Yea, many that did never see thee too.
Some deem thee in a fault, and most in none;
So divers waies do divers *Rumors* go:
And at all meetings where our Shepheards be,
Now the main news that's extant is of thee.

Philarete.

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheep on the *mountains* till the day of doom,
My name should in obscurity have slept,
In *Brakes*, in *Bryers*, shrubbed *Furze*, and *Broom*.
Into the worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a room.
But what cause of my sufferings do they know,
Good *Cuddy* tell me, how doth *rumour* goe?

Cuddy.

Faith, 'tis uncertain; some speak this, some that,
Some dare say nought, yet seem to think a cause;
And many a one, prating he knows not what,
Comes out with *proverbs*, and *old ancient saws*,
As if he thought thee guiltlesse; and yet not:
Then doth he speak halfe-*Sentences*, then pawse:
That what the most would say we may suppose
But what to say the rumour is, none knows.

Philarete.

Nor care I greatly; for it skills not much
What the unsteady common-people deems;
His *conscience* doth not alwaies feel least touch,
That blameless in the sight of others seems:
My cause is honest, and because 'tis such,
I hold it so, and not for mens esteems:

If they ſpeak juſtly well of me, I'm glad,
If falſely evill, it ne'er makes me ſad.

Willie.

I like that minde. But *Shepheard*, you are quite
Beſide the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promiſt yeſter-night,
You'ld put us off with other talk I feare;
Thou knowſt that honeſt *Cuddies* heart's upright,
And none but he, except my ſelfe, is neare:
Come therefore and betwixt us two relate,
The true occaſion of thy preſent ſtate.

Philarete.

My Friends, I will; You know I am a *Swain*
That keep a poor flock on a barren plain:
Who though it ſeems I could do nothing leſſe,
Can make a *Song*, and woe a *Shepheardeſſe*,
And not alone the faireſt where I live,
Have heard me ſing, and favours deign'd to give:
But, though I ſay't, the nobleſt *Nymph* of *Thames*,
Hath grac'd my *verſe*, unto my greater fame.
Yet, being young, and not much ſeeking praiſe,
I was not noted out for *Shepheards layes*:
Nor feeding flocks, as you know others be:
For the delight that moſt poſſeſſed me,
Was hunting *Foxes*, *Wolves*, and beaſts of *prey*,
That ſpoyle our *folds*, and beare our *lambes* away.
For this, as alſo for the love I beare
Vnto my *country*, I laid by all care
Of *gain*, or of *preferment*, with deſire
Onely to keep that ſtate I had entire.
And like a true-grown Huntſman, ſought to ſpeed
My ſelfe with *Hounds* of rare and choyſeſt breed;
Whoſe *names* and *natures* ere I further goe,
Becauſe you are my friends, I'll let you know.

My

My firſt eſteemed Dog that I did finde,
Was by *deſcent* of old *Acteons* kinde;
A *Brach*, which if I do not aym amiſſe,
For all the world is juſt like one of his:
Shee's named *Love*, and ſcarce yet knowvs her duty;
Her Dam's my Lady's pretty Beagle, *Beauty*.
I bred her up my ſelfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill ſhe grevv to be exceeding large,
And wax'd ſo wanton that I did abhor it,
And put her out amongſt my neighbours for it.
The next is *Luſt*, a Hound that's kept abroad
Mongſt ſome of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathſome: 'tis a Cur will range
Extreamly, and is ever full of mange:
And cauſe it is infectious, ſhe's not wont
To come among the reſt but when they hunt.
Hate is the third, a Hound both deep and long;
His *Sire* is *true*, or elſe ſuppoſed *wrong*.
He'l have a ſnap at all that paſſe him by,
And yet purſues his game moſt eagerly.
With him goes *Envy* coupled, a lean Cur,
And yet ſhe'l hold out, hunt we ne'er ſo far:
She pineth much, and feedeth little too,
Yet ſtands and ſnarleth at the reſt that doe.
Then there's *Revenge*, a wondrous deep-mouth'd
So fleet, I'm fain to hunt him with a Clog,
Yet many times hee'l much out-ſtrip his bounds,
And hunts not cloſely with the other hounds:
He'l venter on a Lyon in his ire,
Curſt *Choler* was his Dam, and *Wrong* his Sire.
This *Choler* is a Brach that's wondrous old,
And ſpends her mouth too-much to have it hold:
h ee's very teaſty, an unpleaſing Cur,
That bites the very ſtones if they but ſtur:

Or when that ought but her displeasure moves,
She'l bite and snap at any one she loves.
But my quick scented'st Dog is *Iealousie*,
The truest of his breed's in *Italy*.
The Dam of mine would hardly fill a Glove,
It was a *Ladies* little Dog cal'd *Love*:
The Sire, a poore deformed Cur nam'd *Feare*,
As shagged and as rough as is a *Beare*:
And yet the whelp turn'd after neither kinde,
For he is very large, and nere-hand blinde.
Far-off he seemeth of a pretty colour,
But doth not prove so when you view him fuller.
A vile suspicious Beast, whose looks are bad,
And I do feare in time he will grow mad.
To him I couple *Avarice*, still poore;
Yet she devoures as much as twenty more:
A thousand horse she in her paunch can put,
Yet whine as if she had an empty gut;
And having gorg'd what might a land have found,
Shee'l catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full,
But he for all the daintiest bits doth cull:
He scornes to lick up crums beneath the Table,
Hee'l fetch't from boards and shelves if he be able:
Nay, he can climbe if need be, and for that
With him I hunt the *Martin* and the *Cat*.
And yet sometimes in mounting hee's so quick,
He fetches falls are like to break his neck.
Fear is well mouth'd, but subject to distrust,
A stranger cannot make him take a crust:
A little thing will soon his courage quail,
And twixt his legs he ever claps his tail.
With him *Despaire* now often coupled goes,
Which by his roring mouth each Hunts-man knows.

None

None hath a better minde unto the game,
But he gives off, and alwaies ſeemeth lame.
My Bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as ſwift as winde,
Hunts to the death, and never comes behinde;
Who, but ſhee's ſtrapt and muſled too withall,
Would eate her fellows, and the prey and all.
And yet ſhe cares not much for any food;
Vnleſſe it be the pureſt harmeleſſe bloud.
All theſe are kept abroad at charge of many,
They do not coſt me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling ſize,
That ſeldome paſſe the ſight of mine owne eyes.
Hope, on whoſe head I've laid my life to pawn,
Compaſſion, that on every one will fawn.
This would when twas a whelp, with *Rabbets* play
Or *Lambes*, and let them go unhurt away:
Nay, now ſhe is of growth ſhee'll now and then
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her go agen.
The two laſt, *Ioy* and *Sorrow* make me wonder,
For they can ne'er agree, nor bide aſunder.
Ioy's ever wanton, and no order knowes,
Shee'll run at *Larkes*, or ſtand and bark at Crowes.
Sorrow goes by her and ne'er moves his eye,
Yet both do ſerve to help make up the cry.
Then comes behinde all theſe to beare the baſe,
Two couple more of a far larger race,
Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops*, that 'twould do you
To heare their loud-loud *Ecchoe's* teare the wood:
There's *Vanity*, who by her gaudy hide,
May far away from all the reſt be ſpide;
Though huge, yet quick, for ſhee's now here, now
Nay, look about you and ſhee's every where;
Yet ever with the reſt, and ſtill in chaſe:
Right ſo, *Inconſtancie* fills every place;

And yet ſo ſtrange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Look for her, and ſhee's no where to be found.
Weakneſſe is no fair Dog unto the eye,
And yet ſhe hath her proper quality.
But there's *preſumption*, when he heat hath got,
He drowns the Thunder, and the Canon-ſhot:
And when at ſtart he his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heaven ſhakes:
Theſe were my Dogs, ten couple juſt in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I do call:
Mad Curs they be, and I can ne'er come nigh them,
But I'm in danger to be bitten by them.
Much pains I took, and ſpent daies not a few,
To make them keep together, and hunt true;
Which yet I do ſuppoſe had never bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keep them in.
Now when that I this Kennell firſt had got,
Out of mine own demeans I hunted not;
Save on theſe Downs, or among yonder Rocks,
After thoſe Beaſts that ſpoyl'd our Pariſh flocks:
Nor during that time was I ever wont,
With all my Kennell in one day to hunt:
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeare,
Some Beaſts of *Prey* that haunt the *Deſarts* here,
Did not alone for many nights together,
Devoure ſometimes a *Lambe*, ſometimes a *Weather*,
And ſo diſquiet many a poor mans Heard,
But there of loſing all they were afeard.
Yea, I amongſt the reſt did fare as bad,
Or rather worſe; for the beſt **Ewes* I had, (**Hopes.*)
(Whoſe breed ſhould be my means of life and gain)
Were in one Evening by theſe *Monſters* ſlain:
Which miſchiefe I reſolved to repay,
Or elſe grow deſperate, and hunt all away.

For

For in a fury, ſuch as you ſhall ſee
Huntſ-men in miſſing of their ſport will be,
I vow'd a *Monſter* ſhould not lurk about
In all this Province but I'd finde him out.
And thereupon without reſpect or care,
How lame, how full, or how unfit they were,
In haſt unkennel'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad as if my minde they knew;
And e'er they trail'd a flight-ſhot, the fierce Curs
Had rouz'd a *Hart*, & through *brakes, bryers, &c.*
Follow'd at gaze ſo cloſe, that *Love* and *Feare*
Got in together, and had ſurely there
Quite overthrown him, but that *Hope* thruſt in
'Twixt both, and ſav'd the pinching of his skin:
Whereby he ſcap'd, till courſing overthwart,
Deſpair came in and grip'd him to the heart.
I hallowed in the reſidue to the fall,
And for an entrance there I fleſh'd them all:
Which having done, I dip'd my ſtaffe in bloud,
And onward led my Thunder to the Wood;
Where what they did Ile tell you out anon,
My Keeper calls me, and I muſt be gon.
Go if you pleaſe a-while, attend your flocks,
And when the *Sun* is over yonder Rocks,
Come to this *Cave* again, where I will be,
If that my *Gardian* ſo much favour me.
Yet if you pleaſe, let us three ſing a ſtrain,
Before you turn your ſheep into the plain.

Willy.

I am content.——————

Cuddy.

——————As well content am I.

Philarete.

Then *Will* begin, and wee'l the reſt ſupply.

Sonnet.

Willie.

Shepheard, would these gates were ope,
Thou might'st take with us thy fortune.

Philarete.

No, Ile make this narrow scope,
(Since my fate doth so importune)
Meanes unto a wider hope.

Cuddy.

Would thy Shepheardesse were here,
Who belov'd, loves so dearly:

Philarete.

Not for both your flocks I sweare,
And the gain they yeeld you yearly
Would I so much wrong my Deare.

Yet, to mee, nor to this place
Would she now be long a stranger;
She would hold it no disgrace,
(If she feard not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.

Willy.

Shepheard, we would wish no harms,
But something that might content thee.

Philarete.

Wish me then within her arms,
And that wish will ne'er repent me,
If your wishes might prove charmes.

Willy.

Willie.

Be thy prison her embrace,
Be thy ayre her sweetest breathing.

Cuddy.

Be thy prospect her sweet face,
For each look a kisse bequeathing,
And appoint thy selfe the place.

Philarete.

Nay, pray, hold there, for I should scarth
Come meet you here this afternoon agen.
But fare you well, since wishes have no po
Let us depart and keep th' appointed hour.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The third Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philarete with his three friends,
Here his hunting-ſtorie ends.
Kinde Alexis *with much ruth,*
Wails the baniſh'd Shepheards youth:
But he ſleighteth Fortunes ſtings,
And in ſpight of thraldome ſings.

PHILARETE. CUDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

Philarete.

TO, now I ſee y'are *Shepheards* of your word,
Thus were you wont to promiſe and to doe.

Cuddy.

ore than our promiſe is we can afford,
e come our ſelves, and bring another too:
is, whom thou knowſt well is no foe:

Who

Who loves thee much; and I do know that he
Would fain a hearer of thy hunting be.

Philarete.

Alexis, you are welcome; for you know,
You cannot be but welcome where I am:
You ever were a friend of mine in ſhow;
And I have found you are indeed the ſame.
Vpon my firſt reſtraint you hither came,
And proffer'd me more tokens of your love,
Then it were fit my ſmall deſerts ſhould prove.

Alexis.

'Tis ſtill your uſe to underpriſe your merit;
Be not ſo coy to take my profered love,
'Twill neither unbeſeem your worth nor ſpirit:
To offer curt'ſie doth my friend behove;
And which are ſo, this is a place to prove.
Then once again, I ſay, if cauſe there be,
Firſt make a tryall, if thou pleaſe, of me.

Philarete.

Thanks good *Alexis*, ſit down by me here,
I have a task, theſe Shepheards know, to do;
A tale already told this morn well neare,
With which I very fain wou'd forward go;
And am as willing thou ſhouldſt heare it too:
But thou canſt never underſtand this laſt,
Till I have alſo told thee what is paſt.

Willy.

It ſhall not need, for I ſo much preſum'd,
I on your mutuall friendſhips might be bold,
That I a freedome to my ſelfe aſſum'd,
To make him know what is already told.
If I have done amiſſe, then you may ſcold.
But in my telling I previſed this,
He knew not whoſe, nor to what end it is.

Philare

Philarete.

ell, now he may, for here my tale goes on:
y eager Dogs and I to Wood are gon.
here beating through the *Coverts*, ev'ry Hound
everall *game* had in a moment found:
ured them, but they purſu'd their prey,
nd as it fell by hap, took all one way.
hen I began with quicker ſpeed to follow,
nd teaz'd them on with a more cheerfull hallow:
hat ſoon we paſſed many weary miles,
acing the ſubtle *game* through all their wiles:
heſe doubl'd, thoſe re-doubl'd on the ſent,
ll keeping in full chaſe wheree'er they went.
hills, down *cliffes*, through *bogs*, and over *plains*,
eaching their *muſick* to the higheſt ſtrains.
hat when ſome Thicket hid them from mine eye,
y eare was raviſh'd with their melody.
or croſt we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrows,
Hamlets, Tythings, Pariſhes, and Burrows:
hey follow'd whereſoe'er the *game* did go,
hrough Kitchin, Parlor, Hall, and Chamber too.
nd as they paſs'd the *City* and the *Court*,
Prince look'd out, and daign'd to view my ſport.
hich then (although I ſuffer for it now)
f ſome ſay true) he liking did allow;
nd ſo much (had I had but wit to ſtay)
ight my ſelfe (perhaps) have heard him ſay.
I, that time, as much as any daring,
ore for my pleaſure than my ſafety caring,
eing freſh *game* from every covert riſe,
Croſſing by thouſands ſtill before mine eyes)
uth'd in, and then following cloſe my Hounds,
me beaſts I found lie dead, ſome full of wounds.

Among

Among the willows, ſcarce with ſtrength to move
One I found here, another there, whom *Love*
Had grip'd to death: and in the ſelfe-ſame ſtate
Lay one devour'd by *Envy*, one by *Hate*:
Luſt had bit ſome, but I ſoon paſt beſide them,
Their feſtred wounds ſo ſtunk, none could abide them.
Choler hurt divers, but *Revenge* kill'd more:
Feare frighted all behinde him and before.
Deſpaire drave on a huge and mighty heap,
Forcing ſome down from *Rocks* and *Hills* to leap:
Some into water, ſome into the fire;
So on themſelves he made them wreak his ire.
But I remember, as I paſt that way
Where the great *King* and *prince* of *Shepheards* lay
About the walls were hid, ſome (once more known)
That my fell Cur *Ambition* had o'er-thrown:
Many I heard, purſu'd by *Pitty*, cry;
And oft I ſaw my Bloud-Hound *Cruelty*,
Eating her paſſage even to the heart,
Whither once gotten ſhe is loth to part.
All pli'd it well, and made ſo loud a cry,
'Twas heard beyond the ſhores of *Britany*.
Some rated them, ſome ſtorm'd, ſome lik'd the game,
Some thought me *worthy praiſe*, ſome *worthy blame*:
But I, not fearing th'one, miſ-ſteeming th'other,
Both, in ſhrill hallowes, and loud yernings ſmother.
Yea, the ſtrong metled, and my long-breath'd crew
Seeing the game increaſing in their view,
Grew the more frolick, and the courſes length
Gave better breath, and added to their ſtrength.
Which *Iove* perceiving, for *Iove* heard their cries
Rumbling amongſt the *Sphears* concavities:
He mark'd their *courſe*, and *courages* increaſe,
Saying, twere pitty ſuch a chaſe ſhould ceaſe.

And therwith ſwore their mouths ſhould never waſt,
But hunt as long's mortality did laſt.
Soon did they feele the powver of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more ſwift:
I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine
Striv'd to o'ertake, or take them up againe.
They never ſtaied ſince, nor nights nor daies,
But to and fro ſtill runne a thouſand waies:
Yea, often to this place where now I lie,
They'l wheele about to cheere me with their cry;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On ſome offenders, for their Maſters ſake:
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this ſort
For them I loſe, and making my ſelfe ſport.

Willy.

Why? was there any harme at all in this?

Philarete.

No, *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

How comes it then?——————

Philarete.

——————Note, and I'l tell thee how?
You know'ſt that *Truth* and *Innocency* now,
Mate'd with meanneſſe, ſuffers more deſpight
Than *Villanies*, accompan'ed with might.
Now thus it fell, while that my *hounds* purſu'd
Their noiſome prey, and every field lay ſtrew'd,
With *Monſters* hurt and ſlaine; upon a beaſt,
More ſubtile and more noiſome than the reſt,
A leane ſlanckt Bitch, call'd *Envy*, hapt to light:
And as her wont is, did ſo ſurely bite,
That, though ſhe left behind ſmall outward ſmart,
The wounds were deepe, and rankled to the heart.

This, joyning to ſome other, that of late,
Were very eagerly purſu'd by *Hate*,
(To fit their purpoſe having taken leaſure)
Did thus conſpire to worke me a diſpleaſure,
For imitation, farre ſurpaſſing *Apes*,
They laid aſide their *Foxe* and *Wolviſh ſhapes*,
And ſhrowded in the skinnes of harmleſſe Sheep,
Into by-waies, and open paths did creepe;
Where, they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to every paſſer by;
To make them thinke that they were ſheep ſo foil'd
And by my Dogges, in their late hunting, ſpoil'd.
Beſide, ſome other that envi'd my game,
And, for their paſtime, kept ſuch *Monſters* tame:
As, you doe know, there's many for their pleaſ
Keep Foxes, Beares & wolves, as ſome great treaſ
Yea, many get their living by them to,
And ſo did ſtore of theſe, I ſpeake of, do.
Who, ſeeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt ſome *Vermine* wherein they delighted;
And finding their owne power by much too wea
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,
Swolne with the deepeſt rancour of deſpight,
Some of our greateſt *Shepheards* folds by night
They cloſely entred; and there having ſtain'd
Their hands in *villany*, of mee they plain'd,
Affirming, (without *ſhame*, or *honeſty*,)
I, and my Dogges, had done it purpoſely.
Whereat they ſtorm'd, and cal'd me to a tryall,
Where *Innocence* prevailes not, nor *deniall*:
But for that *cauſe*, here in this place I lie,
Where none ſo merry as my dogges and I.

Cuddy.

Beleeve it, heere's a *Tale* will ſuten well,
For *Shepheards* in another *Age* to tell.

Willy.

And thou ſhalt be remembred with delight,
By this, hereafter, many a *Winters night.*
For, of this ſport another *Age* will ring;
Yea, *Nymphes* that are unborne thereof ſhall ſing,
And not a *Beauty* on our Greenes ſhall play,
That hath not heard of this thy hunting day.

Philarete.

It may be ſo, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
Who wonnes by *Tavy*, on the *Weſterne plaine*,
Would make the *Song*, ſuch life his *Verſe* can give,
Then I doe know my *Name* might ever live.

Alexis.

But tell me; are our *plaines* and *Nimphs* forgot,
And canſt thou frolicke in thy trouble me?

Philarete.

Can I, *Alexis*, ſai'ſt thou? Can I not,
That am reſolv'ed to ſcorne more miſery?

Alexis.

Oh, but that youth's yet green, and young, bloud hot,
And *liberty* muſt needs be ſweet to thee.
Yet, now moſt ſweet whilſt every bushy *Vale*,
And *Grove*, and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.
He thinkes, when thou remembreſt thoſe *ſweet laies*
Which thou would'ſt leade thy *Shepheardeſſe* to heare,
With Evening-tide among the *Leavy ſprayes*,
The thought of that ſhold make thy freedome deare:
But now, whil'ſt every *Nymph* on *Holy-dayes*
Sports with ſome *jolly Lad*, and maketh cheere.
Thine ſighes for thee, and mew'd up from reſort.
Will neither play her ſelfe, nor ſee their ſport.

Thoſe *Shepheards* that were many a morning woo
Vnto their Boies to leave their tender *Heard*:
And beare thee company when thou didſt hunt;
Me thinkes the ſport thou haſt ſo gladly ſhar'd
Among thoſe *Swaines* ſhould make thee think upo
For't ſeemes all vaine; now, that was once inde
It cannot be: ſince I could make relation,
How for leſſe cauſe thou haſt been deepe in *paſ*

Philarete.

'Tis true: my tender heart was ever yet
Too capable of ſuch conceits as theſe;
I never ſaw that *Object*, but from it,
The *Paſsions* of my *Love* I could encreaſe.
Thoſe things which move not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make uſe of, if I pleaſe:
When I am ſad, to ſadneſſe I apply,
Each *Bird* and *Tree* and *Flowre* that I paſſe by.
So, when I will be merry, I aſwell
Something for mirth from every thing can draw,
From *Miſerie*, from *Priſons*, nay from *Hell*:
And as when to my minde, *griefe* gives a flaw,
Beſt comforts doe but make my woes more fel
So when I'm bent to *Mirth* from miſchiefes pa
(Though ceas'd upon me) I would ſomething
That ſpight of *care*, ſhold make my *joies* mor
I feele thoſe wants, *Alexis* thou doeſt name,
Which ſpight of youths affections I ſuſtaine;
Or elſe, for what is't I have gotten *Fame*,
And am more knowne than many an *elder Sw*
If ſuch deſires I had not learn'd to tame,
(Since many pipe much better on this *plaine*:)
But tune your *Reedes*, and I will in a *Song*
Expreſſe my *Care* and how I take this *Wro*

Sonnet.

That ere 'ſt-while the worlds ſweet Ayre did draw
(Grac'd by the faireſt ever Mortall ſaw;)
Now cloſely pent, with walles of Ruth-leſſe ſtone.
Conſume my Daies, and Nights and all alone.

When I was wont to ſing of Shepheards loves,
My walks were fields, and downes, and hils, & groves:
But now (alas) ſo ſtrict is my hard doome,
Fields, downes, hils, groves, and al's but one poore roome

Each mourne as ſoone as day-light did appeare,
With Natures muſick Birds would charme mine eare:
Which now (inſtead) of their melodious ſtraines,
Heare, ratling shackles, gyves, and boults, and chaines.

But, though that all the worlds delight forſake me,
I have a Muſe and shee shall Muſicke make me:
Whoſe ayrie Note, in ſpight of cloſeſt cages,
Shall give content to me and after ages.

Nor doe I paſſe for all this outward ill,
My heart's the ſame and undejected ſtill;
And which is more than ſome in freedome winne,
I have true reſt, and peace, and joy within.

And then my minde that ſpight of priſon's free,
When ere she pleaſes, any where can be;
She's in an houre, in France, Rome, Turky, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heaven and here againe.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cauſe is ſpread, and all the world may know,
My faults no more but ſpeaking truth and reaſon;
No debt, nor theft, nor murther, rape nor treaſon.

Nor ſhall my foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their ſhame, nor yet this fame of our:
Which when they finde, they ſhall my fate envie,
Till they grow leane, and mad, and ſicke, and die.

Then though my Body here in Priſon rot,
And my wrong'd Satyres ſeeme a while forgot:
Yet when both Fame, and life hath left thoſe men,
My verſe and I'le revive, and live agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content than ſome abroad;
For whilſt their thoughts, doe feele my Scourges ſting,
In bands I'le leape, and dance, and laugh, and ſing.

Alexis.

Why now I ſee thou droup'ſt not with thy care,
Neither ex-laim'ſt thou on thy hunting day;
But doſt with unchang'd reſolution beare,
The heavy burthen of exile away.
All that did truly know thee, did conceive,
Thy actions with thy ſpirit ſtill agree'd;
Their good conceit thou doeſt no whit bereave,
But ſhewe'ſt that thou art ſtill thy ſelfe indeed.
If that thy mind to baſeneſſe now deſcends,
Thou'lt injure *Vertue*, and deceive thy friends.

Willy.

Alexis, he will injure *Vertue* much,
But more his friends, and moſt of all himſelfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wrackes his fame upon diſgraces ſhelfe,
Whereas if thou ſteere on that happy courſe,
Which in thy juſt adventure is begun;
No thwarting Tide, nor adverſe blaſt ſhall force
Thy *Barke* without the *Channels* bounds to run.

The

Thou art the ſame thou wert, for ought I ſee,
When thou didſt freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, unleſſe it be
More merrily diſpos'd than thou wert wont.
Still keepe thee thus, ſo other ſhall know,
Vertue can give content in midſt of woe.
And ſhe (though *mightines* with frowns doth threat)
That, to be *Innocent*, is to be *great*,
Thrive and farewell ———————

Alexis.

———————In this thy trouble flouriſh,

Willy.

While thoſe that wiſh the ill, fret, pine, and periſh.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret on Willy *cals,*
To sing out his Pastorals;
Warrants Fame *shall grace his Rimes,*
Spight of Envy *and the Times;*
And shewes how in care he uses,
To take comfort from his Muses.

PHILARETE. WILLY.

Philarete.

PRethee *Willy* tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blytheſt Lad)
Art become ſo wondrous ſad?
And ſo careleſſe of thy quill,
As if thou had'ſt loſt thy skill?

Thou

Thou wert wont to charme thy flocke,
And among the maſſy rocks
Haſt ſo chear'd me with thy ſong,
That I have forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee ſurely croſt,
That thy old wont thou haſt loſt.
Tell me: Have I ought miſ-ſaid
That hath made thee ill-apaid?
Hath ſome churle done thee a ſpight?
Doſt thou miſſe a Lambe to night?
Frowns thy faireſt *Shepheards* Laſſe?
Or how comes this ill to paſſe?
Is there are any diſcontent
Worſe than this my baniſhment?

Willy.

Why, doth that ſo evill ſeeme
That thou nothing worſt doſt deeme?
Shepheards there full many be,
That will change *contents* with thee.
Thoſe that chooſe their walkes at will,
On the valley or the hill.
Or thoſe pleaſures boaſt of can.
Groves or fields may yeeld to man:
Never come to know the reſt,
Wherewithall thy minde is bleſt.
Many a one that oft reſorts
To make up the troope at ſports
And in a company ſome while,
Happens to ſtraine forth a ſmile:
Feeles more want and outward ſmart,
And more inward griefe of heart
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy minde remaineth free.

Thou bewail'ſt my want of mirth,
But what find'ſt thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleev'd
Worth to make me Ioy'd, or griev'd?
And yet feele I (naitheleſſe)
Part of both I muſt confeſſe.
Sometimes I oft mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of ſorrow;
But my preſent ſtate is ſuch,
As, nor joy, nor grieve I much.

Philarete.

Why hath *Willy* then ſo long
Thus forborne his wonted ſong?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well tuned *paſtorall?*
And my eares that muſicke barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Than the liberty I want.

Willy.

That were very much to grant,
But, doth this hold alway lad,
Thoſe that ſing not, muſt be ſad?
Did'ſt thou ever that Bird heare
Sing well; that ſings all the yeare?
Tom the *piper* doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away:
There's a time to ſlacke the ſtring,
And a time to leave to ſing.

Philarete.

Yea; but no man now is ſtill,
That can ſing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reaſon;
Song and *Muſicke* are in ſeaſon.

Now

Now in this ſweet jolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride:
The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd up in her beſt array;
Hath invited all the Swaines,
With the Laſſes of the plaines.
To attend upon her ſport
At the places of reſort.
Coridon (with his bold Rout)
Hath already beene about
For the elder Shepheards dole,
And fetch'd in the *Summer-pole:*
Whil'ſt the reſt have built a *Bower,*
To defend them from a ſhower;
Seil'd ſo cloſe, with boughes all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.
Now the *Dayrie-wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creame:
And each doth her ſelfe advaunce
To be taken in, to dance:
Every one that knowes to ſing,
Fes him for his Carrolling:
So doe thoſe that hope or meede,
Either by the Pipe or Reede:
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend.
Which a Nimph that hight *Deſart,*
(Long a ſtranger in this part)
With her owne faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they ſay) paſt thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For ſhe cals them *Wreathes of fame.*

She

She hath set in their due place
Every flowre that may grace;
And among a thousand moe,
(Whereof some but serve for shew)
She hath wove in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blasted be.
Which with *Time* she edg'd about,
Left the worke should ravell out.
And that it might wither never,
I intermix it with *Live-ever.*
These are to be shar'd among,
Those that doe excell for song:
Or their passions can rehearse
In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
Then for those among the rest,
That can play and pipe the best.
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather and a Lambe.
And for those that leapen far,
Wrastle, runne and throw the Barre,
There's appointed Guerdons to.
He, that best, the first can doe,
Shall for his reward, be paid,
With a *Sheepe-hooke*, faire in-laid
With fine bone, of a strange beast
That men bring out of the West.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Tassel'd with fine colourd thred,
There's prepared for their meed,
That in running make most speed,
(O, the cunning measure foote)
Cups of turned *Maple-roote*:
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrav'd the *Loves* of *Pan*:

And

And the laſt hath for his due,
A fine Napkin wrought with blew.
Then, my *Willy*, why art thou
Careleſſe of thy merit now?
What doſt thou here, with a wight
That is ſhut up from delight,
In a ſolitary den,
As not fit to live with men?
Goe, my *Willy*, get thee gone,
Leave me in exile alone,
Hie thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song*.
Thou art young, yet ſuch a *Lay*
Never grac'd the month of MAY,
As (if they provoked thy skill)
Thou canſt fit unto thy *Quill*,
I with wonder heard thee ſing,
At our laſt yeeres Revelling.
Then I with the reſt was free,
When unknowne I noted thee
And perceiv'd the ruder *Swaines*,
Envy thy farre ſweeter ſtraines.
Yea, I ſaw the *Laſſes* cling
Round about thee in a ring:
As if each one jealous were,
Any but her ſelfe ſhould heare.
And I know they yet doe long
For the Reſidue of thy ſong.
Haſt thee then to ſing it forth;
Take the benefit of worth,
And *Deſert* will ſure bequeath
Tames faire Garland for thy wreath,
Hie thee *Willy*, hie away.

Willy.

Phila.

Phila, rather let mee ſtay,
And be deſolate with thee,
Then at thoſe their *Revels* bee,
Nought ſuch is my skill I wis,
As indeed thou deem'ſt it is.
But what ere it be, I muſt
Be content and ſhall I truſt.
For a Song I doe not paſſe,
Mong'ſt my friends, but what (alas)
Should I have to doe with them
That my Muſicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the ſame yet favour not:
Yet I cannot well avow,
They my Carrols diſalow:
But ſuch malice I have ſpi'd,
'Tis as much as if they did.

Philarete.

Willy, what may thoſe men be,
Are ſo ill, to malice thee?

Willy.

Some are worthy-well eſteem'd,
Some without worth are ſo deem'd.
Others of ſo baſe a ſpirit,
They have nor eſteeme, nor merit.

Philarete.

What's the wrong?———

Willy.

———A ſlight offence,
Wherewithall I can diſpence;
But hereafter for their ſake,
To my ſelfe I'l muſicke make.

Philarete

Philarete.

What because some Clowne offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

Willy.

Doe not, *Phill.* mis-understand mee,
Those that love me may command mee,
But thou know'st, I am but young,
And the *Pastorall* I sung,
Is by some suppos'd to be,
(By a straine) too high for me:
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'm young I scorne to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'll make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.
Yet I'l keepe my skill in store,
Till I've seene some winters more.

Philarete.

But, in earnest, mean'st thou so?
Then thou art not wise, I trow:
Better shall advise thee *Pan*,
For thou dost not rightly than:
That's the deady way to blot
All the credit thou hast got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another start of Time:
And make those that so fond be,
(Spight of their owne dulnesse) see,
That the sacred *Muses* can
Make a child in yeeres a Man.

It

It is knowne what thou canſt doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that *Cuddy*, *Thou* and *I*,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunſtanes* charmed well,
(As ſome preſent there can tell)
Sang upon a ſudden Theame,
Sitting by a crimſon ſtreame.
Where, if thou didſt well or no,
Yet remaines the Song to ſhow,
Much experience more I've had,
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)
And would make the world to know it;
But that time will further ſhow it.
Envy makes their tongues now runne
More than doubt of what is done.
For that needs muſt be thy owne,
Or to be ſome others knowne:
But how then wil't ſuit unto
What thou ſhalt hereafter doe?
Or I wonder where is he,
Would with that ſong part to thee.
Nay, were there ſo mad a Swaine,
Could ſuch glory ſell for gaine;
Phœbus would not have combin'd
That gift with ſo baſe a minde.
Never did the *Nine* impart:
The ſweet ſecrets of their Art,
Vnto any that did ſcorne,
We ſhould ſee their favours worne.
Therefore unto thoſe that ſay,
Where they pleas'd to ſing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I ſpeake, for this I know:

Now

one ere drunke the *Theſpian ſpring*,
nd knevv hovv, but he did ſing.
r, that once infus'd in man,
kes him ſhevv't, doe what he can.
y, thoſe that doe onely ſip,
but e'en their fingers dip
that ſacred *Fount* (poore Elves)
that brood will ſhevv themſelves
a, in hope to get them fame,
ey will ſpeake, though to their ſhame.
t thoſe then at thee repine,
at by their vvits meaſure thine;
eeds thoſe Songs muſt be thine ovvne,
nd that one day will be knovvne.
at poore imputation to,
y ſelfe do undergoe:
t it will appeare ere long,
at 'tvvas Envy ſought our vvrong.
ho at twice-ten have ſung more,
en ſome will doe at foureſcore.
eere thee (honeſt *Willy*) then,
d begin thy Song agen.

Willy.

ne I would, but I doe feare
en againe my Lines they heare,
they yeeld they are my Rimes,
ey will faine ſome other Crimes;
d 'tis no ſafe ventring-by
ere we ſee *Detraction* lie.
doe what I can, I doubt,
will pick ſome quarrell out;
d I oft have heard defended,
e ſaid, is ſoone amended.

Philarete.

See'ſt thou not in cleareſt daies,
Oft thicke fogs cloud Heav'ns rayes.
And that vapours which doe breath
From the earths groſſe wombe beneath,
Seeme not to us with blacke ſteames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vaniſh into ayre,
Leaving it (unblemiſh'd) faire?
So my (*Willy*) ſhall it be
With *Detractions* breath on thee.
It ſhall never riſe ſo hie,
As to ſtaine thy Poeſie.
As that Sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten Vale;
Poeſie ſo ſometime draines,
Groſſe conceits from muddy braines;
Miſts of enuie, fogs of ſpight,
Twixt mens judgements and her light:
But ſo much her power may do,
That ſhe can diſſolve them to
If thy verſe doe bravely towver,
As ſhe makes wing ſhe gets powver?
Yet the higher ſhe doth ſore,
She's affronted ſtill the more:
Till ſhe to the high'ſt hath paſt,
Then ſhe reſts with fame at laſt,
Let nought therefore thee affright:
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very ſtarres I'd clime.
There begin againe anſt flye,
Till I reach'd Æternity.
But (alas) my Muſe is ſlow:
For thy place ſhe flags too low:

Yea,

the more's her hapleſſe fate,
ſhort wings were clipt of late.
poore I, her fortune ruing,
my ſelfe put up a muing.
if I my Cage can rid,
ſly where I never did.
though for her ſake I'm croſt,
ough my beſt hopes I have loſt,
knew ſhe would make my trouble
times more than ten times double:
ould love and keepe her to,
ght of all the world could doe.
though baniſh't from my flockes,
confin'd within theſe rockes,
re I waſte away the light,
conſume the ſullen night,
doth for my comfort ſtay,
keepes many cares away.
ough I miſſe the flowry Fields,
th thoſe ſweets the Spring-tyde yeelds,
ough I may not ſee thoſe Groves,
ere the Shepheards chant their Loves,
nd the Laſſes more excell,
n the ſweet voic'd *Philomel*)
ough of all thoſe pleaſures paſt,
thing now remaines at laſt,
Remembrance, (poore releeſe)
more makes, than mends my griefe:
's my mindes companion ſtill,
gre Envies evill will.
ence ſhe ſhould be driven to,
't in mortals power to do.)
doth tell me where to borrow
mfort in the midſt of ſorrow;

Makes

Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former daies of blisse,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest objects sight,
By the murmure of a spring,
Or the least boughes rusteling.
By a Dazie whose leaves spred,
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in mee,
Than all Natures beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladnesse,
In the very gall of sadnesse.
The dull lonenesse, the blacke shade,
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange Musike of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black Den which rocks imbosse
Over-growne with eldest Mosse.
The rude portals that give light,
More to *Terrour* than *Delight.*
This my chamber of *Neglect*,
Wall'd about with *Disrespect.*
From all these and this dull aire,
A fit object for *Despaire*,

She

e hath taught me by her might
o draw comfort and delight.
herefore *thou best earthly blisse*,
ill cherish thee for this.
sse; thou sweetest content
hat e'er heaven to mortals lent:
hough they as a trifle leave thee
hose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
hough thou be to them a scorne,
hat to nought but earth are borne
et my life no longer be
hen I am in love with thee.
hough our wise ones call thee madnesse
et me never taste of gladnesse.
I love not thy mad'st fits,
ore than all their greatest wits.
nd though some too seeming holy,
oe account thy raptures folly:
hou dost teach me to contemne,
hat make *Knaves* and *Fooles* of them.
h high power! that oft doth carry
en above———

Willy.

———Good *Philarete* tarry,
I doe feare thou wilt be gone,
Quite above my reach anon.
The kinde flames of Poesie
Have now borne thy thoughts so high,
That they up in heaven be,
And have quite forgotten me.
Call thy selfe to minde againe,
Are these Raptures for a Swaine,

That

That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with ſimple Heards doth keepe?

Philarete.

Thankes my *Willy*; I had runne
Till that time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou had'ſt not made me ſtay;
But thy pardon here I pray.
Lov'd *Apollo's* ſacred fire
Had rais'd up my ſpirits higher
Through the love of Poeſie,
Than indeed they uſe to flie.
But as I ſaid I ſay ſtill,
If that I had *Willi's* skill,
Envie nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leave my ſong:
But I'd ſing it every day
Till they pin'd themſelves away.
Be thou then advis'd in this,
Which both juſt and fitting is:
Finiſh what thou haſt begun,
Or at leaſt ſtill forward run.
Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blaſt of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus affray thee,
Prethee how will deeds diſmay thee?
Doe not thinke ſo rathe a *Song*
Can paſſe through the vulgar throng,
And eſcape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:
Froſts we ſee doe nip that thing
Which is forward'ſt in the Spring:
Yet at laſt for all ſuch lets
Somewhat of the reſt it gets.

And

d I'm ſure that ſo maiſt thou,
erefore my kind *Willy* now.
ce thy folding time drawes on
d I ſee thou muſt be gon,
ee I earneſtly beſeech
o remember this my ſpeech,
nd ſome little counſell take,
r *Philarete* his ſake.
nd I more of this will ſay,
thou come next Holy day.

FINIS.

The

The hepheards Hunting.

The hfifth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret Alexis *moves,*
To embrace the Muſes *loves,*
Bids him never carefull ſeeme,
Of anothers diſ-eſteeme:
Since to them it may ſuffice,
They themſelves can juſtly prize.

PHILARETE. ALEXIS.

Philarete.

ALEXIS, if thy worth doe not diſdaine
The humble friendſhip of a meaner Swain
Or ſome more needfull buſineſſe of the
Vrge thee to be too haſty on thy way;

ome (gentle Shepheard) reſt thee here by me,
eath the ſhaddow of this broad leav'd tree:
though I ſeeme a ſtranger, yet mine eye
ſerves in the markes of courtiſie:
nd if my judgement erre not, noted to,
ore than in thoſe that more would ſeeme to doe.
uch *Vertues* thy rare modeſty doth hide,
hich by their proper luſter I eſpy'd;
nd though long mask't in ſilence they have beene,
have a Wiſdome through that ſilence ſeene,
ea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue,
nd heard when thou haſt in concealement ſung.
ich me the bolder and more willing made
to invite thee to this homely ſhade.
though (it may be) thou couldeſt never ſpie,
worth in me, I might bee knowne thereby:
hee I doe, for here my neighbouring Sheepe
on the border of theſe Downes I keepe:
ere often thou at Paſtorals and Playes,
grac'd our Wakes on ſummer Holy-dayes:
many a time with thee at this cold ſpring
I, to heare your learned ſhepheards ſing,
them diſporting on the ſhady Groves,
in chaſt Sonnets wooe their chaſter Loves:
en I, endued with the meaneſt skill,
ngſt others have beene urg'd to tune my quill.
, (cauſe but little cunning I had got) (not
haps thou ſaw'ſt me, though thou knew'ſt mee

Alexis.

Philaret, I know thee, and thy name.
is my knowledge grounded all on fame.
thou not he that but this other yeere,
d'ſt all the Wolves and Foxes in the Sheere?
in a match at Foot-ball lately tride

Having ſcarce twenty Satyrs on thy ſide)
Held'ſt play: and though aſſailed kept'ſt thy ſtand
Gainſt all the beſt tride Ruſſians in the Land?
Didſt thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloved of great *Pan* was gone?
And at the wedding of faire *Thame* and *Rhine*,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I muſt confeſſe that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For, till I mark'd the time thy Satyrs had,
I thought them over-bold and thee halfe mad,
But, ſince I did more neerely on thee looke,
I ſoone perceiv'd that I all had miſtooke:
I ſaw that of a *Cynicke* thou mad'ſt ſhow,
Where ſince I finde, that thou wert nothing ſo;
And that of many thou much blame had'ſt got,
When as thy *Innocency* deſerv'd it not.
But that too good opinion thou haſt ſeem'd
To have of me (not ſo to be eſteem'd,)
Prevailes nor ought to ſtay him who doth feare,
He rather ſhould reproofes than prayſes heare.
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honeſt too,
Which made me like, then love, as now I doe;
And *Phila*, though a ſtranger, this to thee I'll ſay,
Where I doe love, I am not coy to ſtay.

Philarete.

Thankes gentle Swaine that doth ſo ſoone unfold
What I to thee as gladly would have told:
And thus thy wonted courteſie expreſt
In kindly entertaining this requeſt.
Sure, I ſhould injure much my owne content,
Or wrong thy love to ſtand on complement:
Who haſt acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in an age have done.

Or by an over-weaning ſlowneſſe marre
What thy more wiſdome hath brought on ſo farre?
Then ſit thou downe and I'l my minde declare,
As freely as if we familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to give me eare,
Something thou maiſt for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

Philarete, I willingly obey.

Philarete.

Then know, *Alexis*, from that very day,
When as I ſaw thee at thy Shepheards Coate,
Where each (I thinke) of other tooke firſt note;
I meane that Paſtor who by T*avies* ſprings,
Chaſt Shepheards loves in ſweeteſt numbers ſings,
And with his Muſicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the faireſt *Nymphs* of Thame.
E'en then (me thought) I did eſpy in thee
Some unperceiv'd and hidden worth to be:
Which in thy more apparent vertues ſhin'd;
And among many, I (in thought) divin'd,
By ſomething my conceit had underſtood,
That thou wert markt one of the *Muſes* brood,
That, made me love thee: and that Love I bare
Begat a Pitty, and that Pitty, Care:
Pitty I had to ſee good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to have that good reveal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuſe,
To poſſeſſe much and yet put nought in uſe.
Hereon I vow'd (if we two ever met)
The firſt requeſt that I would ſtrive to get,
Should be but this that thou would'ſt ſhew thy skill,
How thou could'ſt tune thy Verſes to thy quill:
And teach thy *Muſe* in ſome well-framed ſong,
To ſhew the *Art* thou haſt ſuppreſt ſo long:

Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine,
I will for ever honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas? my ſmall experience ſcarce can tell,
So much as where thoſe *Nymphs*, the *Muſes*, dwell,
Nor (though my ſlow conceit ſtill travels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of *Hellicon.*
Or if I might ſo favour'd be to taſte
What thoſe ſweet ſtreames but over flow in waſte,
And touch *Parnaſſus*, where it low'ſt doth lie,
I ſeare my skill would hardly flag ſo hie.

Philarete.

Deſpaire not Man, the gods have prized nought
So deere, that may not be with labour bought:
Nor need thy paine be great, ſince *Fate* and *Heaven*
That (as a bleſſing) at thy birth have given.

Alexis.

Why, ſay they had?———

Philarete.

———Then uſe their gifts thou muſt.
Or be ungratefull, and ſo be unjuſt:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide;
Then more ungratefull muſt he be by ods,
Who doth conceale the bounty of the gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but *Envy* haunteth thoſe
Who ſeeking Fame, their hidden skill diſcloſe:
Where elſe they might (obſcur'd) from her eſpying,
Eſcape the blaſts and danger of envying:
Cryticks will cenſure our beſt ſtraines of wit,
And pur-blind *Ignorance* miſconſter it.
And which is bad, (yet worſe than that doth follow)
Moſt hate the *Muſes* and contemne *Apollo.*

Philar.

Philarete.

So let them: why should we their hate esteeme?
Is't not enough we of our selves can deeme?
Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them,
Than unto us that they our Art contemne.
Can we have better pastime than to see
Their grosse heads may so much deceived be,
As to allow those doings best, where wholly
We scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly?
Or to behold blacke *Envy* in her prime,
Die selfe-consum'd, whilst we vie lives with time:
And, in despight of her more fame attaine,
Than all her malice can, wipe out againe?

Alexis.

Yea, but if I appli'd me to those straines,
Who should drive forth my flocks unto the plaines,
Which whil'st the *Muses* rest and leasure crave,
Must watering, folding and attendance have?
For if I leave with wonted care to cherish
Those tender *heards*, both I and they should perish.

Philarete.

Alexis, now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy Charge forsake;
Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse,
As to neglect thy calling for thy *Muse*.
But let these two, so each of other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy *Muse* to passe the long and teadious day:
Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*,
Thy sheepe to lissen, will more neere thee feed:
The Wolves will shun them, birds above thee sing,
And Lamkins dance about thee in a ring.

Nay, which is more; in this thy low eſtate,
Thou in contentment ſhalt with Monarks mate:
For mighty *Pan* and *Ceres* to us grants,
Our fields and Flocks ſhall helpe our outward wants:
The *Muſes* teach us ſongs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and ſweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Laſſes on the Greenes
As faire, or fairer than the faireſt Queenes:
Or what is more than moſt of them ſhall doe,
Wee'l make their juſter fames laſt longer to,
And have our Lines by greateſt Princes grac'd
When both their name and memory's defac'd.
Therefore *Alexis*, though that ſome diſdaine
The heavenly muſicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to us, if they (o'erſeene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be otherſome envy
The praiſes due to ſacred Poeſie,
Let them diſdaine, and fret till they are weary,
We in our ſelves have that ſhall make us merry:
Which he that wants and had the power to know it,
Would give this life that he might die a Poet.

Alexis.

A brave perſwaſion.——————

Philarete.

——————Here thou ſee'ſt me pent
Within the jawes of ſtrict impriſonment;
A fore-lorne *Shepheard*, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes:
Weake in my ſelfe, expoſed to the *Hate*
Of thoſe whoſe *Envies* are inſatiate:
Shut from my friends, baniſh'd from all delights;
Nay worſe, excluded from the ſacred *Rites*.

Here

Here I doe live mong'ſt out-lawes markt for death
As one unfit to draw the common breath,
Where thoſe who to be good did never know.
Are barred from the meanes ſhould make them ſo.
I ſuffer, cauſe I wiſh'd my Countrey well,
And what I more muſt beare I cannot tell.
I'm ſure they give my Body little ſcope,
And would allow my *Minde* as little *Hope:*
I waſte my Meanes, which of it ſelfe is ſlender,
Conſume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)
And many croſſes have with thoſe that can
Conceive no wrong that hurts another man,
Will not take note of; though if halfe ſo much
Should light on them or their owne perſon touch,
Some that themſelves (I feare) moſt worthy thinke,
With all their helps would into baſeneſſe ſhrinke.
But ſpight of *Hate* and all that Spight can doe,
I can be patient yet, and merry to.
That ſlender *Muſe* of mine, by which my *Name,*
Though ſcarce deſerv'd hath gain'd a little fame,
Hath made me unto ſuch a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to ſcorne;
Yea, midſt theſe bands can ſlight the *Great'ſt* that be,
As much as their diſdaine miſteemes of me.
This Cave, whoſe very preſence ſome affrights,
I have oft made to Eccho forth delights,
And hope to turne if any Iuſtice be,
Both ſhame and care on thoſe that wiſh'd it me.
For while the world ranke villanies affords,
I will not ſpare to paint them out in words;
Although I ſtill ſhould into troubles runne,
Henew what man could act, ere I begun;
And I'l fulfill what my *Muſe* drawes me to,
Maugre all *Gaoles* and *Purgatories* to.

For whilſt ſhe ſets me honeſt task's about,
Vertue, or ſhe, (I knovv) will beare me out:
And if by *Fate*, th'abuſed power of ſome
Muſt, in the worlds eye, leave me overcome,
They ſhall find one Fort yet, ſo fenc'd I trovv,
It cannot feare a Mortals over-throvv.
This *Hope*, and *Truſt*, that great power did infuſe,
That firſt inſpir'd into my breſt a *Muſe*,
By whom I doe, and ever will contemne
All thoſe ill haps, my foes deſpight and them.

Alexis.

Th'haſt ſo well (young *Philaret*) plaid thy part,
I am almoſt in love with that ſweet Art:
And if ſome power will but inſpire my ſong,
Alexis will not be obſcured long.

Philarete.

Enough kinde Paſtor: But oh! yonder ſee
Two honeſt Shepheards walking hither, bee
Cuddy and *Willy*, that ſo dearely love,
Who are repairing unto yonder Grove:
Let's follovv them; for never braver Swaines
Made muſicke to their flocks upon theſe Plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our ſheep the ſhort ſweet graſſe do ſ
And till the long ſhade of the hils appeare,
Wee'l heare them ſing: for though the one be yo
Never was any that more ſweetly ſung.

poſtſcript.

To the Reader.

IF you have read this, and received any content, I am glad, (though it bee not ſo much as I could wiſh you) if you thinke it idle, why then I ſee wee are not likely to fall out; for am juſt of your mindes; yet weigh it well before u run to farre in your cenſures, leſt this prove ſe barren of Wit, than you of courteſie. It is ve- true (I know not by what chance) that I have late beene ſo highly beholding to Opinion, that wonder how I crept ſo much into her favour, and I did thinke it worthy the fearing) I ſhould be raid that ſhe having ſo undeſervedly befriended e beyond my hope or expectation, will, upon as le cauſe, ere long againe picke ſome little quar- l againſt me; and it may be, meanes to make of this, which I know muſt needs come farre ort of their expectation, who by their earneſt de- e of it, ſeem'd to be fore-poſſeſt with a far bet- r conceit, than I can beleeve it proves worthy of. much at leaſt I doubted, and therefore loath to ceive the world (though it often beguile mee)

I kept it to my selfe, indeed, not dreaming ever
see it published: But now, by the overmuch pe
swasion of some friends, I have beene constra
to expose it to the generall view. Which seeing
have done, some things I desire thee to take not
of. First, that I am He, *who to pleasure my frie*
have fram'd my selfe a content out of that wh
would otherwise discontent me. Secondly, tha
have coveted more to effect what I thinke tr
honest in it selfe, than by a seeming shew of A
to catch the vaine blastes of uncertaine Opini
This that I have here written, was no part of
study, but onely a recreation in imprisonme
and a trifle, neither in my conceit fitting, nor
me intended to be made common; yet some,
it should seeme esteemed it worthy more re
than I did, tooke paines to coppy it out, unkno
to me, and in my absence got it both Author
and prepared for the Presse; so that if I had
hindred it, last Michaelmas-Tearme *had b*
troubled with it. I was much blamed by s
Friends for withstanding it, to whose requ
should more easily have consented, but th
thought (as indeed I yet doe) I should th
more disparage my selfe, than content them.
I doubt I shall be supposed one of those, who
of their arrogant desire of a little vreposte
Fame, thrust into the world every unse

…e that drops out of their unsetled braines;
…se basenesse how much I hate, those that know
…can witnesse, for if I were so affected, I might
…haps present the World with as many severall
…ems, as I have seene yeeres; and justly make
…selfe appeare to be the Author of some things
…others have shamefully usurped and made
…of as their owne. But I will be content other
…n should own some of those Issues of the Brain,
… I would bee loath to confesse all that might in
…kinde call me Father. Neither shall any more
…them by my consent, in hast againe trouble the
…ld, unlesse I know which way to benefit it with
…e prejudice to my owne estate. And therefore if
…of those lesse serious Poems which are already
…pert into my friends hands, come amongst you,
… not their publication bee imputed to me, nor
…ir lightnes be any disparagement to what hath
…ne since more serious written, seeing it is but
…h stuffe as riper judgements have in their far
…r yeeres beene much more guilty of.

I know an indifferent Crittick may finde many
…lts, as well in the slightnes of this present Sub-
…t, as in the erring from the true nature of an
…logue: moreover, it altogether concernes my
…fe, which diverse may dislike. But neither can
…done on just cause: The first hath bin answered
…eady: The last might consider that I was there
where

where my owne estate was chiefly to be looked to, and all the comfort I could minister unto my selfe, little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading I shall be glad: if he thinke his paines ill bestow'd, let him blame himselfe for medling with that concerned him not: I neithtr commended it to him, nor ther cared whether he read it or no; because I know those that were desirous of it, will esteem the same as much as I expect they should.

But it is not unlikely, some will thinke I have in divers places beene more wanton (as they take it) than befitting a Satirict; *yet their severity I feare not, because I am assured all that I ever yet did was free from* Obscænity: *neither am I so Cynicall, but that I thinke a modest expression of such amorous conceits as sute with Reason, may yet very well become my yeeres; in which may have feeling of the power of* Love, *were as grosse an argument of much stupidity, as an over-setled affection were of extreame folly. Lastly, if you thinke it hath not well answered the Title of the* Shepheards Hunting, *goe quarrell with the Scribtioner, who bid himselfe God-Father, and imposed the* Name *according to his owne liking; and if you, or he, finde any faults, pray mend them.*

Valete

FIDELIA:

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

GENT.



LONDON,

Printed by RICHARD BADGER for *Robert Allot*, and are to bee sold at his Shop, at the Signe of the black *Beare* in *Pauls Church-yard*.

1632.



An Elegiacall Epistle of *Fidelia*, to her unconstant FRIEND.

The ARGUMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, *being a fragment of some greater Poem, discovers the modest affections of a discreet and constant Woman shadowed under the name of* Fidelia; *wherein you may perceive the height of their Passions, so farre as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as beseemeth their Sex, but further it meddles not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutability in her friend, whose objections shee here presupposing, confuteth, and in the person of him justly upbraideth all that are subject to the like change, or fickleneſſe in minde. Among the rest, some more weighty Arguments than are (perhaps) expected in such a subject, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.*

OFt I have heard tell, and now for truth I finde,
Once out of sight, and quickly out of mind.
And that it hath been rightly said of old,
Love that's soonest hot, is ever soonest cold.
Or else my teares at this time had not stain'd
The spotlesse paper, nor my lines complain'd,
I had not now, been forced to have sent
Those lines for *Nuncio's* of my discontent;

Nor

Nor thus exchanged, ſo unhappily,
My ſongs of Mirth to write an Elegie.
But now I muſt; and ſince I muſt doe ſo,
Let me but crave thou wilt not flout my woe:
Nor entertaine my ſorrowes with a ſcoffe,
But reade (at leaſt) before thou caſt them off.
And, though thy heart's too hard to have compaſſio
Oh blame not, if thou pitty not my *Paſſion*,
For well thou know'ſt (alas, that e'er 'twas known
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, ſcarce dare a beggar be,
Preſum'd for more to have commanded thee.
Yea, the *Day* was, (but ſee how things may change
When thou and I, have not beene halfe ſo ſtrange;
But oft embrac'd each other, gently greeting,
With ſuch kind words, as *Turtle*, *Dove*, or *Sweeting*
Yea, had thy meaning, and thoſe vowes of thine,
Prov'd but as faithfull and as true as mine,
It ſtill had been ſo: for (I doe not faine)
I ſhould rejoyce it might be ſo againe.
But, ſith thy *Love* growes cold, and thou unkinde,
Be not diſplea'd I ſomewhat breath my minde;
I am in hope, my words may prove a mirrour,
Whereon thou looking, mai'ſt behold thine error.
And yet, the *Heaven*, and my ſad heart doth know,
How griev'd I am, and with that feeling woe
My minde is tortured, to thinke that I
Should be the brand of thy diſloyalty:
Or, live to be the Author of a line
That ſhall be printed with a fault of thine;
(Since if that thou but ſlightly touched be,
Deepe wounds of griefe, and ſhame it ſtrikes in me)
And yet I muſt; ill hap compels me to
What I nere thought to have had cauſe to doe.

d therefore ſeeing that ſome angry *Fate*,
ooſes on me, what I ſo much hate:
, ſince it is ſo, that the Powers divine
(miſerable) to ſuch cares aſſigne;
that *Loves* patron, or ſome ſacred *Muſe*,
ongſt my *Paſſions*, would ſuch Art infuſe!
well-fram'd words, and aiery ſighs might prove
happy blaſts to re-inflame thy love.
at leaſt, touch thee with thy fault ſo neere,
at thou might'ſt ſee thou wrong'ſt, who held thee
ing, confeſſe the ſame, and ſo abhorre it, (deere
horring, pitty and repent thee for it.
(*Deare*) I hope that I may call thee ſo,
or thou art deere to me, although a foe)
ell me, is't true, that I doe heare of thee,
d, by thy abſence, true apeares to be?
an ſuch abuſe be in the Court of *Love*,
lſe and inconſtant now, thou *He* ſhould'ſt prove?
, that ſo wofull, and ſo penſive ſate,
owing his ſervice at my feet of late?
t thou that *quondam* lover, whoſe ſad eye
ldome ſaw yet, in my preſence dry?
d from whoſe gentle-ſeeming tongue I know
many pitty-moving words could flow?
s't thou ſo ſought'ſt my love, ſo ſeeking that
if it had beene all th'had'ſt aimed at?
king me thinke thy *Paſſion* without ſtaine,
d gently quit thee with my love againe?
h this perſwaſion I ſo fairely plac'd it,
Time, nor *Envy*, ſhould have ere defac'd it?
t ſo? have I done thus much? and art thou
er-cloyed with my favours now?
wearied ſince with loving, and eſtranged
? Is thy affection ſo much changed,

That

That I of all my hopes muſt be deceiv'd,
And all good thoughts of thee be quite bereav'd?
Then true I finde, which long before this day
I fear'd my ſelfe, and heard ſome wiſer ſay;
That there is nought on earth, ſo ſweet that can
Long reliſh with the curious taſte of Man.
Happy was I; yea, well it was with me,
Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee.
I joy'd the ſweet'ſt content that ever *Maid*
Poſſeſſed yet, and truly well-apaid,
Made to my ſelfe (alone) as pleaſant mirth
As ever any *Virgine* did on earth.
The melody I us'd was free and ſuch
As that BIRD makes, whom never hand did touch
But una'ur'd (with *Fowlers* whiſtling) flies,
Above the reach of humane treacheries.
And (well I doe remember) often then
Could I read o'er the policies of men;
Diſcover what uncertainties they were:
How they would ſigh, looke ſad, proteſt and ſwear
Nay, faigne to die, when they did never prove
The ſlendreſt touch of a right worthy love:
But had chil'd hearts, whoſe dulneſſe underſtood
No more of *paßion*, than they did of good.
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humour amongſt women-kinde)
This vow I made; (thinking to keepe it than)
That neuer the faire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though never ſo much griev'd
Should move my heart to liking whil'ſt I liv'd.
But who can ſay, what ſhe ſhall live to doe?
I have beleev'd, and let in liking to,
And that ſo farre, I cannot yet ſee how
I may ſo much as hope to helpe it now;

ch makes me thinke what ere we *women* say,
ther minde will come another day.
that men may to things unhop'd for clime,
watch but *Opportunity* and *Time*.
'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
ch course, and ill-temper'd stuffe as they.
he that fram'd us of their flesh, did daigne
en 'twas at best to new refine't againe.
ch makes us ever since the kinder *Creatures*
fine more flexible, and yeelding *natures*.
as we oft excell in outward parts,
we have nobler and more gentle hearts.
ch you well knowing, daily doe devise
to imprint on them your *Cruelties*,
doe I finde my cause thus bad indeed?
else on things imaginary feed?
I the lasse that late so truly jolly,
le my selfe merry oft, at others folly?
I the Nymph that *Cupids* fancies blam'd,
was so cold, so hard to be inflam'd?
I my selfe? or is my selfe that *Shee*
o from this *Thraldome*, or such falshoods free,
own'd mine owne heart, and full merry then,
forewarne others to beware of Men?
could not having taught them what to doe,
learne my selfe to take heed of you to?
le that I am, I feare my guerdon's just,
knew this and presum'd to trust.
yet (alas) for ought that I could tell,
sparke of goodnesse in the world might dwell:
then I thought if such a thing might be,
might not that one sparke remaine in thee?
thy faire out-side, and thy fayrer tongue,
promise much, although thy yeares were young.

And

And *Vertue* (whereſoever ſhe be now)
Seem'd then, to ſit inthron'd upon thy brow.
Yea, ſure it was: but whether 'twere or no,
Certaine I am and was perſwaded ſo.
Which made me loth to think that words of fa
Could be ſo fram'd, ſo over laid with *paſſion*;
Or ſighes ſo feeling, fain'd from any breſt.
Nay, ſay thou hadſt beene falſe in all the reſt;
Yet from thy eye, my heart ſuch notice tooke,
Me thought, guile could not faine ſo ſad a looke,
But now I've try'd my bought experience kno
They oft are worſt, that make the faireſt ſhowes
And howſoe'er men faine an outward grieving,
'Tis neither worth reſpecting nor beleeving;
For, ſhe that doth one to her mercy take,
Warmes in her boſome but a frozen ſnake:
Which heated with her favours, gather ſence,
And ſtings her to the heart in recompence.
But tell me why, and for what ſecret ſpight
You in poore womens miſeries delight?
For ſo it ſeemes; elſe why d'yee labour for
That, which when 'tis obtained, you abhor?
Or to what end doe you endure ſuch paine
To win our love, and caſt it off againe?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could bow
Or elſe your ſtrengths to helpe us beare our ſo
But we are cauſe of all this griefe and ſhame,
And we have none but our owne ſelves to bla
For ſtill we ſee your falſhood for our learning,
Yet never can have power to tak't for warning;
But (as if borne to be deluded by you)
We know you truſtleſſe, and yet ſtill we try you.
(Alas) what wrong was in my power to do
Or what deſpight have I e'er done unto thee?

thou should'ſt chuſe Me, above all the reſt,
e thy ſcorne, and thus be made a jeſt ?
mens ill natures ſuch true villaines prove them,
ake thē wrong thoſe moſt that moſt do love thē
idſt thou find none in *Country*, *Town*, or *Court*,
onely Me, to make thy *Foole*, thy ſport ?
u know'ſt I have no wanton courſes run,
ſeemed eaſie unto lewdneſſe wonne.
(though I cannot boaſt me of much wit,)
u ſaw'ſt no ſigne of fondneſſe in me yet.
did ill nature ever ſo over-ſway me,
out at any that did woe or pray me,
grant I had been guilty of abuſage,
hee I'm ſure I ne'er deſerv'd ſuch uſage.
thou wert grieved to behold my ſmilings,
en I was free from love and thy beguilings.
o what purpoſe elſe didſt thou beſtow
time, and ſtudy to delude me ſo ?
thou good parts ? and doſt thou bend them all
bring thoſe that ne'er hated thee in thrall ?
hee take heed, althongh thou yet enjoy'ſt them
y'l be tooke from thee if thou ſo imploy'ſt them.
though I wiſh not the leaſt harme to thee,
are the juſt *Heavens* will revenged be.
! what of *Me* by this time had become,
y deſires with thine had hapt to rome,
, unwiſely had conſented to
hat (ſhameleſſe) once thou didſt attempt to doe ?
ight have fallen by thoſe immodeſt trickes,
not ſome power been ſtronger than my Sex.
if I ſhould have ſo been drawne to folly,
w thee apt enough to be unholy.
my weakeneſſe had beene prone to ſin,
orely by thy ſtrength had ſuccour'd bin.

You

You men make us beleeve you doe but try,
And that's your part, (you ſay) ours to deny.
Yet, I much feare, if we through frailty ſtray,
There's few of you within your bounds will ſtay
But maugre all your ſeeming *vertue*, be
As ready to forget your ſelves as we.
I might have feard thy part of love not ſtrong,
When thou didſt offer me ſo baſe a wrong:
And that I after loath'd thee not, did prove
In me ſome extraordinary *Love*.
For ſure had any other but in thought,
Preſum'd unworthily what thou haſt ſought,
Might it appeare I ſhould doe thus much for him
With a ſcarce reconciled hate abhorre him.
My young experience yet did never know
Whether deſire might range ſo farre, or no,
To make true *Lovers* careleſly requeſt,
What raſh enjoying makes them moſt unbleſt,
Or blindly thorow frailty give conſenting
To that which done brings nothing but repent
But in my judgement it doth rather prove
That they are fir'd with luſt, than warm'd with
And if it be for proofe men ſo proceed,
It ſhewes a doubt, elſe what doe tryals need?
And where is that man living ever knew
That falſe diſtruſt could be with love that's tru
Since the meere cauſe of that unblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, that hates ſuſpect.
And yet thee and thy love I will excuſe,
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuſe.
For I'l ſuppoſe thy paſſion made the proffer
That unto me, thou to none elſe would'ſt offer.
And ſo thinke thou if I have thee deny'd,
Whom I more lov'd than all men elſe beſide;

t hope have they ſuch favour to obtaine,
at never halfe ſo much reſpect could gaine?
h was my love that I did value thee
ove all things below eternity.
thing on *Earth* unto my heart was nearer
o Ioy ſo prized nor no Iewell dearer.
y, I doe feare I did *Idolatrize*;
r which *Heavens* wrath inflicts theſe miſeries,
d makes the things which were for bleſſings lent,
o be renewers of my diſcontent.
here was there any of the *Najades*,
e *Dryad's*, or the *Hamadryades*?
hich of the *Britiſh* ſhires can yeeld againe,
miſtreſſe of the Springs, or Wood, or Plaine?
hoſe eye enjoy'd more ſweet contents than mine,
ll I receiv'd my overthrow by thine?
here's ſhe did more delight in Springs and Rils?
here's ſhe that walk'd more Groves, or Downs, or
could by ſuch faire artleſſe proſpect more (Hils?
de by conceit, to her contentments ſtore
an I; whilſt thou wert true and with thy graces
dſt give a pleaſing preſence to thoſe places?
now *What is? What was* hath overthrowne,
Roſe-deckt allies, now with Rue are ſtrowne?
d from thoſe flowers that honeyed uſe to be,
cke nought now but juyce to poyſon me.
e'en as ſhe whoſe gentle ſpirit can raiſe,
apprehend *Loves* noble myſteries,
ying a precious *Iewell* richly ſet,
ine in ſome corner of her *Cabenet*,
keth delight at firſt to gaze upon
e pretty luſtre of the ſparkling ſtone,
nd pleas'd in mind, by that doth ſeeme to ſee
w vertue ſhines through baſe obſcurity;)

But prying neerer, seeing it doth prove
Some relique of her deare diseased *Love*,
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope,
What she most sought and sees most farre from
Fainting almost beneath her passions weight,
And quite forgetfull of her first conceit:
Looking upon't againe from thence she borrow
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her sorrowes.
So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers, (flo
Seel'd, strow'd, and trim'd up with leaves, hea
Walke pleased on a while, and doe devize,
How on each object I may moralize.
But e'er I pace on many steps, I see
There stands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by
Here thou didst once slip off the virgin sprayes,
To crowne me with a wreath of living Bayes.
On such a Banke I see how thou didst lye,
When viewing of a shady *Mulbery*,
The hard mishap thou didst to me discusse
Of loving *Thysbe*, and young *Piramus*:
And oh (thinke I) how pleasing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.
But if some neighbouring *Row* doe draw me to
Those *Arbors*, where the shadowes seeme to wo
The weary love-sicke *Passenger*, to sit
And view the beauties *Nature* strowes on it;
How faire (thinke I) would this sweet place ap
If he I love, were present with me here.
Nay, every severall object that I see,
Doth severally (me thinkes) remember thee.
But the delight I us'd from thence to gather,
I now exchange for cares and seeke them rath
But those whose dull and grosse affections
Extend but onely to desire a *Man*.

annot the depth of these rare *Passions* know:
r their imaginations flagge too low.
d cause their base conceits doe apprehend
thing but that whereto the flesh doth tend;
Loves embraces they nere reach unto
re of content than the brute *Creatures* doe.
ither can any judge of this, but such
ose braver mindes for braver thoughts doe touch.
d having spirits of a nobler frame,
les the true heat of *Loves* unquenched flame.
They may conceive aright what smarting sting
their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
ere they did once enjoy and then doe misse,
t to their soules most deere and precious is.
h me 'tis so, for those walkes that once seem'd
sing, when I of thee was more esteem'd,
me appeare most desolate and lonely,
lare the places now of torment onely.
re I the highest of contents did borrow,
re am I paid it home with deepest sorrow.
o one place, I doe remember well,
walkt the ev'nings to here *Phylomel*:
that seemes now to want the light it had,
shaddow of the *Grove*'s more dull and sad,
it were a place but fit for Fowles,
screech ill-lucke; as melancholy *Owles*,
all *Ravens* that seld'boding good,
oke their black *Auguries* from some darke wood.
hen if from thence I halfe despayring goe,
her place begins another woe:
unto my thought it seemes to say,
thou saw'st him riding once that way:
to meet him thou didst nimbly hast thee,
he alighted and e'en there embrac'd thee:

Which whilſt I ſighing wiſh to doe againe,
Another object brings another paine.
For paſſing by that *Greene* which (could it ſpeak
Would tell it ſaw us run at *Barly-breake*;
There I beheld what on a thin-rin'd tree
Thou hadſt engraven for the love of me;
When we two, all one in heate of day,
With chaſt imbraces drave ſwift houres away.
Then I remember to (unto my ſmart)
How loath we were when time compel'd to part.
How cunningly thy *Paſſions* thou couldſt faine,
In taking leave and comming backe againe:
So oft untill (as ſeeming to forget
We were departing) downe againe we ſet?
And freſhly in that ſweet diſcourſe went on,
Which now I almoſt faint to thinke upon.
Viewing againe thoſe other walkes and Groves
That have beene witneſſes of our chaſt loves;
When I beheld thoſe Trees whoſe tender skin
Hath that cut out, which ſtill cuts me within.
Or come by chance, unto that pretty Rill
Where thou would'ſt ſit and teach the neighbour Hill
To anſwer in an Eccho unto thoſe
Rare *Problems* which thou often didſt propoſe.
When I come there (thinke I) if theſe could have
That uſe of words and ſpeech which we parted have,
They might unfold a thouſand pleaſures then
Which I ſhall never live to taſte agen.
And thereupon, *Remembrance* doth ſo racke
My thoughts with repreſenting what I lacke,
That in my minde thoſe Clerkes doe argue well
Which hold *Privation* the greateſt plague of hell.
For there's no torment gripes me halfe ſo bad
As the *Remembrance* of thoſe joyes I had.

Oh haſt thou quite forgot when ſitting by
The bankes of *Thame*, beholding how the Fry
Plai'd on the ſilver waves? There where I firſt
Granted to make my *Fortune* thus accurſt;
There where thy too-too earneſt ſuit compeld
My over-ſoone beleeving heart to yeeld.
One favour firſt, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I nere ſhould need
(As now) to grieve for doing ſuch a deed.
So freely I my courteſies beſtow'd,
That whoſe I was unwarily I ſhow'd:
And to my heart ſuch paſſage made for thee,
Thou canſt not to this day removed be,
And what breaſt could reſiſt it, having ſeene
How true thy love had in appearance beene?
Yet (I ſhall ne'er forget) when thou hadſt there
Laid open every diſcontent and care,
Wherewith thou deepely ſeem'dſt to me oppreſt,
When thou (as much as any could'ſt proteſt)
Hadſt vow'd and ſworne, and yet perceiv'dſt no ſigne
Of pitty moving in this breſt of mine: (vow
Poore LOVE (ſaid'ſt thou) ſince neither ſigh nor
Nor any ſervice may availe me now:
Since neither the recitall of my ſmart,
Nor thoſe ſtrong *Paſſions* that aſſaile my heart;
Nor any thing may move thee to beliefe
Of theſe my ſufferings, or to grant reliefe:
Since there's no comfort, nor deſert that may
Get me ſo much as *Hope* of what I pray;
Then *Love* farewell, farewell faire beauties light,
And every pleaſing object of the ſight:
My poore deſpairing heart here biddeth you,
And all Content forever more adeiu.

Then e'en as thou seem'dst ready to depart;
Reaching that hand which after gave my heart,
(And thinking this sad *Farewell* did proceed
From a sound breast, but truly mov'd indeed)
I stayed thy departing from me so,
Whilst I stood mute with sorrow, thou for show.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impression of such *pitty* tooke,
That with the strength of *passion* overcome.
A deepe-fetcht sigh my heart came breathing from
Whereat thou (ever wisely using this
To take advantage when it offered is)
Renewd'st thy sute to me, who did afford
Consent in silence first and then in word.
So that for yeelding thou maist thanke thy wit,
And yet when ever I remember it,
Trust me I muse, and often (wondering) thinke,
Thorow what crany, or what secret chinke
That *Love* unwares so like a slie close Elfe,
Did to my heart insinuate it selfe.
Gallants I had before thou cam'st to wooe,
Could as much love and as well court me too;
And though they had not learned so the fashion,
Of acting such well counterfeited *passion*;
In wit, and person, they did equall thee,
And worthier seem'd unlesse thoul't faithfull be.
Yet still unmov'd, unconquer'd I remain'd:
No not one thought of love was entertain'd:
Nor could they bragge of the least favour to them
Save what meere courtesie enjoyn'd to doe them.
Hard was my heart: but would't had harder bin
And then perhaps, I had not let thee in;
Thou, *Tyrant* that art so imperious there,
And onely tak'st delight to *Dominere*.

But held I out ſuch ſtrong ſuch oft aſſayling,
And ever kept the honour of prevayling?
Was this poore breaſt from loves allurings free,
Cruell to all and gentle unto thee?
Did I unlocke that ſtrong affections dore,
That never could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee? and at thy interceſſion,
So freely give up all my hearts poſſeſſion:
That to my ſelfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will, to put thee from't againe?
Did I doe this, (and all on thy bare vow)
And wilt thou thus requite my kindneſſe now?
Oh that thou either hadſt not learn'd to faine,
Or I had power to caſt thee off againe!
How is it that thou art become ſo rude,
And over-blinded by *Ingratitude*?
Swar'ſt thou ſo deepely that thou woul'ſt perſever,
That I might thus be caſt away for ever?
Well then 'tis true that Lovers perjuries,
Among ſome men are thought no injuries:
And that ſhe onely hath leaſt cauſe of griefe,
Who of your words hath ſmal'ſt or no beliefe.
Had I the wooer bin, or fondly won,
This had bin more tho, than thou could'ſt have done,
But neither being ſo, what Reaſon is
On thy ſide, that ſhould make thee offer this?
I know had I beene falſe, or my faith fail'd,
Thou would'ſt at womens fickleneſſe have rail'd;
And if in me it had an error bin,
In thee ſhall the ſame fault be thought no ſin?
Rather I hold that wich is bad in me,
Will be a greater blemiſh unto thee:
Becauſe by *Nature*, thou art made more ſtrong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.

But 'tis our *Fortune*, you'l have all the power,
Onely the *Care* and *Burden* muſt be our.
Nor can you be content a wrong to doe,
Vnleſſe you lay the blame upon us to.
Oh that there were ſome gentle minded *poet*
That knew my heart as well as now I know it!
And would endeare me to this love ſo much,
To give the world (though but) a ſlender touch
Of that ſad *Paſſion* which now clogs my heart,
And ſhew my truth, and thee how falſe thou art:
That all might know what is believ'd by no man,
There's fickleneſſe in men, and faith in woman.
Thou ſaw'ſt I firſt let *pitty* in then liking,
And laſtly that which was thy only ſeeking,
And when I might have ſcorn'd that love of thine,
(As now ungently thou deſpiſeſt mine,)
Among the inmoſt Angels of my breſt,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it beſt:
Which thou haſt ſtolne to, like a thankeleſſe Man,
And left me nothing but a blacke ſelfe hate.
What canſt thou ſay for this to ſtand contending?
What colour haſt thou left for thy offending?
Thy wit perhaps can ſome excuſe deviſe,
And faine a colour for thoſe injuries;
But well I know if thou excuſe this treaſon,
It muſt be by ſome greater thing than reaſon.
Are any of thoſe vertues yet defac'd
On which thy firſt affection ſeemed plac'd?
Hath any ſecret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the bliſſe that to my heart belonged?
What then? ſhall I condemned be unheard,
Before thou knoweſt how I may be clear'd?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'ſt it is full of envy, and ſuſpition,

that the wariest in thought, word, and action,
ill oft be injur'd by foule mouth'd detraction:
nd therfore thou (me thinks) should'st wisely pause
fore thou credit rumors without cause.
w I have gotten such a confidence,
thy opinion of my innocence:
is not that I know with-holds thee now;
eet, tell me then; is it some sacred vow?
ast thou resolved not to joyne thy hand
ith any one in *Hymens* holy band?
hou shouldst have done it then when thou wert free
fore thou hadst bequeath'd thy selfe to me.
hat vow dost deeme more pleasing unto *Heaven*,
han what is by unfained lovers given?
may be, yet sure it frowneth at
hose that are made for contradicting that.
t if thou wouldst live chastly all thy life,
hat thou maist doe though we be *Man* and *Wife*:
e of thou long'st a *Virgin*-death to die,
hy (if it be thy pleasure) so doe I.
ake me but thine and I'l (contented) be,
Virgin still, yet live and lie with thee.
hen let not thy inventing braine assay
o mocke and still delude me every way;
t call to minde how thou hast deeply sworne
or to neglect, nor leave me thus forlorne.
nd if thou wilt not be to me as when
e first did love doe but come see me then.
ouchsafe that I may sometime with thee walke,
t sit and looke on thee or heare thee talke;
nd I that most content once aimed at,
ill thinke there is a world of blisse in that.
Dost thou suppose that my *Desires* denies
ith thy affections well to sympathize?

Or ſuch perverſneſſe haſt thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* diſagreeing be?
Thou know when thou didſt wake I could not ſ
And if thou wert but ſad, that I ſhould weepe.
Yet (even when the teares my cheeke did ſtaine)
If thou didſt ſmile, why I could ſmile againe:
I never did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canſt tell, I oft have ſpake thy thought
Waking, the ſelfe-ſame courſe with thee I ranne,
And ſleeping often times our dreames were one.
The Diall-needle though it ſence doth want,
Still bends to the beloved *Adamant*;
Lift the one up the other upward tends;
If this fall downe, that preſently deſcends:
Turne but about the ſtone the ſteele turnes to;
Then ſtraight returnes if ſo the other doe;
And if it ſtay with trembling keepes one place,
As if it (panting) long'd for an imbrace,
So was't with me: for if thou merry wert,
That mirth of thine mov'd joy within my heart:
I ſighed to, when thou didſt ſigh or frowne:
When thou wert ſick, thou haſt perceiv'd me ſwo
And being ſad have oft with forc'd delight,
Strive to give thee content beyond my might.
When thou would'ſt talke, then have I talk'd
And ſilent beeu, when thou wouldſt ſilent be.
If thou abroad didſt goe, with joy I went;
If home thou lov'dſt, at home was my content:
Yea that did to my nature diſagree,
I could make pleaſing, cauſe it pleaſed thee.
But if't be either my weake Sex, or youth,
Makes thee miſdoubt my undiſtained truth,
Know this; as none (till that unhappy hower,
When I was firſt made thine,) had ever power

move my heart, by vowes or teares expence;
more (I sweare) could any *Creature* since.
lookes but thine, though aim'd with *Passions* Art
ld pierce so deepe to penetrate my heart.
name but thine, was welcome to my eare;
word did I so soone, so gladly heare:
r ever could my eyes behold or see,
t I was since delighted in but thee.
And sure thou wouldst beleeve it to be so,
could tell, or words might make thee know,
w many a weary night my tumbled bed
h knowvn me sleeplesse: what salt teares I've shed,
t scalding sighes the markes of soules oppresst,
e hourely breathed from my carefull brest.
r wouldst thou deem those waking sorrowes faind
hou mightst see how sleeping I am pain'd.
r if some times I chance to take a slumber,
welcome dreames my broken rest doth cumber.
ich dreaming makes me start, starting with feares
kes; and so by waking I renew my cares:
till my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping,
owned in their owne flouds fall againe to sleeping.
h! that thou couldst but think, when last we parted
w much I grieved for thy absence, smarted:
very soule fell sicke, my heart to aking,
if they had their last *Farewels* beene taking;
r feared by some secret Divination,
his thy revolt, and causeless alteration.
dst thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
as to let goe the hold it had of thine?
d with what heavy, what unwilling looke
eave of thee, and then of comfort tooke?
now thou didst; and though now thus thou doe
m deceiv'd, but then it griev'd thee to.

Then if I ſo with *Loves* fell paſſion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to ſtrengthen me ſome truſt;
And hope that thou wouldſt nere have prov'd unjuſt
What was my torture then and hard endurance,
When of thy falſhood I receiv'd aſſurance.
Alas my Tongue a while with griefe was dumbe
And a cold ſhuddering did my joynts benumme,
Amazement ſeiz'd my thought, and ſo prevail'd,
I found me ill but knew not what I ail'd.
Nor can I yet tell, ſince my ſuffering then
Was more than could be ſhowne by *Poets* Pen;
Or well conceiv'd by any other heart
Then that which in ſuch care hath borne a part.
Oh me, how loth was I to have beleev'd
That to be true, for which ſo much I griev'd?
How gladly would I have perſwaded bin,
There had bin no ſuch matter, no ſuch ſin.
I would have had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true.
Why may not this, though I ſome viſion be,
Some ſleeping dreame, or waking phantaſie,
Begotten by my over-blinded folly,
Or elſe engendred through my *Melancholy*?
But finding it ſo reall (though I) then
Muſt I be caſt from all my hopes agen?
What are become of all thoſe fading bliſſes,
Which late my hope had, and now ſo much miſſes?
Where is that future fickle happineſſe
Which I ſo long expected to poſſeſſe?
And, thought I to; where are his dying *paſſions*,
His honied words, his bitter lamentations?
To what end were his *Sonnets*, *Epigrams*,
His pretty *Poſies*, witty *Anagrams*?

I

uld not thinke all that might have been fain'd,
r any faith I thought ſo firme, bin ſtain'd.
y, I doe ſure and confidently knovv,
is not poſſible it ſhould be ſo:
hat rare Art and *Paſſion* was thine ovvne,
hich in my preſence thou haſt often ſhovvne.
ſince thy change my much-preſaging heart
halfe affraid thou ſome impoſtor vvert:
that thou didſt but (Player-like addreſt)
t that which flovv'd from ſome more gentle breſt.
y puft invention vvith vvorſe matter ſvvolne,
oſe thy conceits from better vvits hath ſtolne:
elſe (I knovv) it could not be that thou
ould'ſt be ſo over-cold as thou art novv;
ce thoſe vvho have that feelingly their ovvne,
er poſſeſſe more vvorth conceal'd, than knovvne.
nd if *Love* ever any Mortals touch,
o make a brave impreſſion 'tis in ſuch,
ho ſvvorne loves Chaplaines will not violate
hat, vvhereunto themſelves they conſecrate.
But oh you noble brood, on vvhom the vvorld
he ſlighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,
Becauſe your thoughts for higher objects borne,
Their groveling humours and affection ſcorne)
ou vvhom the *gods* to heare your ſtrains vvill follovv
Vhilſt you doe court the Siſters of *Apollo*.
ou, vvhom there's none that's vvorthy can neglect,
Or any that unvvorthy is affect.
Oh let not thoſe who ſeeke to doe your ſhame,
Bevvitch us vvith thoſe ſongs they cannot frame:
The nobleſt of our Sex, and faireſt too,
Doe ever loue and honour ſuch as you.
Then vvrong us not ſo much to give your *Paſſion*
To thoſe that have it but in imitation:

And

And in their dull breasts never feele the power
Or such deepe thoughts as sweetly move in your.
As well as you, they us thereby abuse,
For (many times) when we our *Lovers* chuse,
Where we thinke *Nature*, that rich *Iewell*, sets
Which shines in you, we light on counterfeits.
But see, see whither discontentment beares me,
And to what uncoth straines my *passion* reares me?
Yet pardon me, I here againe repent,
If I have erred through that discontent.
Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
Be constant, serious, or be vaine, or light,
My love remaines inviolate the same,
Thou canst be nothing that can qnench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou hast breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)
Ne'er was there one more true, than I to thee,
And though my faith must now despised be,
Vnpriz'd, unvalued at the lowest rate,
Yet this I'l tell thee 'tis not all thy state,
Nor all that better-seeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee such another *Love* as mine.
Liking it may, but oh there's as much oddes,
Twixt love and that, as betweene men and Gods.
It is a purchase not procur'd with treasure,
As some fooles thinke nor to be gaind at pleasure:
For were it so, and any could assure it,
What would not some men part with to procure it?
But though thou weigh't not as thou ought'st to do
Thou knowst I love, and once didst love me too.
Then where's the cause of this dislike in thee?
Survey thy selfe, I hope there's none in me.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art estranged?
See, is my person, or my beauty changed?

Or

e thou didſt praiſe it, prethee view't agen,
marke ift be not ſtill the ſame 'twas then:
falſe *Vermilion*-die my cheeke diſtaines,
the poore bloud diſperſt through pores & veines,
ich thou haſt often ſeen through my forehead flu-
ſhew no dawby-colour hid my blouſhing: (ſhing,
never ſhall: *Vertue*, I hope, will ſave me,
ented with that beauty *Nature* gave me.
ift ſeeme leſſe, for that griefes-vaile had hid it,
ou threw'ſt it on me, 'twas not I that did it,
And canſt againe reſtore, what may repaire
that's decay'd and make me farre more faire:
uch if thou doe, I'le be more wary than
keep't for thee unblemiſht, what I can:
d cauſe at beſt 'twill want much of perfection,
e reſt ſhall be ſupply'd with true affection.
But I doe feare, it is ſome others riches,
hoſe more aboundance that my mind bewitches,
r baſer object, that too generall aime,
kes thee my leſſer *Fortune* to diſclaime.
, canſt thou ſo degenerate in ſpirit,
to prefer the meanes before the merit?
lthough I cannot ſay it is in me)
h worth ſometimes with poverty may be
o equalize the match ſhe takes upon her; (*neur:*
ho th'other vaunt of *Birth*, *Wealth*, *Beauty*, *He-*
d many a one that did for greatneſſe wed,
ould gladly change it for a meaner bed.
t are my fortunes knowne indifferent
r baſely meane, but ſuch as may content:
nd though I yeeld the better to be thine,
may be hold to ſay thus much for mine;
hat if thou could'ſt of them and me eſteeme,
ither thy ſtate, nor birth, would miſ-beſeeme:

Or

Or if it did, how can I help't (alas)
Thou not alone before knew'ſt what it was.
But I (although not fearing ſo to ſpeed)
Did alſo diſinable more than need,
And yet thou woo'dſt, and wooing didſt perſever,
As if thou hadſt intended *Love* for ever:
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'ſt ſo ſmall,
Thou had'ſt not any queſtion of't at all;
But hating much that peaſant-like condition,
Did'ſt ſeeme diſpleas'd I held it in ſuſpition.
Whereby I thinke if nothing elſe doe thwart us,
It cannot be the want of that will part us.
Yea I doe rather doubt indeed, that this
The needleſſe feare of friends diſpleaſure is.
Yes, that's the barre which ſtops out my delight,
And all my hope and joy confoundeth quite,
But beares there any in thy heart ſuch ſway
To ſhut me thence and wipe thy love away?
Can there be any friend that hath the power,
To diſunite hearts ſo con joyn'd as our?
E're I would have ſo done by thee; I'd rather
Have parted with one deerer than my Father.
For though the will of our Creator bindes
Each child to learne and know his parents mindes;
Yet ſure I am ſo juſt a *Deitie*,
Commandeth nothing againſt *piety*.
Nor doth that band of duty give them leave,
To violate their faith, or to deceive.
And though that *Parents* have authority,
To rule their children in minority:
Yet they are never granted ſuch power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize upon them;
Or uſe them under their command ſo ill,
To force them without reaſon to their will.

Who had read in all the ſacred writ,
Any one compel'd to mariage (yet?)
That Father ſo unkinde (thereto requir'd)
Denide his childe the match that he deſir'd,
Or that he found the Lawes did not forbid it?
Thinke thoſe gentler ages no men did it.
Was thoſe daies therefore for them to have bin
Contracted without lience had been ſin?
Once there was more good *Nature* among men,
And every one more truly loving then.
But now (although we ſtand obliged ſtill
To labour for their liking, and good will)
There is no duty whereby they may tye us
From ought which without reaſon they deny us:
For I doe thinke it is not onely meant,
Children ſhould aske, but *Parents* ſhould conſent:
And that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
For not-conſenting, as we not for ſpeaking.
It is no marvell many matches be
Concluded now without their privity;
Since they through greedy *Avarice* miſſed,
Their intereſt in that have forfeited.
For, for ſome reſpectleſſe of all care doe marry
Their youthfull-*May*, to cold old-*Ianuary*.
Some for a greedy end doe baſely tie
The ſweeteſt faire to foule deformity.
Forcing a love from where 'twas placed late,
To re-ingraffe it where it tunnes to hate.
It ſeemes no cauſe of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners nor affections ſympathize.
And two Religions by their rules of ſtate,
They may in one made body tolerate;
As if they did deſire that double ſtemme,
Should fruitfull beare but *Neuters* like to them.

Alas,

Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that have ever discontented mindes:
And live (though seeming unto others well)
In the next torments unto those of hell?
How many desperate growne by this their sinne,
Have both undone themselves and all their kinne?
Many a one we see it makes to fall
With the too-late repenting *Prodigall.*
Thousands (though else by nature gentler given)
To act the horridst murthers oft are driven.
And (which is worse) there's many a careless elfe,
(Vnlesse Heaven pitty) kils and damnes his selfe.
Oh what hard heart, or what unpittying eye,
Could hold from teares to see those Tragedies,
Parents, by their neglect in this, have hurld
Vpon the Stage of this respectlesse World?
'Tis not one *Man*, one *Family*, one *Kin*,
No nor one *Countrey* that hath ruin'd bin
By such their folly which the cause hath prov'd,
That forraigne oft, and civill warres were mov'd.
By such beginnings many a Citie lies
Now in the dust, whose *Turrets* brav'd the skies:
And divers *Monarchs* by such fortunes crost,
Have seen their Kingdomes fir'd, and spoil'd, and lost.
Yet all this while thou seest, I mention not,
The ruine, shame, and chastity hath got;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thousands that would have done well,
Doe by the meanes of this, suffer desires
To kindle in their hearts unlawfull fires:
Nay some, in whose could breast nere flame had lien
Have onely for meere vengeance falne to sin.
My selfe have seene, and my heart bled to see't,
A witlesse Clowne enjoy a match unmeet.

e was a Lasse that had a looke to move
he heart of cold *Diogenes* to love:
r eye was such, whose every glance did know
o kindle flames upon the hils of Snow;
d by her powerfull piercings could imprint,
sparkle fire into a heart of flint:
d yet (unlesse I much deceived be)
very thought did hate immodestie.
d (had sh'enjoyd the man she could have lov'd)
ght to this day, have lived un-reprov'd:
being forc'd perforce, by seeming friends,
ith her consent, she her contentment ends.
that, compel'd, her selfe to him she gave,
hose Bed, she rather could have wisht her grave;
d since I heare what I much feare is true,
at she hath bidden shame and fame adue.
Such are the causes now that Parents quite
put beside much of their ancient right:
eir feare of this makes children to with-hold
om giving them those dues which else they would;
d these thou seest are the too-fruitfull ils,
hich daily spring from their unbridled wils.
r they, forsooth, will have it understood,
at all their study, is their childrens good.
seeming *Love* shall cover all they doe:
hen, if the matter were well lookt into,
eir carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
eir owne foule, greedy, and insatiate will:
o quite forgetting they were ever young,
ould have the Children dote, with them, on dung.
nt betwixt two, there be true love, content,
th not mis-seeming, wealth sufficient,
ality in yeares, an honest fame,
every side the person without blame,

And

And they obedient too: What can you gather
Of Love or of affection in that Father,
That but a little to augment his treasure,
(Perhaps, no more but onely for his pleasure)
Shall force his child to one he doth abhor,
From her he loves and justly seeketh for;
Compelling him (for such mis-fortune griev'd)
To die with care, that might with joy have liv'd?
This you may say is *Love*, and sweare as well,
There's paines in *Heaven* and delights in *Hell*:
Or that the devils fury or austerity
Proceeds out of his care of our posterity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) have us begin
To take by their eyes our affections in?
Or doe they thinke we beare them in our sift,
That we may still remove them as we list?
It is impossible it should be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Love*, not Love by us:
And so our power so much ne'er reached to,
To know where we shall love untill we doe.
And when it comes hide it awhile we may,
But 'tis not in our strength to drive't away.
Either mine owne eye should my chuser be,
Or I would nere weare *Hymen*; Livery.
For who is he so neere my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis that mine approved best?
I have my selfe beheld those men, whose frame
And outward personages had nought of blame:
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more moving part, a comely face,
With many of those complements, which we
In common men, of the best breeding see.
They had discourse, and wit enough to carry
Themselves in fashion, at an *Ordinary*,

lants they were, lov'd company and ſport,
re favours and had *Miſtreſſes* in *Court*.
l every way were ſuch as well might ſeeme
rthy of note, reſpect, and much eſteeme;
hath my eye more cauſe of liking ſeene,
ere nought perhaps by ſome hath noted beene?
l I have there found more content by farre,
ere ſome of theſe perfections wanting are;
, ſo much, that their beauties were a blot
them (me thought) becauſe he had them not.
There ſome peculiar thing innated,
t beares an uncontroul'd ſway in this;
l nothing but it ſelfe knowes how to fit
e minde with that which beſt ſhall ſuit with it.
Then why ſhould *Parents* thruſt themſelves into
at they want warrant for, and power to doe?
wis it they are ſo forgetfull growne,
thoſe conditions that were once their owne?
e they ſo dote amidſt their wits perfection,
thinke that age and youth hath like affection?
Then they doe ſee 'mong thoſe of equall yeares,
e hateth what another moſt endeares.)
doe they thinke their wiſdomes can invent
hing to give, that's greater than content?
neither ſhall they wrap us in ſuch blindneſſe,
make us thinke the ſpight they doe is kindneſſe.
as I would adviſe no child to ſtray
m the leaſt duty that he ought to pay:
would I alſo have him wiſely know,
w much that duty is which he doth owe:
t knowing what doth unto both belong,
may doe them their right, himſelfe no wrong.
if my *Parents* him I lothe ſhould chuſe,
lawfull, yea my duty to refuſe:

Elſe

Elſe, how ſhall I leade ſo upright a life,
As is enjoyned to the *Man* and *Wife*?
Since that we ſee ſometime there are repentings
E'en where there are the moſt, and beſt contents
What, though that by our *Parents* firſt we live?
Is not life miſery enough to give;
Which at their births the children doth undo,
Vnleſſe they adde ſome other miſchiefe to?
Cauſe they gave being to this fleſh of our,
Muſt we be therefore ſlaves unto their power?
We nere deſir'd it, for how could we tell,
Not being but that not to be was well:
Nor know they whom they profit by it, ſeeing
Happy were ſome, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd us without ſin,
Had all our duty to have pleas'd them bin:
Of the next life, could they aſſure the ſtate,
And both beget us and regenerate;
There were no reaſon then we ſhould withſtand
To undergoe their tyrannou'ſt command:
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We ſhould at laſt have comfort in aſſurance:
Or, if in our endeavours we miſ-ſpeed,
At leaſt feele nothing when we ſhould be dead.
But what's the *Reaſon* for't that we ſhall be
Inthral'd ſo much unto Mortality?
Our ſoules on will of any *Men* to tie
Vnto an everlaſting miſery.
So far, perhaps to, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our ſelves, and all together.
Children owe much, I muſt confeſſe 'tis true,
And a great debt is to the *Parents* due:
Yet if they have not ſo much power to crave
But in their owne defence the lives they gave:

w much leſſe then, ſhould they become ſo cruell
o take from them the high-prized Iewell
berty in choice whereon depends
maine contentment that the heaven here lends?
th life, or wealth, nay far more worth than either
wenty thouſand lives put all together.
n howſoever ſome, ſeverer bent,
deeme of my opinion, or intent,
h that which followes thus conclude I doe:
d I have Reaſon for't and Conſcience to)
parent may his Childes juſt ſute deny
his bare will without a reaſon why:
be ſo us'd, be diſobedient thought,
approv'd be take the match he ſought.
So then if that thy faith uncrazed be,
friends diſlike ſhall be no ſtop to me:
, if their will be not of force to doe it,
ey ſhall have no cauſe elſe to drive them to it.
t is it they againſt us can alleage?
h young we are, and of the fitteſt age,
hou diſſembleſt not, both love; and both
admit hinderance in our loves are loth.
pre judiciall unto none that lives;
d Gods, add humane law our warrant gives.
are we much unequall in degree,
haps our *Fortunes* ſomewhat different be:
ſay that little meanes, which is, were not,
e want of wealth may not diſſolve this knot.
though ſome ſuch prepoſterous courſes wend,
ſcribing to themſelves no other end,
riage was not ordain'd to enrich men by,
elfe it were in their poſterity.
d he that doth for other cauſes wed,
e knowes the true ſweets of a mariage bed:

Nor

Nor ſhall he by my will, for 'tis unfit
He ſhould have bliſſe that never aym'd at it.
Though that bewitching gold the *Rabble* blinde
And is the object of all *Vulgar* mindes:
Yet thoſe me thinkes, that graced ſeeme to be,
With ſo much good as doth appeare in thee,
Should ſcorne their better taught deſires to tye
To that, which fooles doe get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth (I muſt confeſſe)
Yet more I prize the man, though money-leſſe,
I am not of their humour yet that can
For Title or Eſtate, affect a Man;
Or of my ſelfe, one body deigne to make
With him I lothe, for his poſſeſſions ſake.
Nor wiſh I ever to have that minde bred
In me, that is in thoſe; who when they wed,
Thinke it enough they doe attaine the grace
Of ſome new honour, to farewell take place,
Weare coſtly cloathes in others ſights agree,
Or happy in opinion ſeeme to be.
I weigh not this: for were I ſure before
Of *Spencers* wealth, or our rich *Suttons* ſtore;
Had I therewith a man whom nature lent,
Perſon enough to give the eye content:
If I no outward due nor right did want,
Which the beſt husbands in appearance grant:
Nay though alone we had no private jarres
But merry liv'd from all domeſticke cares;
Vnleſſe I thought his *Nature* ſo incline,
That it might alſo ſympathize with mine,
(And yeeld ſuch correſpondence with my minde
Our ſoules might mutually contentment find,
By adding unto theſe which went before,
Some certaine unexpreſſed pleaſures more,
Such as exceed the ſtreight and curb'd dimenſions
Of common mindes and vulgar apprehenſions)

would not care for ſuch a match, but tarry
this eſtate I am, and never marry.
Such were the ſweets I hop'd to have poſſeſt,
When *Fortune* ſhould with thee have made me bleſt.
My heart could hardly thinke of that content,
To apprehend it without raviſhment.
Each word of thine (me thought) was to my eares
More pleaſing than that muſicke, which the *Spheares*
(They ſay) doe make the gods, when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapaſon* with the time,
In my conceit the opening of thine eye.
Seem'd to give light to every object by,
And ſhed a kinde of life unto my ſhew,
On every thing that was within it view.
More joy I've felt to have thee but in place,
Then many doe in the moſt cloſe embrace
Of their beloved'ſt friend, which well doth prove,
Not to thy body onely tends my love:
But mounting a true height, growes ſo divine,
It makes my ſoule to fall in love with thine.
And ſure now whatſoe'er thy body doe,
Thy ſoule loves mine, and oft they viſit too.
For late I dream'd they went I know not whither,
Vnleſſe to *Heaven*, and there plai'd together;
And to this day I nere could know or ſee,
Twixt them or us the leaſt *Antipathy*,
Then what ſhould make thee keep thy perſon hence,
Or leave to love or hold it in ſuſpence?
If to offend thee I unawares was driven,
Is't ſuch a fault as may not be forgiven?
Or if by frownes of *Fate* I have beene checkt,
So that I ſeeme not worth thy firſt reſpect,
Shall I be therefore blamed and upbraided,
With what could not be ſpoken, or avoyded?
'Tis not my fault: yet cauſe my *Fortunes* doe,
Will thou be ſo unkind to wrong me too?

Not unto *Thine*, but thee I ſet my heart,
So nought can wipe my love out while thou art:
Though thou wert poorer both of houſe and me
Then he that knowes not where to ſleepe or ea
Though thou wert ſunke into obſcurity,
Bec me an abject in the worlds proud eye,
Though by perverſeneſſe of thy *Fortune* croſt,
Thou wert deformed or ſome limbe hadſt loſt,
That love which *Admiration* firſt begot,
Pitty would ſtrengthen that it failed not:
Yea, I ſhould love the ſtill and without blame,
As long as thou couldſt keepe thy minde the ſam
Which is of *Vertues* ſo compact (I take it)
No mortall change ſhall have the power to ſhak
This may and will (I know) ſeeme ſtrange to th
That cannot the *Abyſs* of love diſcloſe,
Nor muſt they thinke, whom but the outſide m
Ever to apprehend ſuch noble *Loves*;
Or more conjecture their unſounded meaſure,
Then can we mortals of immortall pleaſure.

Then let not thoſe dull unconceiving braines,
Who ſhall hereafter come to read theſe ſtraines,
Suppoſe that no loves fire can be ſo great,
Becauſe it gives not their cold Clime ſuch heat;
Or thinke m invention could have reached here
Vnto ſuch thoughts, unleſſe ſuch love there wer
For then they ſhall but ſhew their knowledge w
And injure me, that feele of what I ſpeake.

But now my lines grow tedious, like my wo
And as I thought that, thou think'ſt this too lo
Or ſome may deeme, I thruſt my ſelfe into
More than beſeemeth modeſty to doe.
But of the difference I am not unwitting,
Betwixt a peeviſh coyneſſe, and things fitting;

thing reſpect I, who pries ore my doing:
here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
traine ſome wanton ſtranger to my lure;
with a thought that's honeſt, chaſt, and pure,
ake my cauſe unto thy conſcience knowne,
ng for that which is my right my owne.
which complaint if thou doe hap to finde,
ſuch word as ſeemes to be unkind:
take me not, it but from *Paſſion* ſprung,
not from an intent to doe thee wrong.
if among thoſe doubts my ſad thoughts breed,
e (peradventure) may be more than need
y are to let thee know, might we diſpute,
re's no objections but I could refute:
ſpight of envy ſuch defences make,
u ſhould'ſt embrace that love thou doſt forſake.
Then doe not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
'tis ought leſſe than I have made them ſeeme.
hat I am unto this *Paſſion* mov'd,
uſe I cannot elſewhere be belov'd:
hat it is thy ſtate, whoſe greatneſſe knowne,
es me become a ſuter for mine owne:
ole not ſo; for know this day there be
that woe hard for what I offer thee:
I have ever yet contented bin
that eſtate I firſt was placed in.
h thoſe thoughts and turne thee to my heart;
once againe and be what once thou wert.
me by thoſe wonted joyes repairing,
m nigh dead with ſorrowes and deſpairing:
ll the memory of this annoy,
de more ſweetneſſe to my future joy;
ake me thinke thou mean'ſt not to deny me,
ely wert eſtranged thus to try me.

And laſtly: for that loves ſake thou once bar'ſt me
By that right hand thou gav'ſt that oath thou brok'ſt
By all the *paſſions*, and (if any be)
For her deare ſake that makes thee injure me;
I here conjure thee, to intreat and ſue,
That if theſe lines doe over-reach thy view,
Thou wouldſt afford me ſo much favour for this
As to accept, or at leaſt not abhorre them.
So though thou wholly cloake not thy diſdaine,
I ſhall have ſomewhat the leſſe cauſe to plaine:
Or if thou needs muſt ſcoffe at this, or me,
Do't by thy ſelfe, that none may witneſſe be.
Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame,
Onely I am loth the world ſhould know my ſhame
For all that ſhall this plaint with reaſon view,
Will judge me faithfull, and thee moſt untrue.
But if *Oblivion*, that thy love bereft,
Hath not ſo much good nature in thee left,
But that thou muſt, as moſt of you men doe,
When you have conquer'd, tyrannize it too:
Know this before, that it is praiſe to no man
To wrong ſo fraile a *Creature* as a Woman.
And to inſult o'er one, ſo much made thine,
Will more be thy diſparagement than mine.
But oh (I pray that it portend no harmes)
A chearing heate my chilled ſenſes warmes?
Iuſt now I flaſhing feele into my breſt,
A ſudden comfort not to be expreſt;
Which to my thinking doth againe begin
To warme my heart to let ſome hope come in:
It tels me 'tis impoſſible that thou
Should'ſt live not to be mine; it whiſpers how
My former feares and doubts, have beene in vaine
And that thou mean'ſt yet to returne againe.

ſuies thy abſence from ſome cauſe did grow,
hich or I ſhould not or I could not know.
tels me now that all thoſe proofes, whereby
ſeem'd aſſur'd of thy diſloyalty,
ay be but treacherous plots of ſome baſe foes,
hat in thy ablence ſought our overthrowes.
Which if it prove; as yet me thinkes it may,
h what a burthen ſhall I caſt away?
hat cares ſhall I lay by? and to what height
owre in my new aſcenſion to delight?
re e'er the full of it I come to try,
ſhall e'en ſurfet in my joy and dye.
t ſuch a loſſe might well be cal'd a thriving
ce more is got by dying ſo than living.
Come kill me then my deare if thou thinke fit,
ith that which never killed woman yet:
write to me before, ſo ſhalt thou give
ontent more moderate that I may live:
nd when I ſee my ſtaffe of truſt unbroken,
will unſpeake againe what is miſ-ſpoken.
hat I have written in diſpraiſe of *Men*,
will recant, and praiſe as much agen;
n recompence I'l adde unto their ſtories,
Encomiaſticke lines to ymp their glories.
nd for thoſe wrongs my love to thee hath done,
oth I and it unto thy *pitty* runne:
n whom if the leaſt guilt thou finde to be,
or ever let thine armes impriſon be
Meane while I'l try if miſery will ſpare
e ſo much reſpite, to take truce with care.
nd patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee ſhould ſhortly come;
uch longing that I one way may be ſped,
nd not ſtill linger 'twixt alive and dead.

For I can neither live yet as I ſhould,
Becauſe I leaſt enjoy of that I would;
Nor quiet die becauſe (indeed) I firſt
Would ſee ſome better daies, or know the worſt.
Then haſten *Deare*, if to my end it be,
It ſhall be welcome, cauſe it comes from thee.
If to renew my comfort ought be ſent,
Let me not loſe a minute of *Content*.
The precious *Time* is ſhort, and will away,
Let us enjoy each other while we may.
Cares thrive, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but ſhades,
yeers leſſen, *Youth* decayes, and *Beauty* fades;
No new turnes come on, the old returneth never,
Nor we let our goe paſt, 'tis paſt for ever.

FINIS.

Metricall Paraphraſe
upon the
CREEDE.

Since it befits that I account ſhould give
What way unto ſalvation *I beleeve*;
my profeſſion here the ſumme I gather.
ſt, I confeſſe a Faith *in God the Father*:
GOD, who (without helper or partaker)
as of himſelfe the worlds *Almighty maker*,
d firſt gave time his being: who gave birth
all the Creatures both of *heaven* and *earth*
r everlaſting welfare doth conſiſt
his great mercies, *and in Ieſus Chriſt*:
he ſecond perſon of that Three in one)
he *Fathers* equall and his onely *Sonne*;
hat ever bleſſed and incarnate Word,
hich our Redeemer is, our life, our *Lord*.
r when by Satans guile we were deceived,
hriſt was that meanes of help, *which was con*
a (whē we were in dāger to be loſt) *ceived*
nceived for us, *by the Holy Ghoſt*.

And that we might not ever be for-lorne,
For our eternall ſafety he was *Borne*;
Born as a Man (that man might not miſcarry
Even of the ſubſtance of the *Virgin Mary*,
And loe, a greater mercy, and a wonder;
He that can make all ſuffer, *ſuffered under*
The Iewiſh ſpite (which all the world revi
And Romiſh tyrannies of *Pontius Pilate*.
In him doe I beleeve, who was envied,
Who with extreameſt hate *was Crucified*:
Who being Life it ſelfe (to make aſſured
Our ſoules of ſafety) was both *dead and bu*
And that no ſervile feare in us might dw
To conquer, *He deſcended into hell*:
Where no infernall Power had power to
Command upon him; but on *the third da*
The force of death and hell he did conſtr
And ſo in Triumph, *he aroſe again*.
Yea the Almighty power advanc'd his h
Aſwel above al things, as *from the dead* (gi
Then that from thence gifts might to me
With glory, *He aſcended into heaven*:
Where that ſupreme and everlaſting thr
Which was prepard, he climb'd; *and ſitteth*
That bleſſed ſeate where he ſhall make ab
To plead for us, at *the right hand of God*.
And no where ſhould he be entroned rat
Than there; for he is God, as is *the Fath*

nd therefore with an equall love delight I
o praiſe & ſerve them both, as one *Almighty*
et in their office there's a difference,
nd I beleeve that Ieſus Chriſt, from *thence*,
hall in the great and univerſall doome,
eturne, and that with Angels, *He ſhall come*,
o queſtion ſuch as at his Empire grudge;
ven thoſe who have preſumed him to *judge*
nd that black day ſhall be ſo Catholicke,
s I beleeve not onely that *the quick*
o that aſſiſe ſhall all be ſummoned;
ut, he will both adjudge them, *and the dead.*
loreover, in the *God-head* I conceive
nother Perſon, in whom *I beleeve*:
or all my hope of bleſſednesſe were loſt,
f I beleev'd not *in the Holy Ghoſt.* (and folly
nd though vain ſchiſmaticks through pride
ontemne her power, I doe beleeve *the holy*
haſt *ſpouſe* of *Chriſt* for whō ſo many ſearch
y marks uncertain the true *Cath'like Church*
doe beleeve (God keepe us in this union)
hat there ſhall be for ever *the Communion*
f Gods elect: and that he ſtill acquaints
is children in the fellowſhip *of Saints.*
hough damned be mās nature or condition
y grace in Chriſt I looke for *the remiſſion*
f all my ſoule miſdeeds; for there begins
eaths end, which is the puniſhment *of ſins.*

Moreover, I the *Sadduces* infection
Abhorre and doe beleeve *the resurrection:*
Yea, though I turn to dust; yet through Gu
Expect a glorious rising *of the body*;
And that, exempted from the cares here
I shall enjoy perfection *and the life*
That is not subject unto change or wasting
But ever blessed and for *everlasting*.
This is my faith, which that it faile not wh
It most should steed me, let God say, *Am*

ō who that he ſo much vouchſafe we may,
hus as a member of his Church, I pray:

ORD at thy mercy ſeat our ſelves we gather,
To doe our duties unto thee, *Our Father.*
To whom all praiſe, all honour ſhould be given:
thou art that great GOD *which art in heaven.*
hou by thy wiſdome rul'ſt the worlds whole frame
e ever therefore, *Hallowed be thy Name.*
t never more delayes devide us from
y glories view, but let *Thy kingdome come.*
t thy commands oppoſed be by none,
t thy good pleaſure, and *Thy will be done.*
d let our promptneſſe to obey, be even
he very ſame *in earth, as 'tis in heaven.*
hen for our ſelves, O Lord, we alſo pray,
hou woul'ſt be pleaſed to *Give us this day,*
hat food of life wherewith our ſoules are fed,
ontented raiment, and *our daily bread.*
ith ev'ry needfull thing doe thou relieve us:
nd of thy mercy, pitty *And forgive us*
l our miſdeeds in him whom thou didſt pleaſe,
o take in offering for *our treſpaſſes.*
nd for as much, O Lotd, as we beleeve,
hou ſo wilt pardon us, *as we forgive:*
t that love teach us, wherewith thou acquaints us,
o pardon all them, *that treſpaſſe againſt us.*
nd though ſometimes thou find'ſt we have forgot
his love, or thee; yet helpe, *And leade us not.*
hrough ſoule or bodies want, to deſperation
or let aboundance, drive *into temptation,*

Let not the ſoule of any true Beleever,
Fall in the time of tryall: *But deliver*
Yea ſave him from the malice of the devill;
And both in life and death keepe *us from evill.*
Thus pray we Lord: And but of thee, from wh
Can this be had? *For thine is the kingdome.*
The world is of thy workes the graven ſtory,
To thee belongs *the power, and the glory.*
And this thy happineſſe hath ending never;
But ſhall remaine *for ever, and or ever.*
This we confeſſe, and will confeſſe agen,
Till we ſhall ſay eternally, *Amen.*

Thou ſhalt write them upon the poſts of thy
and upon thy gates. Deut. 6 9.

FINIS.